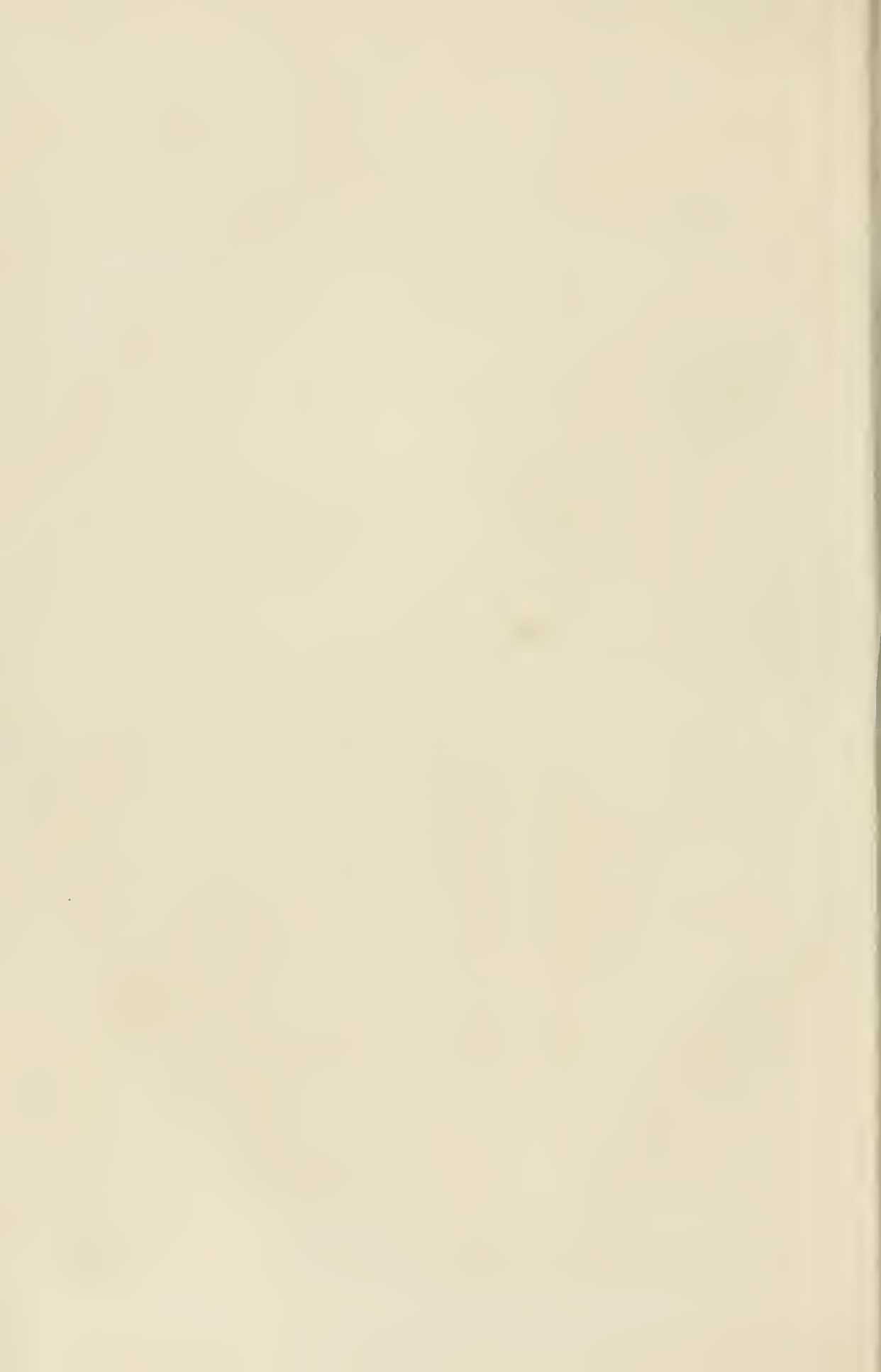




Mr. Edwin Forrest as Othello.





THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE,

FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT:

CAREFULLY COLLATED AND COMPARED WITH THE EDITIONS OF

HALLIWELL, KNIGHT, AND COLLIER:

WITH HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS, AND NOTES TO EACH PLAY:

AND

A LIFE OF THE GREAT DRAMATIST,

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

Illustrated

WITH NEW AND FINELY EXECUTED STEEL ENGRAVINGS, CHIEFLY PORTRAITS
IN CHARACTER OF CELEBRATED AMERICAN ACTORS, DRAWN
FROM LIFE, EXPRESSLY FOR THIS EDITION.

TRAGEDIES.

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Troilus and Cressida.

SHAKESPEARE, in the two concluding lines of the prologue to this play, appears to have anticipated that it would not be exceedingly popular; to say the truth, it is the most desultory and rambling of his acknowledged works, extending over too great a period of time for the poet fairly to grasp, consisting of too many incidents for effective combination. In this play we miss that constructive art which is generally to be traced in the works of Shakespeare; it is less a drama than a narrative; the story is unconnected and incomplete, and the end is no conclusion. Hector, the hero and favourite of the poet—the brave, yet gentle and generous Hector—is shamefully murdered, in violation both of the laws of arms and humanity, and the large-limbed savage who hacks him to death by deputy, escapes unhurt and in triumph. Troilus talks largely of revenge, but accomplishes none; Cressida is false and unpunished, and, we are to suppose, lives to be the happy mistress of Diomedes, until her voluptuous and fickle nature prompts her to abandon him as readily as she has previously left Troilus.

But, vague as the play is, it is full of fine poetry and profound observations; if we are for a moment angry with Shakespeare for his wanderings or his inconsistency, he soon wins us back to him with bribes of thought and beauty. The play also has many fine scenes; for instance, that between Cressida and her uncle, in the first act, is remarkable for sparkling dialogue; the same may be said of the first scene of the second act, between the savage jester Thersites, and the blunt Ajax. The short scene in the third act, where Helen is introduced, is exceedingly natural and lively; the equivocations of the servant whom Pandarus addresses, are fully as humorous as the sayings of the licensed fools in other of our poet's plays. The following scene in the garden of Pandarus, where the lovers meet and confess their affection, is exceedingly beautiful; we are reminded for a moment of a similar scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, but the resemblance soon ceases—the passionate, though chaste and womanly affection of Juliet, compared to the wanton appetite of Cressida, is as a pure bright star in heaven to the cold delusive fire which dances in darkness over the stagnant pool or trackless marsh. The dialogue between Achilles and Hector, after the tournament, is in Shakespeare's happiest style. The bulky Achilles scanning the Trojan prince with his eyes, and soliciting the gods to tell him in what part of his body he should destroy great Hector, is the sublime of chivalry. Hector's passionate rejoinder:—

Henceforth, guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithed Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er,

is equally fine; while the whole of the fifth act is full of vigour and bustle, and exceedingly animated.

Schlegel ingeniously accounts for the manner in which Shakespeare has treated this subject by saying:—"The whole is one continued irony of that crown of all heroic tales, the tale of Troy. The contemptible nature of the Trojan war, the laziness and discord with which it was carried on, so that the siege was made to last ten years, are only placed in clearer light by the noble descriptions, the

sage and ingenious maxims with which the work overflows, and the high ideas which the heroes entertain of themselves and each other."

Shakespeare is supposed to have produced this drama in 1601 or 1602; he borrowed the story chiefly from Chaucer's poem of the same name; though he was also indebted to Lydgate's *Historie of the Destruction of Troy*, and the first seven books of Chapman's translation of Homer. But his chief obligations were certainly to Chaucer, who details the love of Troilus and Cressida, and the assistance they derived from Pandarus, at great length. In his story Troilus is slain by Achilles; and, says the venerable old gossip:—

And when that he was slain in this manere
His lightè goste ful blisfully is went
Up to the helownesse of the seventh sphere,
In his place leting everiche element,
And there he sawe, with ful avisement,
The erratike sterres, hearkening harmonie,
With sewnis ful of hevin's melodie.
And down from thennis fast he gan avise
This litil spotte of erth that with the so
Embraced is, and fully gan dispise
This wretched world, and helde al vanite
In respecte of the plaine felicite
That is in heven above, and at the last
There he was slaine his loking down he cast.

The old poet's story consists of eighteen hundred and sixty-nine stanzas, and is, in my estimation, sufficiently tedious to wade through. It may be very barbarous and tasteless to say so; but although sentiments, which might be eloquent but for the rude and obsolete language in which they are expressed, occasionally occur, still the whole tale does not contain one great or brilliant thought, or one exquisitely poetical simile. Little more than a century and a half occurred between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Shakespeare, yet the works of the former are obsolete and half-forgotten, while the dramas of the latter are yet as fresh, vivid, and attractive as if they had but just been given to the world. The works of Chaucer have but a feeble ray of genius, cold and flickering—those of Shakespeare contain a pregnant heat of vital power which attracts and warms all hearts.

In the collected works of Chaucer, the story of *Troilus and Cressida* is followed by *The Testament of Creseide*, a conclusion of the tale by another writer, supposed to be one Robert Henderson, a schoolmaster of Dunfermline. In this continuation, Creseide, for railing upon Venus and Cupid, is by the gods transformed into a leper; and ends her life in great poverty and misery. The idea is coarse and unpoetical, but it is not unskillfully treated when we consider the rudeness of our language at that period.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

HECTOR, *a Son of Priam.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.

TROILUS, *a Son of Priam.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.

PARIS, *a Son of Priam.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 8.

DEIPHOBUS, *a Son of Priam.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

HELENUS, *a Son of Priam.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

ÆNEAS, *a Trojan Commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 11.

ANTENOR, *a Trojan Commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 11.

MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of Priam.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 8.

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8; sc. 10.

ACHILLES, *a Grecian Commander*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 9.

AJAX, *a Grecian Commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

ULYSSES, *a Grecian Commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.

NESTOR, *a Grecian Commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

DIOMEDES, *a Grecian Commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

PATROCLUS, *a Friend of Achilles.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

TIERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Greek.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 8.

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

SERVANT to Troilus.

Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

SERVANT to Paris.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

SERVANT to Diomedes.

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus, but living with Paris.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, — TROY; and the Grecian Camp before it.

Troilus and Cressida.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,¹ their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps: And that 's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch

their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.²
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,³—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt⁴ and firstlings of those brouis,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this:
for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.
He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must
needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, Traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be

as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father;^s let her to the Greeks; and so, I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PAN. An Alarm

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium,⁶ and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarm. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: This woman's answer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town
to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might," were
"may."—

But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among
the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good: And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts
of their particular additions; he is as valiant as
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the ele-
phant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded
humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his
folly sauced with discretion: There is no man
hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor
any man an attainment, but he carries some stain of
it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry
against the hair: He hath the joints of every
thing: but every thing so out of joint, that he is
a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or
purlblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

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Cres. But how should this man, that makes
me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in
the battle, and struck him down; the dislaim and
shame whereof have ever since kept Hector fast-
ing and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do
you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How
do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came
was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to
Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not
up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his
anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too,
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:
and there is Troilus will not come far behind him;
let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them
that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man
of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?
Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew
him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure,
he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some
degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would
he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to
India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 't is, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window, and you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled. I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that ner eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "One and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck it out, and give it him." But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 't is true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of his person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid,

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it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now;—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROIILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'T is Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you, how his sword is blooded, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

FORCES pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good

shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such another woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROIUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.* I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PAN.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content firm love doth
bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

Trumpets. *Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and Others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: cheeks and dis-
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks;

And think them shames, which are, indeed
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,

To find persistive constancy in men?

The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

And what hath mass, or matter, by itself

Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men: The sea being
smooth,

How many shallow banble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas ouce enrage

The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold

The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Boarding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse? Where's then the saucy
boat,

Whose weak timber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune. For, in her ray and bright
ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,¹⁰
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent turn'd in self-love key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon, —

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and
sway,— [To AGAM.]

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out-
life,— [To NEST.]

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece.
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish
ears

To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please
both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of
less expect

That matter needless, of inportless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a mas-
ter,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,

To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,¹¹

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, hor-
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets

In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong,

(Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,

That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in her weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion
crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls.)

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;

And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound

'Twi'x his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a mending; with terms un-

squar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon

dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries "Excellent!—'t is Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy
beard,

As he, being 'drest to some oration."

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!

'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patro-
clus;—

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice.) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-
ardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by
measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness o' his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phæbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise dislains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's
ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes
from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
tents;—

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

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What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord
Æneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSS. and NEST.*

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't ?

Ulyss. This 't is :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up :
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
T is dry enough, — will with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you ?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet : Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles ? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate : And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action : for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby-figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,

Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ; —

Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what
are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with
him ;

But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax¹² draw
The sort to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other : Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Grecian Camp.**Enter AJAX and THERSITES.**Ajax.* Thersites,—*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils?
full, all over, generally?*Ajax.* Thersites,—*Ther.* And those boils did run?—Say so,—did
not the general run then? were not that a botely
core?*Ajax.* Dog,—*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him;
I see none now.*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee,¹³ thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vine-w'dest leaven,
speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-
ness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an
oration, than thou learn a prayer without book.
Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'
thy jade's tricks!*Ajax.* Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.*Ther.* Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou
strikest me thus?*Ajax.* The proclamation,—*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers
itch.*Ther.* I would, thou didst itch from head to
foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would
make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When
thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as
slow as another.*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation,—*Ther.* Thou grumblest and raillest every hour
on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his
greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty,
ay, that thou barkest at him.*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him.*Ajax.* Cobloaf!*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers with his
fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! [*Beating him*]*Ther.* Do, do.*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!*Ther.* Ay, do, dó; thou sodden-witted lord!
thou hast no more brain than I have in mine el-
bows; an assinego¹⁴ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy
valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans
and thou art bought and sold among those of any
wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat
me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou
art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!*Ajax.* You dog!*Ther.* You scurvy lord!*Ajax.* You cur!*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel
do, do. [*Beating him*]*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.**Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do
you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.*Achil.* So I do: What's the matter?*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.*Achil.* Well, why I do so.*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him: for,
whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.*Achil.* I know that, fool.*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he
utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have
lobbed his brain, more than he has beat my
bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and
his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a
sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears
his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—
I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHIL. interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; 't is trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROIUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks; "Deliver Helen, and all damage else— As honour, loss of time, travel, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,— Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam, There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,¹⁶ Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours: If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten; What merit's in that reason, which denies The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king, So great as our dread father, in a scale Of common ounces? will you with counters sum The past-proportion of his infinite? And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,

With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
honour

Should have bare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 't is valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer: 't is mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:

Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt,¹⁶ whom the Greeks held cap-
tive,

He brought a Greecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 't was wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—"Go, go,")
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cry'd—"Inestimable!") why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders,

Soft infaney, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother,¹⁷ Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape¹⁹
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said
well;
And on the cause and question now in hand

Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle¹⁹ thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure and re-
venge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners: Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens.
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advértis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.**Enter THERSITES.*

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the boneache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay: The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served

thyself in to my table so many meals! Come what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell me Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.²⁹—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous fictions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*]

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

We sent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place. Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 't is pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord. *[Takes AGAM. aside.]*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him: he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,— Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—

Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: and you shall not sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunea, his ebbs, his flows, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him like an engine Not portable, lie under this report—

Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently *[Exit.]*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? *[Aside.]*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none; But carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down him self: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens
of it

Cry—"No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud
lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this ap-
plause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll
pash him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his
pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes
Himself!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven

Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the
patient.

[*Aside.*

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Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him sup-
ple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him
with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this
dislike. [To AGAM.

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without
Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does
him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus
with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles.

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to
west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not
you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman;
I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord
Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lord-
ship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in
parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another;
I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At
whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at
the request of Paris my lord, who is there in per-

son; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood
of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: Could you not find out
that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not
seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with
Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a
complimental assault upon him, for my business
seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase,
indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this
fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure,
fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen!
fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.
—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my
life, you shall make it whole again: you shall
piece it out with a piece of your performance:—
Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll
hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with
me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord,
and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, n' thing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doo:

The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! ho!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant;
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,

Give us more palm in beauty than we have;

Yea, overshines herself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROIUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit PAN.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet That it enchants my sense: What will it be, When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me; Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit PAN.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush?

shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.²¹—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm!²² build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit PAN.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubims; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the

tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my
tongue:

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues
thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft
than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not: For, to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods
above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you.)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted? but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most
right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,²³

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here,
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another,
since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end
after my name, call them all—Pandars;
let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women
Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars!
say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber
and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your
pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done
you,

The advantage of the time prompts me loud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,

To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan
make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIO. and CAL.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their
Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his
tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'T is like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd
on him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feel arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on

A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt AGAM. and NEST.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit MEN.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit AJAX.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;

I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,²¹

How much in having, or without, or in,—

Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;

As when his virtues shining upon others

Heat them, and they retort that heat again

To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses

The beauty that is borne here in the face

The bearer knows not, but commends itself

To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself

(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,

Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd

Salutes each other with each other's form.

For speculation turns not to itself,

Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there

Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,

It is familiar; but at the author's drift:

Who, in his circumstance,²⁵ expressly proves—

That no man is the lord of any thing,

(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)

Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;

That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!

What things again most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,

While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds for-
got?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are
devour'd,

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: *Perséverance*, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand;

And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And ease thy reputation in thy tent:
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.²⁵

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the
gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;"
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break

[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to very air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-
selves :

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
clus ;

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's long-
ing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector ; and is so prophetically proud of an hero-
ical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-
cock, a stride, and a stand : ruminates, like an
hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to
set down her reckoning : bites his lip with a poli-
tic regard, as who should say—there were wit in
this head, an 't would out ; and so there is ; but
it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which
will not show without knocking. The man's un-
done for ever ; for if Hector break not his neck i'
the combat, he'll break it himself in vain glory.
He knows not me : I said, " Good-morrow, Ajax ;"
and he replies, " Thanks, Agamemnon." What
think you of this man, that takes me for the gen-
eral ? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless,
a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may
wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
Thersites.

Ther. Who, I ? why, he'll answer nobody ; he

professes not answering ; speaking is for beggars
he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on
his presence ; let Patroclus make demands to me,
you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus : Tell him,—I humbly
desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous
Hector to come unarmed to my tent ; and to pro-
cure safe conduct for his person, of the magnani-
mous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-
honoured captain-general of the Grecian army
Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph !

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha !

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite
Hector to his tent !—

Ther. Humph !

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Aga-
memnon.

Ther. Agamemnon ?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha !

Patr. What say you to 't ?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
o'clock it will go one way or other ; howsoever, he
shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he ?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What
music will be in him when Hector has knocked
out his brains, I know not. But, I am sure, none ;
unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make
catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him
straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse ; for
that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain
stirr'd ;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt ACHIL. and PATR.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were
clear again, that I might water an ass at it ! I
had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant
ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, AN-TENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-
ness

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other
worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I
know not.

Par. His purpose meets you. 'T was to bring
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell
me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure),
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour),
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor
more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me,
Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple

Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Court before the House
of Pandarus.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is
cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle
down ;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not ;
To bed, to bed : Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought !

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me ?

Tro. O Cressida ! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights
she stays,

As tediously as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. 'Pr'ythee, tarry ;—

You men will never tarry,—
O foolish Cressid !—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark ! there's
one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open
here ?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him ! now will he be
mocking :

I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now ? how go maiden-
heads ?—Here, you maid ; where's my cousin
Cressid ?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle !

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what ? to do what ?—let her say
what : what have I brought you to do ?

Cres. Come, come ; beshrew your heart ! you'll
ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor ca-
pocchia !—hast not slept to-night ? would he not,
a naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him !

[*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did I not tell you ?—would he were
knock'd o' the head !—

Who's that at door ? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber ;

You smile, and knock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha !

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no
such thing.— [*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock !—pray you, come in ;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TRO. and CRES.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there ? what's
the matter ? will you beat down the door ? How
now ? what's the matter ?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there ? my lord Æneas ? By my
troth, I knew you not : what news with you so
early ?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here ?

Pan. Here ! what should he do here ?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny
him ;

It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you ? 't is more than I
know,

I'll be sworn :—For my own part, I came in late :
What should he do here ?

Æne. Who !—nay, then :—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are
'ware :

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him :

Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now ? what's the matter ?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute
you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of
nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TRO. and ÆNE.*]

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got, but lost?
The devil take Antenor! the young prince will
go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they
had broke 's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who
was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's
my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth
as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what 's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in: 'Would thou had'st
ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his
death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon
Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must
be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou
must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus;
't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he can-
not bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my
father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my
praised cheeks:

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my
heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before Pandarus'
House.*

*Enter PARIS, TROIILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, AN-
TENOR, and DIOMEDES.*

Par. It is great morning; and the hour pre-
fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house,
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 't is to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in Pandarus'
House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste.
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROIILUS.

Pan. Here, here, he comes.—Ah sweet
ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here: Let

me embrace too: "O heart,"—as the goodly saying is,—

———O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By silence, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so

Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit PAN.*]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

1130

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is
this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality;

They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of na-
ture flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,

That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there 's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage: and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great hulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I 'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I 'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be 't so,
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt TRO., CRES., and DIO.*
[Trumpet heard.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'T is Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity.
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and
Others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and
fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
Out-swell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood;

Then blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'T is but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas
daughter?

Ulyss. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'T were better, she were kissed in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I 'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I 'll take that winter from your lips, fair
lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,
mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir;—Lady, by your
leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know, 't is true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his
horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a
kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is
due.

Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of
you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your
father. [*Dio. leads out CRES.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!

There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall
be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you pur-
pose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall they be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'T is done like Hector; but securely done
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride exel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.²⁷

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive
you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the utterance,

Or else a breath:²⁸ the combatants being kin,

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*AJAX and HECT. enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true
knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;

For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:²⁹
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love:
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
 Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. HECT. and AJAX fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
 Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,
 Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed:
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan, so
 That thou could'st say—"This hand is Grecian all,
 And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
 All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish
 member

Wherein my sword had not impresse made
 Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
 Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O
 yes

Cries, "This is he,") could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the
 sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
 (As sold I have the chance,) I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish: and great
 Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview

To the expectors of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
 I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
 here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
 name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such enemy;

But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
 husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamem-
 non.³⁰

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to
 you. [*To Tro.*]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
 greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.³¹

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
 thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;

Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
 She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir: she's a deadly
 theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the
air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
" Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling : This have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ænc. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time :—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue :

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that perty front your town,
Yon towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses
though !—²²

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on
thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me
o'er ;

But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of
his body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or
there ?

That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud
man,

To answer such a question : Stand again,
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well :

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin ;—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector :

To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Ereunt all but Tro. and Ulyss.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their
scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:

But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Ereunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine
to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need
these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by
thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male
varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the

rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, rup-
tures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, leth-
argies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers,
wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume,
sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-
ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take
and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou,
what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-
son indistinguishable cur,³³ no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou
idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green
sarcent flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's
purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is
pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of
nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break
it:

Full, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banquetting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHIL. and PATR.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little
brain, these two may run mad; but if with too
much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be
a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an
honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails:
but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and
the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his
brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and ob-
liquo memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-
horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to
what form, but that he is, should wit larded with
malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to?
To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox:
To an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass.
To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a
lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a
roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I
would conspire against destiny. Ask me not
what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I
care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not
Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROIUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,
ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED,
with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, prin-
ces all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good
night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks'
general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet
sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. and MEN.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business.
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hec-
tor.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to Tro.*

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIO.; ULYSS. and TRO. following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHIL., HECT., AJAX, and NEST.]

Ther. That same Diomed 's a false-hearted
rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust
him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he
hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise,
like Brabler the hound; but when he performs,
astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there
will come some change; the sun borrows of the
moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will
rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him:
they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the
traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but
lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where 's
your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROIUS and ULYSSES at a distance; after
them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover
us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a
word with you. [*Whispers*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her key, if he
can take her cleft; she 's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then ;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember ?

Ulyss. List !

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more
to folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cres. I'll tell you what :——

Dio. Pho ! pho ! come, tell a pin : You are
forsworn.——

Cres. In faith, I cannot : What would you have
me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow
on me ?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine
oath ;

Bid me do any thing bnt that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience !

Ulyss. How now, Trojan ?

Cres. Diomed,——

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no
more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark ! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness !

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I
pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;

The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off :

You flow to great destruction ; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and all hell's
torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieveth thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian !—why Greek !

Dio. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not ; come hither once
again.

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Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ; will
you go ?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay by Jove, I will not speak a
word :

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,
and potato finger, tickles these together ! Fry,
lechery, fry !

Dio. But will you then ?

Cres. In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty ! where's thy faith ?

Ulyss. My lord,——

Tro. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve : Behold it
well.—

He loved me—O false wench !—Give 't me again.

Dio. Who was 't ?

Cres. No matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens ;—Well said, whet-
stone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods !—O pretty, pretty pledge !

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me,
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith
you shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this : Whose was it ?

Cres. 'T is no matter

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Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'T was one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm; And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn, It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past;—And yet it is not; I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell: Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,

But it strait starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove! Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* *Dio.*]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* *Cres.*]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood! Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn erities—apt, without a theme, For depravation,—to square the general sex By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself:

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and

loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged

well

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear,
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous
lord, adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TRO., ÆNEAS., and ULYSS.*]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed!
I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I
would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing
for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will
not do more for an almond, than he for a com-
modious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and
lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning
devil take them! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to
the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cus. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the
vow;

But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-
day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CAS*]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-
ness, youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy
I 'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide
me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians
fall,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous;
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit AND.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns
pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,

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Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all ery—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my
leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about
thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRI. and HECT. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed,
believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter from you' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally
phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of
this girl; and what one thing, what another,
that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I
have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an
ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed,
I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she
there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart; [*Tearing the letter*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change to-
gether.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian
Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one an-
other; I'll go look on. That dissembling abomi-
nable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy
doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there,
in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that
that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore
there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly
villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling
luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the

other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, a policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire: I do not fly; but advantageous care Withdrew me from the odds of multitude: Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeveless! [*Exeunt TRO. and DIO., fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me: But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit Serv.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon

Hath Doreus prisoner; And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corsers of the kings Epistrophus and Cediuz: Polixenes is slain; Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.— There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot, And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls Before the belching whale; then is he yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath: Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes; Dexterity so obeying appetite, That what he will, he does; and does so much, That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance: Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him, Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,

Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution; Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a careless force, and forceless care, As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*]

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector; Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.**Enter AJAX.*

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, here me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

*[Exeunt]*SCENE VII.—*The Same**Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.*

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye;—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

*[Exeunt.]*SCENE VIII.—*The Same.**Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then THERSITES.*

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

*[Exeunt PARIS and MEN.]**Enter MARGARELON.*

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the Field.**Enter HECTOR.*

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
 Now is my day's work done; I'll take good
 breath!
 Rest, sword! thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
 [*Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield
 behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
 set;
 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
 Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; 'tis is the man I
 seek. [*HECT. falls.*]
 So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
 On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
 "Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."

[*A Retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
 lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
 the earth,
 And, stickler like, the armies separate.
 My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have
 fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
 [*Sheaths his Sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES, *and* Others, *marching.* *Shouts
 within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by
 Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
 Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
 [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's
 tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
 field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
 speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
 I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so
 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
 But dare all imminence, that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,
 Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-
 siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,*
 PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you.

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* TRO.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!
 —O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent

despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.

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As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans.
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be
made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this.—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for cases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit

NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

¹ *Orgulous*, i. e., proud, disdainful.

² *Sperr up the sons of Troy.*

To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word *Speren*, signifies to shut up or defend by bars.

³ ———— *And hither am I come
A prologue armed.*

The speaker of the prologue was to be habited in armour, not, says Dr. Johnson, "defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war before a warlike play."

⁴ *Leaps o'er the vault.*

That is, the *avant*, what went before.

⁵ *She's a fool to stay behind her father.*

Calchas, the father of Cressida, was a priest of Troy, who being sent by Priam to consult the oracle at Delphi, concerning the event of the war, and finding that the Greeks would obtain the victory, he deserted to them, and never returned to his own country.

⁶ *Between our Ilium.*

Ilium is here used to mean the royal palace of Priam, but Mr. Steevens says that *Ilium*, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that of the country.

⁷ *Into a compassed window.*

That is, a circular or bow-window.

⁸ *Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?*

Lifter is here used equivocally to mean *thief*.

⁹ *Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse.*

Pegasus is the only flying-horse that we hear of in ancient mythology, and he did not belong to Perseus, but Bellerophon. But Shakespeare followed the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, in which he found the following account:—"Of the blood that issued out (from Medusa's head) there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying-horse*. By the flying-horse that was engendered of the blood issued

from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realm, he (Perseus) founded and made a ship, named Pegase, and this ship was likened unto a horse flying."

¹⁰ *The brize*, i. e., the gad or horse-fly.

¹¹ *The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre.*

By this *centre*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the centre of the earth. According to the Ptolemaic system, the earth is the centre of the solar system.

¹² *Let blockish Ajax.*

Shakespeare appears to have confounded Ajax Tolamoni with Ajax Oileus. Perhaps he was led into this error by the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, who, in describing these two persons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two.

¹³ *The plague of Greece upon thee.*

Probably an allusion to the plague supposed to be sent by Apollo on the Greek army.

¹⁴ *An assinego*, i. e., an ass.

¹⁵ *Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes.*

Disme is the tithe or tenth. Every tenth among many thousand tenths.

¹⁶ *And, for an old aunt.*

Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules gave to Telemon, who by her had Ajax.

¹⁷ *Our fire-brand brother.*

Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she would be delivered of a flaming torch.

¹⁸ *The soil of her fair rape.*

Rape anciently signified the carrying away of a female without any idea of personal violence.

¹⁹ *Aristotle.*

Aristotle was not born until 382 years before Christ, and Troy was taken by the Greeks 1184 years before Christ; so that the poet is guilty of an anachronism of more than eight hundred years.

²⁰ *Make that demand of the prover.*

The folio reads, *to thy Creator*. The quarto has, *of the prover*, but the meaning is, I think, the same. Make that demand (i. e., why thou art a fool!) to thy Creator who hath made thee one.

²¹ *An you draw backward, we 'll put you v' the fills.*

That is, in the shafts. *Fills* is a word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon.

²² *A kiss in fee-farm.*

That is, a prolonged kiss, a kiss of unlimited duration.

²³ *As true as steel, as plantage to the moon.*

As true as steel is an old proverbial expression, a sword of good steel being a weapon on which its owner could rely. *Plantage* probably means vegetation, plants of any kind, and the allusion is to the common opinion of the influence which the moon was supposed to possess over the vegetable kingdom.

²⁴ *That man—how dearly ever parted.*

However excellently endowed.

²⁵ *Who, in his circumstance.*

That is, in the detail or circumduction of his argument.

²⁶ *'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.*

Polycæna, in the act of marrying whom he was afterwards killed by Paris.

²⁷ *This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.*

Ajax and Hector were cousins, Ajax being the son of Hecione, the sister of Priam and aunt of Hector.

²⁸ *Or else a breath.*

A breathing, a friendly encounter just sufficient to make the combatants pant with their exertion.

²⁹ *Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.*

Does not utter an immature or unsuitable thought.

³⁰ *Most imperious Agamemnon.*

Imperious and *imperial* had the same meaning.

³¹ *The noble Menelaus.*

Menelaus would scarcely apply the epithet *noble*, to himself; Mr. Ritson supposes that this sentence should be spoken by Æneas.

³² *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou.*

By the utterance of this line as it stands, Achilles would evidently insult Ulysses. Should we not read, *though for thou?*

³³ *You ruinous butt; you whoreson undistinguishable cur.*

This is said in allusion to the deformity of Thersites; he is called a ruinous butt, on account of his graceless and lump-like figure; and undistinguishable, because he is of an unnatural and undeterminate shape.

Coriolanus.

IN *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Roman tragedies of Shakespeare, the poet introduces his readers to a new mode of life and feeling; times past are revived, the heroes of the elder ages of the world recalled from their oblivious graves, ruined cities rebuilt, and Rome, in all its ancient glory, with its palaces, columns, and statues, its walks and fountains, its patricians and its people, appear as on some magic orb before us. The busy hum of life is over all, and the heroes of Plutarch seem to live and breathe again; and we analyze their actions and penetrate their motives, as critically as if they were no more remote from us than Cromwell or Napoleon. The great poet throws a bridge over time, and brings us face to face with antiquity; this is peculiarly the case with Shakespeare's Roman dramas; he has given us better and far more accurate pictures of life in the eternal city—

“That sat on her seven hills
And from her throne of beauty ruled the world,”

than he has done of the early history of his own country. *Coriolanus*, *Antony*, *Brutus*, *Cæsar*, and *Cassius*, are all poetical Daguerreotypes, in which it is almost difficult to say whether poetry or history are most indebted to our bard.

Coriolanus is perhaps the least interesting of the three tragedies I have named: it displays less variety of character than is contained in *Julius Cæsar*, and less beauty and poetry than the story of the Roman *Antony* and his voluptuous Egyptian queen. Its popularity upon the modern stage is partially attributable to the excellence of the late John Kemble in the character of the unbending *Marcus*, whose perfect identification of himself with it, made this tragedy attractive at the theatre; and has, since his time, roused a spirit of emulation in other tragedians, who have courted comparison with Kemble in a character for which nature had eminently fitted him.

This tragedy, says Mr. Malone, “comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer*, in the year of Rome, 262, and ending with the death of *Coriolanus*, A.M.C. 266.” It is attributed to the year 1608 or '9, and the historical events are copied with singular fidelity, and even some of the language borrowed from *The Life of Coriolanus*, in Plutarch.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAMIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a Roman Patrician.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

COMINIUS, *the Roman General.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

TITUS LARTIUS, *joined with Cominius in the Command.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, *a Tribune of the People.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, *also a Tribune.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

NICANOR, *a Roman in the service of the Volcians.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

A ROMAN HERALD.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volcians.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

LIEUTENANT to Aufidius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.

CONSPIRATORS with Aufidius.

Appear, Act V. sc. 5.

ADRIAN, *a Volcian Citizen.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

TWO VOLCIAN GUARDS.

Appear, Act V. sc. 2.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians and Soldiers, Ladies, Ædiles, Lictors, Citizens, Messengers, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*Partly in ROME, and partly in the Territories of the Volcians and Antiates.*

Coriolanus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1st Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1st Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1st Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

1st Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away.

2nd Cit. One word, good citizens.

1st Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the abjectness of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2nd Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

2nd Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1st Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2nd Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1st Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2nd Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1st Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1st Cit. Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2nd Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1st 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.

1st Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1st Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this 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.

1st Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale 't a little more.

1st Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instru-
ments¹

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,² did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1st Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

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Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus, (For, look you, I may make the belly smile, As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied To the discontented members, the mininous parts That envied his receipt; even so most fitly As you malign our senators, for that They are not such as you.

1st Cit. Your belly's answer: What! The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty trumps In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1st Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1st 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.

1st Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
“True is it, my incorporate friends,” quoth he,
“That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the
brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,” (this says the belly,) mark
me,—

1st 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 flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.” What say you
to 't?

1st 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 public 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?—

1st 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 go'st foremost:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run

Lead'st first to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1st Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee,
will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.³ 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 these several places of the city

You cry against the noble senate, who,

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another?—What's their seek-
ing?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof
they say,

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know

What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,

Who thrives, and who declines: side factions,
and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,

Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's
grain enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry

With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.⁴

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. 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
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds

They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,

(To break the heart of generosity.⁵

And make bold power look pale,) they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,

Sciinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes

For insurrections arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home you fragments.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Voices are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1st Sen. Marcius, 't is true, that you have lately told us;

The Voices are in arms.⁶

Mar. They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am, I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make Only my wars with him: he is a lion That I am proud to hunt.

1st Sen. Then, worthy Marcius, Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is; And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face: What, art thou 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!

1st 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!

1st Sen. Hence! to your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Nay, let them follow: The Voices have much corn; take these rats thither, To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and MEN. Citizens steal away.*]

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 gird the gods.⁷

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 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by A place below the first: for what miscarries Shall be the general's fault, though he perform To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall Of his demerits rob Cominius.⁸

Bru. Come:

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion, More than in singularity, he goes Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1st Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels, And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state, That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone, Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,

I have the letter here ; yes, here it is : *[Reads.*
 "They have press'd a power, but it is not known
 Whether for east or west : The earth is great ;
 The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
 (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 't is bent : most likely, 't is for you :
 Consider of it."

1st 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 show themselves ; which in the
 hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,
 To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

2nd Sen. Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :
 Let us alone to guard Corioli :
 If they set down before us, for the remove
 Bring up your army ; but, I think, you 'll find
 They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that ;
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'T is sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1st Sen. Farewell.

2nd Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA : They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort : If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with

comeliness plucked all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I,—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam ? how then ?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son ; I therein would have found issue. Here me profess sincerely :—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum ;
 See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair ;
 As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him :
 Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
 "Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
 Though you were born in Rome :"
 His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;
 Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
 Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,
 Than gilt his trophy : The breasts of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
 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. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Vol. 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, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.¹⁰

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchey; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1st Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[Alarums afar off.
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[Other Alarums.
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Voices enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Voice,
And he shall feel mine age.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Voices, fighting.

*The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches.
Re-enter MARCIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further 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. The Voices and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Voices retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are open:—Now prove good seconds:

'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in*

1st Sol. Fool-hardiness: not I.

2nd Sol. Nor I.

3rd Sol. See, they

Have shut him in. [Alarum continues

All. To the port, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1st Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it blows, stands up! Thou art left,
Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1st Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. 'T is Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.¹²

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1st Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2nd Rom. And I this.

3rd Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver. [Alarum continues still afar off

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hargmen 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.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st; Thy exercise hath been too violent for A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not: My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you 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, Full deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit MAR.* Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call thither all the officers of the town, Where they shall know our mind: Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and FOREES, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs, We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,

By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard

The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods, Lead their successes as we wish our own; That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle: I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth. Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Voices Held me in chase, that I was fore'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 flay'd? O gods! He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor, More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me elip you In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart As merry, as when our nuptial day was done, And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees: Condemning some to death, and some to exile; Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other; Holding Corioli in the name of Rome, Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash, To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave, Which told me they had beat you to your trenches. Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone, He did inform the truth: But for our gentle men,

The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!) The mouse ne'er skunn'd the cat, as they did budge

From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcus,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on
which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcus,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the
vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his Hand*] to express his
disposition,
And follow Marcus.

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their Caps.*]
O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Voices? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other sight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon Corioli,
going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COM-
INIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieu-
tenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your
duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries¹³ 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

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come: to the Roman camp conduct
us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the
Roman and the Volcian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do
hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame I envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcus,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my
blood,

Wherein thou 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.—

[*They fight, and certain Voices come to the
aid of AUF.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MAR.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter
at one side COMINIUS, and Romans; at the
other side MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf,
and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,

Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank the gods,

Our Rome hath such a soldier!”—

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,

As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have 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: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech
you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,)
of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS!
MARCIUS! cast up their Caps and Lances:
COM. and LART. stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel
grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without
note,

Here's many else have none,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(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*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undererest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that new
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 't is yours.—What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But when Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath e'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor best 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: 't is time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1st Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good con-
dition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
P' 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 en-
counter

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,) I 'll patch at him some
way;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1st Sol. He 's the devil.

Auf. Belder, though not so subtle: My val-
our's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to
the city;
Learn, how 't is held; and what they are, that
must

Be hostages for Rome.

1st Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
('T is south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1st Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news
to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry ple-
beians 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 two are old men; tell me one thing
that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored 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 censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition 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, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the thirst complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lyeurguses,) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you 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 bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy pleading, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed 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 herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Bru. and Sic. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy 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. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state

bath 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 physic,¹⁴ and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. An't was time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. 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, who come forward.*] 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 show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in 's nery arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*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. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd, What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But O, thy wife——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear, Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VAL.*]

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: Welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart, That is not glad to see thee!—You are three, That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men.

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :
We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours :

[*To his Wife and Mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy : only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exit in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacled to see him : Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,¹⁵
While she cheers him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,¹⁶
Clambering 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 : seld-shown flamens¹⁷
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
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 hon-
ours
From where he should begin, and end ; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours,
Which that he 'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-pleace, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility ;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'T is right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it,
rather

Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'T is most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills :
A sure destruction.¹⁸

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, silene'd their pleaders, and
Disproportioned 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 provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested

At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't ; and that 's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep.) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter ?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is
thought,

That Marcius shall be consul : I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : The matrons flung their
gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Capitol.*

Enter Two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1st Off. Come, come, they are almost here:
How many stand for consulships?

2nd Off. Three, they say; but 't is thought of
every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1st Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-
geance proud, and loves not the common people.

2nd Off. 'Faith, there have been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er
loved them; and there be many that they have
loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they
love they know not why, they hate upon no bet-
ter 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.

1st Off. If he did not care whether he had their
love, or no, he waived indifferently 'twixt doing
them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their
hate with greater devotion than they can render
it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may
fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem
to affect the malice and displeasure of the people,
is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them
for their love.

2nd Off. He hath deserved worthily of his
country: And his ascent is not by such easy de-
grees, as those, who, having been supple and
courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any
further deed to heave them at all into their esti-
mation 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 it-
self the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from
every ear that heard it.

1st Off. No more of him; he is a worthy man:
Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Co-
MINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS,
many other Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.
The Senators take their places; the Tribunes
take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Voices, 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.

1st Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be press'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willirgly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people:
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[*Cor. rises, and offers to go away.*]

1st 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 of,

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,

When the alarm were struck, than idly sit To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Cor.*]

Men. Masters o' the people, Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter, (That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour, Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held, That valour is the chiefest virtue, and Most dignifies the haver : if it be, The man I speak of cannot in the world Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian chin¹⁹ 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 :²⁰ in that day's feats, When he might act the woman in the scene,²¹ He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ; And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since, He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last, Before and in Corioli, let me say, I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd 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 : his sword (death's stamp)

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was timed with dying cries : alone he enter'd The mortal gate 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 : When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce

His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate, And to the battle came he ; where he did Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 'T were a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd Both field and city ours, he never stood To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1st Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ; And look'd upon things precious, as they were The common muck o' the world : he covets less Than misery itself would give ; rewards His deeds with doing them ; and is content To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble ; Let him be call'd for.

1st Sen. Call for 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. It then remains, That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you, Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them, For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please 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 ;—

Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire

Of their breath only :—

Men. Do not stand 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.* Then exeunt Sen.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He that
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.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1st Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2nd Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3rd Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it,
but it is a power that we have no power to do:
for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his
deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds,
and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble
deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance
of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for
the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a
monster of the multitude; of the which, we being
members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous
members.

1st 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 many-headed multitude.

3rd Cit. We have been called so of many; not
that our heads are some brown, some black, some
auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so
diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits
were to issue out of one skull, they would fly
east, west, north, south; and their consent of one
direct way should be at once to all the points o'
the compass.

2nd Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you
judge, my wit would fly?

3rd Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out at
another man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a
block-head: but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure,
southward.

2nd Cit. Why that way?

3rd Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being

three parts melted away with rotten dews, the
fourth would return for conscience sake, to help
to get thee a wife.

2nd Cit. You are never without your tricks:—
You may, you may.

3rd Cit. Are you all resolved to give your
voices? But that's no matter, the greater part
carries it. I say, if he would incline to the peo-
ple, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility;
mark his behaviour. We are not to stay alto-
gether, 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. [*Exeunt.*]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not
known

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire
them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*]

Enter Two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a
brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1st Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought
you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2nd Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1st Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:

'T was never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1st 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 con-
suleship?

1st Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show
you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good
voice, sir;

What say you?

2nd Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1st Cit. But this is something odd.

2nd Cit. An't were to give again,—But 't is no
matter. [*Exeunt Two Citizens.*]

Enter Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the
tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have
here the customary gown.

3rd Cit. You have deserved nobly of your
country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3rd Cit. You have been a scourge to her ene-
mies, you have been a rod to her friends; you
have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtu-
ous, that I have not been common in my love.
I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to
earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition
they account gentle: and since the wisdom of
their choice is rather to have my hat than my
heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be
off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will
counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man,
and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore,
beseech you, I may be consul.

4th Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and
therefore give you our voices heartily.

3rd Cit. You have received many wounds for
your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with show-
ing them. I will make much of your voices, and
so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily
[*Exeunt*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolless gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus,—I am half through
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter Three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: you:
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5th Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice.

6th Cit. Therefore let him be consul: The gods
give him joy, and make him good friend to the
people!

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENEVIUS, 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 dis-
charg'd:

The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet, anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll go 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 COR. and MEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose
this man?

1st Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your
loves.

2nd Cit. Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy
notice,

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3rd Cit. Certainly,

He flouted us down-right.

1st Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech, he did not
mock us.

2nd Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself,
but says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his coun-
try.

Sic. Why; so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*]

3rd Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he
could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;"

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank
you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your
voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not this
mockery?

Sic. Why, either, you were 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
A place of potency, and sway o' the state.

If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to 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 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?

3rd Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him
yet.

2nd Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1st 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

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 eiection: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed:
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance.

Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Preoccupied 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 Mareians; from whence
came

That Ancus Mareius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,

Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Cit.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the
people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which
caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did
curse

Against the Volces, 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 for-
tunes

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 Lart*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
them;

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the
commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1st Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the
market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd
them

Time-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. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,

For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit:
Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1st Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd,
and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1st 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 meazels²³
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T were well,

We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 't would be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall?"

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. "Shall!"
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra leave to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not
spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, revoke
Your dangerous bounty: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up.
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more abso-
lute power.)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the
corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates:—this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bison multitude digest

The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did re-
quest it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears: which will in time break open
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end 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: purpose so barr'd, it fol-
lows,

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck
out

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald
tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was
law,

Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Bru.*] in whose name, myself
 Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens.
Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a Rabble of Citizens.
Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
 Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
 [*Several speak.*]
2nd Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
 [*They all bustle about Cor.*
 Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
 Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. 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.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,
 speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fye, fye, fye!
 This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1st Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
 The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
 The people's magistrates.
Cit. 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 of him;
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
 Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
 friend,
 And temperately proceed to what you would
 Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
 That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
 Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon
 him,
 And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here.
 [*Drawing his Sword.*
 There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
 Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-
 draw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, Marcius! help,
 You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
 [*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
 and the People, are all beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone,
 away,
 All will be naught else.
2nd Sen. Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;
 We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1st Sen. The gods forbid!
 I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house;
 Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
 You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they
are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

Men. Be gone :

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;

One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone :

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little ; this must be patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Cor., Com., and Others.*]

1st Pat. 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 !

2nd Pat. I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tyber !—What, the
vengeance,

Could he not speak them fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,

That would depopulate the city, and

Be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes.—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1st Cit. He shall well know,

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on 't.

[*Several speak together.*]

Men.

Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, 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 a consul !

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;

The which shall turn you to no further harm,

Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then :

For we are peremptory, to despatch

This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,

Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,

Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,

He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude

Towards her deserved children is enroll'd

In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam

Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, 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 dropp'd it for his country ;

And, what is left, to lose it by his country,

Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,

A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.²²

Bru. Merely awry : When he did love his
country,

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was ?

Bru. We'll hear no more :—

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,

Spread further

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by
process,
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we had not a taste of his obedience?
Our *Ædiles* smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this:—He has been bred i' the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In 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.

1st 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 Sen.*] He
must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1st Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1st Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To Vol.*
Why did you wish me milder? Would you
have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man
you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

1st Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
[*To brook control without the use of anger,*]
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you
say,

Honour and safety, like unsever'd friends,

If the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies 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 roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your besom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;²³
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pry'thee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
That humble, as the ripest mulberry,
Now 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. Pry'thee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst
rather,

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and
sir, 't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pry'thee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd scence
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 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. I pry'thee, now, sweet son: as thou hast
said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't.

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,

And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then ;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Thau thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness ; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content ;
Mother, I am going to the market-place ;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going ;
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm
yourself

To answer mildly : for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come ?

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 ; 't is ready, here.

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."
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
Enforce 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 Æd.*]

Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which
looks

With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMNIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The hon-
our'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throug our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !

1st Sen. Amen, amen !

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes ; audience : Peace,
I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present ?

Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which
show

Like graves in the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Sears to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires in the lowest hell fold in the
people!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with
him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even
this

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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 further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death.
Vagabond exile, flaying: Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envi'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pres-
ence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name of the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: In the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's 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.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate
As reek o' the rotton fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives,²⁷ to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,

For you, the city, thus I turn my back
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* COR., COM., MEN., SEN., and PAL.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell:—
the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were 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
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle-minded,
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 prythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have doue, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime gen-
eral,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot
well,

My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautious²⁸ baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with
thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of
us,

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man

And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 P' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
 Thou hast years upon thee: and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still: and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
 Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an 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 shown our power,
 Let us seem humbler after it is done,
 Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
 Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
 Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Æd.*]

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. O, you're 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 Bru.*]

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Vir. You shall stay too: [*To Sic.*] I would, I
 had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame?—Note but
 this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
 To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
 Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise
 words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet
 go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
 Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
 His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
 As he began; and not unknit himself
 The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'T was you incens'd the
 rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
 As I can of those mysteries which heaven
 Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
 You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
 this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
 The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,
 (This lady's husband here, this, do you see,
 Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
 With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
 I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
 But once a day, it would unlog 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. Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir; truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper, tell you

most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City, 'T is 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,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state, At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Cit.* O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 't were, 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 interjoin their issues. So with me:— My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1st Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Servant.

2nd Serv. 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 Servant.

1st Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2nd 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!

2nd Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2nd Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3rd Serv. What fellow's this!

1st Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3rd Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3rd Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3rd Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3rd 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.

3rd Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2nd Serv. And I shall. [Exit.

3rd Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3rd Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3rd Serv. Where's that?

Cor. 'P the city of kites and crows.

3rd Serv. 'P the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3rd Serv. How, sir? Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is 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 and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2nd Serv. 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, [Unmuffling. Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.

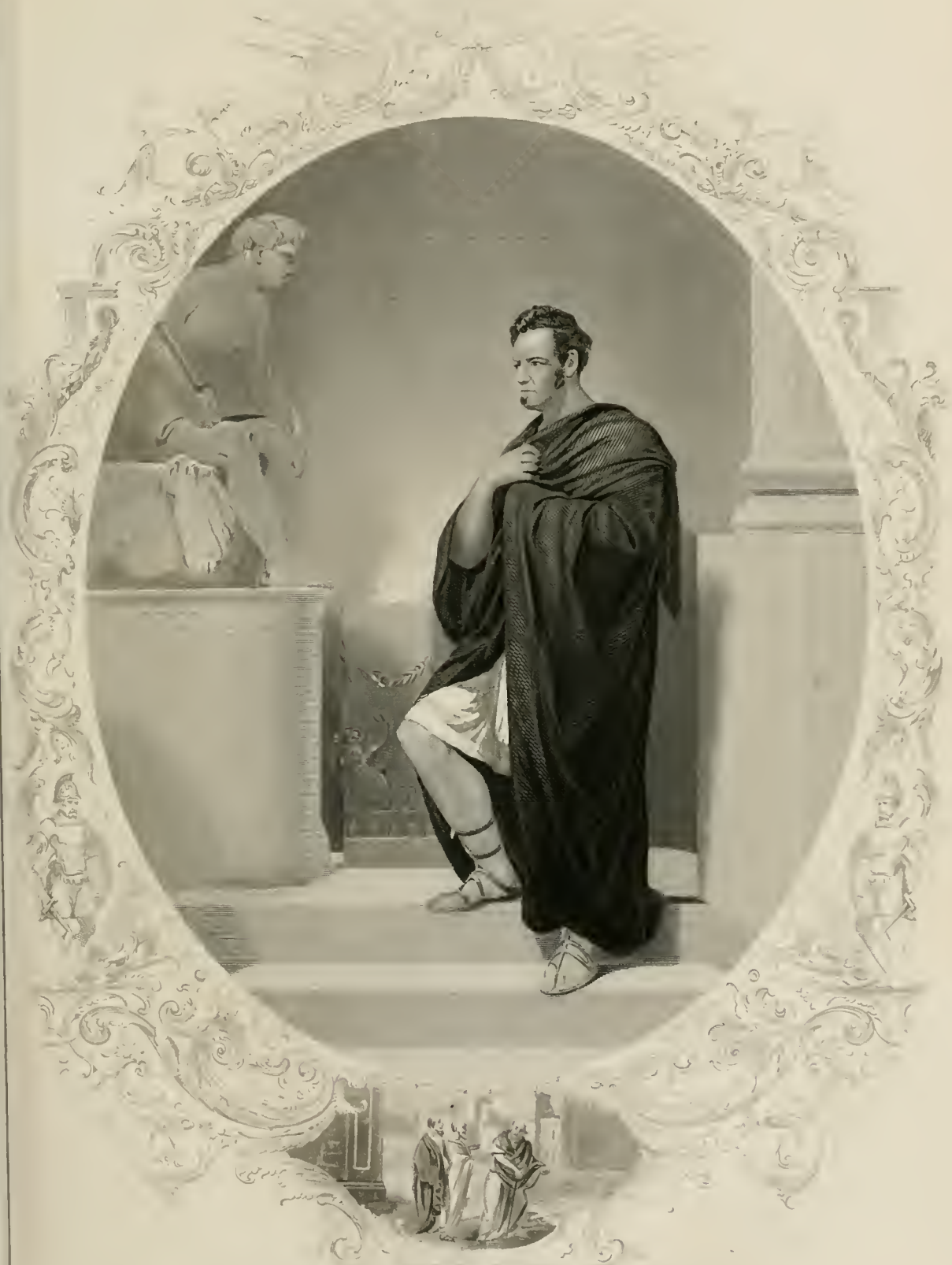
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name? Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn, Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are required But with that surname; a good memory,



Mr. Edwin Forrest as Mariamnes.

And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me : only that name
remains ;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Romè. 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 would have 'voided thee : but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
That my revengeful 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 for-
tunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool ;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
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. O 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,

"'T is true ;" I 'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, 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 ;⁹⁹ 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 loved the maid I married ; never man
Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
'Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell
thee,

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't : Thou 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 quarrel else 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'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission ; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
ways :

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, "yea," to thy desires. A thousand wel-
comes !

And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! Most
welcome ! [*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*]

1st Serv. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange al-
teration !

2nd Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
strucken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind
gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1st Serv. What an arm he has ! He turned
me about with his finger and his thumb, as one
would set up a top.

2nd Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there
was something in him : He had, sir, a kind of
face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1st Serv. He had so : looking as it were,—
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2nd Serv. So did I, I'd be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1st Serv. I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2nd Serv. Who? my master?

1st Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2nd Serv. Worth six of him.

1st Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2nd Serv. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1st Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3rd Serv. O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1st and 2nd Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

3rd Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1st and 2nd Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

3rd Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1st Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

3rd Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but was always good enough for him.

2nd Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1st Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2nd Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1st Serv. But, more of thy news?

3rd Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand,³⁰ and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears:³¹ He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2nd Serv. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3rd Serv. Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1st Serv. Directitude! what's that?

3rd Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1st Serv. But when goes this forward?

3rd Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2nd Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1st Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2nd Serv. 'T is so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1st Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3rd Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends

Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentions 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. 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1st Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Cit.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish

God Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages

Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augur's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me: Pray,
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made
fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd
him even

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As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'T is true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made
fair hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear

They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many cox-
combs,

As you threw caps up, will be tumbled down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1st Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2nd Cit. And so did I.

3rd Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us: That we did, we did for
the best: and though we willingly consented to
his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dis-
may'd;

These are a side, that would be glad to have

This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1st Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, mas-
ters, let 's home. I ever said, we were i' the
wrong, when we banish'd him.

2nd Cit. So did we all. But come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Cit.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol :—'Would, half my
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance
from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him;
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent

To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry
Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he 'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish,³² who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
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,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do
fail.

Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,

To one 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 kneel
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:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 't was folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the
grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your
aid

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In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good win:
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the most
sure
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.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I'll watch
him

'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kind-
ness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know-
ledge

Of my success.

Com. He'll never hear him. [Exit

Sic. Not;

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury

The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
 'T was very faintly he said, " Rise ;" dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would
 do,
 He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
 Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :
 So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless 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.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian
 Camp before Rome. The Guard at their
 Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1st G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2nd G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 't is well : But, by
 your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1st G. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1st G. You may not pass, you must return : our
 general

Will no more hear from thence.

2nd G. You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with
 fire, before

You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,

And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,

My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1st G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your
 name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover : I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have
 read

His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;

For I have ever magnified my friends,

(Of whom he 's chief,) with all the size that verity

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise

I have, almost, stamp'd the leasing :²³ Therefore,
 fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1st G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies
 in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your
 own, you should not pass here : no, though it
 were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. There
 fore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
 Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
 general.

2nd G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as
 you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true
 under him, must say, you cannot pass. There-
 fore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell ? for I
 would not speak with him till after dinner.

1st G. You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1st G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does.
 Can you, when you have pushed out your gates
 the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular
 ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think
 to front his revenges with the queasy groans of
 old women, the virginal palms of your daughters,
 or with 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 deceived ; therefore, back to Rome, and
 prepare for your execution ; you are condemned,
 our general has sworn you out of reprieve and
 pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here
 he would use me with estimation.

2nd G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1st G. My general cares not for you. Back, I
 say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood :—
 back,—that 's the utmost of your having :—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What 's the matter ?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand
 for you ; you shall know now that I am in esti-
 mation ; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant²⁴
 cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess,
 but 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 pros-
 perity, and love thee no worse than thy old father

Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Voleian 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 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 Cor. and Auf.*]

1st G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2nd G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1st G. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2nd G. 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 that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

1st G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2nd G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow

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Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcean lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome Loved me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old love, I have (Though I show'd 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?

[*Shouts within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow

In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod: and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never

Be such a goslin to obey instinct; but stand, As if a man were author of himself,

And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh

Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*Kneels.*]

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*]

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To ally my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing,
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
rainment,

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,

Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find

An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led

With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till

These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

I have sat too long.

[*Rising*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Ro-

mans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great
son,

The end o' 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 the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the
world

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end;
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;

His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[*Holding Vol. by the hands, silent*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do open
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What 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 hast set thy mercy and thy
honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Cor.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To Vol., Vir., &c.*
But we will drink together;³⁵ and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond'
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
sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency 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 loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And bale 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?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Voices are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. 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 and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,

Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

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!

[*Shouting and Music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,

And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1st Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,

Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;

Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!

Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets. Excunt*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,

Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,

Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,

The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

Intends to appear before the people, hoping

To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Excunt Attend.*

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' Faction.

Most welcome!

1st Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so.

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2nd Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3rd 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 height-
en'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.

3rd Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the same,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1st Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as 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.*]

1st Con. Your native town you enter'd like a
post,
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And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2nd Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear,

With giving him glory.

3rd Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1st 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, 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, with Drums and Colours .
Crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned 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
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcus!

Auf. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus: Dost thou think

I'll graco 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

Council 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 each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—

Pardon me, lords, 't is 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 on him; that
must bear

My heating to his grave;) shall join to thrust

The lie unto him.

1st Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Voices; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,

That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Voices 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,

'For your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for 't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my

daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He
killed my father.—

2nd Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offense to us
Shall have judicious hearing.³⁶—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUF. and the Con. draw, and kill COR., who
falls, and AUF. stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1st Lord. O Tullus,—

2nd Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat
valour will weep.

3rd Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all,
be quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver

Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

1st 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.

2nd Lord. His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,

And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:

Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,

Which to this hour bewail the injury,

Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist.

[*Ereunt, bearing the Body of CORIOLANUS*]

A dead March sounded.

NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

¹ *Where the other instruments.*

Where is here used as *whereas*; *instruments* are limbs or members.

² *Mutually participate.*

Participate is used for participant, or participating.

³ ——— *Your virtue is
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.*

This is an obscene passage, but the meaning appears to be, your virtue consists in speaking well of the vicious man, and in cursing the justice that condemns him.

⁴ *As high as I could pick my lance.*

Pitch my lance, is the meaning; but *pick* is correct, and was anciently synonymous with *pitch*. Thus, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, "and as he stooped downe to take up his swerde, the Frenche squyer dyd *pycke* his swerde at hym, and by anp strake hym through bothe the thyes."

⁵ *To break the heart of generosity.*

To give the final blow to the nobles. Marcius uses *generosity* to signify high birth.

*Marcus, 't is true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.*

Marcus had himself only been just told that the Volces were in arms, and could not therefore have told the senate. The meaning is:—you were right in your opinion as to what they would do, for they were now ready for the war which you anticipated.

⁷ *Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.*

To *gird*, is to taunt, or sneer at. Mr. Malone says that an anonymous correspondent informs him, that in some parts of England, it means to *push vehemently*. To *gird*, likewise signified to pluck or twinge; hence, probably, it was metaphorically used in the sense of, to taunt or annoy by sarcasm.

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⁶ *Of his demerits rol Cominus.*

Merits and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning. Thus, in *Othello*:—

————— And my *demerits*
May speak unbonneted.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, *Henry VI.*, fol. 69:—"This noble prince, for his *demerits* called the good Duke of Gloucester."

⁹ *To take in many toens.*

To *take in*, signified to overcome, to take possession of.

¹⁰ *A crack, madam.*

A *crack*, literally means a boy; it is here used in answer to the assertion of Valeria, that he is a noble child, to imply that he will do—he will pass muster.

¹¹ ——— *Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes.*

Plutarch, in *The Life of Coriolanus*, has this passage: "For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afraid with the sound of his voice and the grimness of his countenance." This passage led Shakespeare into a great chronological error—that of making Cato anterior to Coriolanus.

¹² *Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.*

To *make remain* is an ancient and obsolete mode of speaking, which merely means—to remain. Time has pruned our language of many redundancies of expression.

¹³ *Those centuries.*

Centuries were companies of soldiers, consisting each of a hundred men. Hence the military title of Centurion, a commander of one of these regiments.

NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

¹⁴ *The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric physic.*

This sentence contains an anachronism of near six hundred and fifty years. Menenius flourished about four hundred and ninety years before Christ, and Galen was born in the hundred and thirtieth year of the Christian era.

¹⁵ *Into a rupture lets her baby cry.*

Possibly into a *rupture*, to which children are liable from extreme fits of crying; or, a *rupture* may signify a fit; as we still say, that a child will cry itself into fits.

¹⁶ ——— *The kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.*

The *kitchen malkin* is the kitchen wench; a *maukin* or *malkin*, is properly a sort of mop, made of clouts, for the use of sweeping ovens; thence a figure of rags, dressed up, was so called; and from thence the name was transferred to any negligent, dirty woman. *Lockram* was a kind of cheap linen; and *reechy* is sweaty, greasy.

¹⁷ *Seld-shown flamens.*

That is, priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view.

¹⁸ *It shall be to him, then, as our good wille,
A sure destruction.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt says *wills* should be written *will is*; that is, it shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him—deadly.

¹⁹ *When with his Amazonian chin.*

That is, his chin smooth as a woman's; a chin on which there was no beard.

²⁰ *And struck him on his knee.*

That is, to his knee; he did not give Tarquin a blow on the knee, but such a blow as made him fall upon his knee.

²¹ *When he might act the woman in the scene.*

Shakespeare was here thinking of the theatre, where the characters of women were represented by boys; but he falls into a great anachronism, as there were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

²² ——— *Aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me.*

Shakespeare is seldom particular about time and dates: the Romans had but lately changed the regal for the consular government; for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings.

²³ *Against those meazels.*

Meazel is a scurvy or low fellow. In *The London Prodigal*, Oliver, the Devonshire man, says—"I wad you were ysplit, and you let the *mezel* have a penny." *Mesell* is used in *Pierre Plowman's Vision* for a leper.

²⁴ *They would not thread the gates.*

That is, pass them, go through them. So in *King Lear*—

———— *Threading dark-ey'd night.*

²⁵ *This is clean kam.*

Kam is crooked, awry; a crooked stiek is called a *cambrél*, and the Welsh word for crooked is *kam*. Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, which phrase occurs several times in the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache*, of which the following is an instance:—"All goes topsie turvy; all *kim, kam*; all is tricks and devices; all riddles and unknown mysteries."

²⁶ ——— *I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles.*

That is, in thus persuading you I act as your wife, your son, as these senators and nobles, who all join with me in a desire for your welfare, and whose interests you sacrifice by a refusal.

²⁷ *Abated captives, i. e., dejected, subdued captives.*

²⁸ *Cautelous, i. e., wily, cunning, cautious.*

²⁹ ——— *Here I clip
The anvil of my sword.*

To *clip* is to embrace. Aufidius calls Coriolanus the *anvil* of his sword, because he had struck as heavy blows at him, as a smith strikes on his anvil.

³⁰ *Sanctifies himself with his hand.*

That is, considers the touch of his hand as holy, and clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would the hand of his mistress.

³¹ *He'll go, he says, and soule the porter of Rome gates by the ears.*

That is, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*; i. e. to take hold of a person by the ears as a dog seizes one of those animals. So Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:—

Venus will *soule* me by the ears for this.

To *soule* is still in use for pulling, lugging, and dragging, in the west of England.

"Whatever," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "the etymology of *soule* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakespeare does. *Strafford's Letters*, vol. ii., p. 149—"A lieutenant *souled* him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room."

³² *As is the osprey to the fish.*

An *osprey* is a kind of eagle, or a large and rare species of hawk; it hovers over streams, and feeds on fish. In Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song twenty-five, is the following account of the osprey, which shows the appropriateness of Shakespeare's simile:—

The osprey, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner doth espy,

NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.

²³ ———— *And in his praise*
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing.

In his praise I have told falsehoods so plausibly, that
they have passed as current, as if they had the stamp of
truth.

²⁴ *A jack guardant.*

An insolent officer; it is equivalent to a term still in use,
namely, a *Jack in office*.

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²⁵ *But we will drink together.*

This would represent the wife and mother of Coriolanus as rather jovial than delicate; *drinking* together was certainly used as a sign of amity; but perhaps we might adopt Dr. Farmer's emendation, and read—*think* together.

²⁶ *Judicious hearing.*

Judicious is here either a corruption of *judicial*; i. e., such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature; or the word was anciently used in the same sense as *imperial* is used by our author for *imperial*.

Citus Andronicus.

THIS tragedy appears in the authentic folio of 1623, and has been printed in almost every edition of the works of Shakespeare; although some of the poet's editors have denied that it is a product of his pen, and have even treated it with contemptuous disregard, as unworthy of criticism. Theobald thought that Shakespeare restored it to the stage, and added a few of his own masterly touches; Dr. Johnson contemned it, and could "not find Shakespeare's touches very discernible." Mr. Upton declared it ought to be thrown out of the list of our author's works; Steevens alludes to it as a "suspected thing;" Mr. M. Mason denominates it an "abominable tragedy," while Malone gets perfectly facetious with Capel for stating that to his mind Shakespeare stands confessed its author. But since the time when the opinions of these gentlemen held undivided sway, another school of criticism has arisen with regard to the productions of our poet. The views of the great German critics, of Herder, Goëthe, Tieck, Schlegel, Franz Horn, Herman Ulrici, &c., have enabled the English to behold their own great poet by the aid of a new light. These distinguished writers have not adopted a philological and literal mode of criticism, but a poetical and affectionate one; and their opinions have been caught up, and spread widely in this country. They bestow a far greater consideration upon the performances which have been attributed to our poet than has hitherto been given to them. This appears to be the only just and correct mode of proceeding; give these dramas of doubtful authenticity a thorough examination; point out the evidence for and against them; cast them upon the waters, and leave them to their fate. Much may be attributed to Shakespeare that does not belong to him; but let us run no chance of losing that which is really his: if we cannot get all the wheat without some admixture of the bran, let us take them together, and sift them as time serves. Augustus Schlegel asks with undeniable reason—"Are the critics afraid that Shakespeare's fame would be injured, were it established that in his early youth he ushered into the world a feeble and immature work? Was Rome the less the conqueror of the world, because Remus could leap over its first walls? Let any one place himself in Shakespeare's situation at the commencement of his career. He found only a few indifferent models, and yet these met with the most favourable reception; because, in the novelty of an art, men are never difficult to please, before their taste has been made fastidious by choice and abundance. Must not this situation have had its influence on him before he learned to make higher demands on himself, and by digging deeper in his own mind, discovered the rich veins of noble metal that ran there? It is even probable that he must have made several failures before he succeeded in getting into the right path. Genius is in a certain sense infallible, and has nothing to learn; but art is to be learned, and must be acquired by practice and experience. In Shakespeare's acknowledged works we find hardly any traces of his apprenticeship, and yet apprenticeship he certainly had. This every artist must have, and especially in a period when he has not before him the examples of a school already formed. I consider it as extremely probable that Shakespeare began to write for the theatre at a much earlier period than the one which is generally stated, namely, after the year 1590. It appears that, as early as the year 1584, when only twenty years of age, he left his paternal home and repaired to London. Can we imagine that

such an active head would remain idle for six whole years without making any attempt to emerge by his talents from an uncongenial situation?"

Titus Andronicus is mentioned by Francis Meres as a work of Shakespeare's—a matter of considerable importance; for Meres was personally acquainted with Drayton, and very probably with some of the dramatic poets of the day, perhaps even with the bard himself. It is also printed in the first folio edition of his works, collected and published after his death by his friends and fellow-actors, Hemings and Condell. This is valuable external evidence in support of the authenticity of the tragedy; and we have next to inquire in what direction the internal evidence will lead us. Who were the writers that occupied the stage at the period of Shakespeare's first introduction to it as an actor? Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Heywood, Lilly, and Kyd. The productions of these writers were for the most part extravagant and unnatural; to pile "horrors on horror's head," was the fashion of a primitive and somewhat barbarous state; and that Shakespeare at first fell into the prevailing style is highly probable, the more so as some of his grandest productions have a vein of needless cruelty, and an occasional tincture of extravagance. Thus, in *Lear*, we have the revolting spectacle of Cornwall treading out Gloucester's eyes, and driving him away, blind and bleeding, to perish; again, Hamlet declines to kill his uncle while the latter is engaged in prayer, but postpones his revenge until the king is occupied in some licentious act:

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,
As hell, whereto it goes.

A notion as extravagant and vindictively horrible as any contained in the tragedy under consideration.

But setting aside probabilities of this character, to what conclusion does an analytical examination of this drama lead us? I grant it to be full of extravagances, inconsistencies, and anachronisms, and to be framed in accordance with a false idea of tragic power; but with all its deformities, its want of perfect development of character, its occasionally frigid declamation, and its crowd of repulsive murders and acts of lust and mutilation, it still appears the work of wild, untutored, unpractised genius. Poetical beauties abound in it, and these of a nature that could not well have been interpolated by a revising hand; but what is more, it also contains great conceptions. In the imbecile, passionate, and wretched Titus, we can discern the rude foreshadowing of *Lear*. The British monarch discards his loving daughter Cordelia, the Roman general slays his son Mutinus. *Lear*, in his dotage, gives his kingdom to Regan and Gonerill; Titus, in a similar fit of confiding weakness bestows the imperial crown upon Saturnine. The misfortunes of both *Lear* and Titus are produced by their own passion and short-sightedness, and both of them are driven mad by the ingratitude of those upon whom they had showered benefits. The daughter of *Lear* is hanged, that of Titus barbarously tortured, and the wretched fathers, in each instance, die at last amidst a scene of accumulated horror, with hearts so lacerated, that their deaths are regarded as a happiness, and a release from an existence which had become too fearful for further endurance. I am not comparing *Lear* and *Andronicus* as works of art and genius—in that light, they are the Alpha and Omega of the tragedies of our poet; but I do assert, that (assuming *Andronicus* to be the work of Shakespeare) the early rude production of the poet has a feeble but surprising resemblance to that terrible effort of his riper years, where the very elements are represented as raging in supernatural unison with the fierce passions of the outraged father.

But in this crude tragedy there is still something else which the poet might afterwards have hammered in the glowing furnace of his brain into such vivid creations as the world will "not willingly let die." When revolving in his mind the construction of his tragedy of *Othello*, might he not have glanced back to Aaron the Moor, and from this sooty villain produced the subtle and merciless Iago? Both these characters have one common root; a natural love of wickedness, a disbelief in virtue, and, indeed, in everything spiritual and elevating. To them there is no God, no future; even the retributive spirit which permeates throughout nature is hidden from them until the moment that they perish by it. It was the custom of our poet to rough-hew a character, and afterwards to shape it into a more real and vivid existence; genius perfects itself slowly; it takes a quarter of a century

to bring about the state of mind necessary for the production of some exquisite and spiritual creation which shall to the eyes of the unknowing world be begun and completed in a month. A lump of charcoal subjected for a thousand years to the secret operations of the chemistry of nature, loses its softness and its blackness, and becomes a hard and brilliant diamond; so a crude dark thought, filtered a thousand times through the mind of genius, appears at length a brilliant glorious creation of intellect, which men regard with reverence and admiration. The young smiling rose lipped beauty wears the diamond in her braided hair, and would be shocked to think its constituent parts were merely dirty charcoal; so also the critic revels in the intellectual enjoyment of *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*; glories in the possession of these rich jewels of the intellect, but turns disdainfully from the crude extravagant Andronicus; he does not wish to believe that there is any affinity between the diamond and the charcoal.

I will close these reflections with the selection of a passage from an eloquent German writer, Franz Horn, who, it will be observed, proceeds upon the belief put forward in these pages, that *Titus Andronicus* was, not in part, but altogether, the work of Shakespeare in his early days:—"Let us consider the richest and most powerful poetic nature that the world has ever yet seen; let us consider Shakespeare, as boy and youth, in his circumscribed external situation—without one discriminating friend, without a patron, without a teacher, without the possession of ancient or modern languages, —in his loneliness at Stratford, following an uncongenial employment; and then, in the strange whirl of the so-called great world, which is, however, often found to be little; but also with nature, with himself, and with God. What materials for the deepest contemplation! This rich nature, thus circumstanced, desires to explain the enigma of the human being and the surrounding world. *But it is not yet disclosed to himself.* Ought he to wait for this ripe time before he ventures to dramatise? Let us not demand anything superhuman, for, through the expression of error in song, will he find what accelerates the truth; and well for him that he has no other sins to answer for than poetical ones, which later in life he has atoned for by the most glorious excellences!

"The elegiac tone of his juvenile poems allows us to imagine very deep passions in the youthful Shakespeare. But this single tone was not long sufficient for him. He soon desired, from that stage 'which signifies the world,' (an expression that Schiller might properly have invented for Shakespeare.) to speak aloud what the world seemed to him—to him, the youth who was not yet able thoroughly to penetrate this seeming. Can there be here a want of colossal errors? Not merely single errors. No: we should have a whole drama which is diseased at its very root, which rests upon one single monstrous error. Such a drama is this *Titus*. The poet had here nothing less in his mind than to give us a grand doomsday-drama. But what, as a man, was possible to him in *Lear*, the youth could not accomplish. He gives us a torn-to-pieces world, about which Fate wanders like a bloodthirsty lion, or as a more refined and more cruel tiger, tearing mankind, good and evil alike, and blindly treading down every flower of joy. Nevertheless, a better feeling reminds him that some repose must be given; but he is not sufficiently confident of this, and what he does in this regard is of little power. The personages of the piece are not merely heathens, but most of them embittered and blind in their heathenism; and only some single aspirations of something better can arise from a few of the best among them; aspirations which are breathed so gently, as scarcely to be heard amidst the cries of desperation from the bloody waves that roar almost deafeningly."

A book entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*, was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 6th of February, 1593; it was probably the present tragedy. It was followed by an entry "of the ballad thereof;" this ballad is supposed to be the same as that which Dr. Percy has inserted in his *Reliques of Antient English Poetry*. It is a production of no value or interest, except from the supposition that the present tragedy may have been founded upon it.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

LUCIUS, *Son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

QUINTUS, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*
MARTIUS, }

Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

MUTIUS, *Son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

YOUNG LUCIUS, *a Boy; Son to Lucius.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus, the Tribune.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

ALARBUS, *Son to Tamora.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

CHIRON, } *Sons to Tamora.*
DEMETRIUS, }

Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

AARON, *a Moor beloved by Tamora.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

A ROMAN CAPTAIN.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

A SENATOR.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A CLOWN.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4.

A MESSENGER.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

A NURSE.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—ROME; and the Country near it.

Titus Andronicus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title¹ with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age² with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of
my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes—that strive by factions, and by
friends,—
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand
A special party, have, by common voice,

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In election for the Roman empery.
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humi-
bled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament.

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That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BAS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in
my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SAT.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes ! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, MAR., &c.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way : The good Andronicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscrib'd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. ; enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS : after them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black ; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners ; Soldiers and People, following. The Bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds !³

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears ;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,⁴
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend !—
Romans, of live and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love ;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.

Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you ; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren ;—Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O ! if to fight for king and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself,⁵ madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUC., QUIN., MAR., and MUT., with ALAR.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Seythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose not Seythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was
queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their Swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid in
the Tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here, are no
storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :⁸

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !⁹

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BAS-
SIANUS, and Others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Mar-
cus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful
wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,¹⁰
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue ;¹¹
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :
What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons.
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country :
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world :
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-
pery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell ?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right ;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die ;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be : and thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I
make

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—“ Long live our emperor !”

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
And say,—“ Long live our emperor Saturnine !”

[*A long Flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord : and, in this
match,

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an em-
peror ; [To TAM.]
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer,

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Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us
go :

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAV.]

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my
lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAM. in dumb show.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's
guard ?

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd ! By whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MAR. and BAS., with LAV.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUC., QUIN., and MAR.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !
Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [TIT. kills MUT.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me :

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit]

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.¹²

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:— Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SAT., and his Followers; TAM., and her Sons; AAR. and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where your can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MAR. and the sons of TIT. kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths,
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.¹³

Flourish. *Re-entr, at one side, SATURNINUS, at-
tended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and
AARON: at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and
Others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have
power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
At my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord: The gods of Rome
forefend,

I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last, [*Aside*]
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.)

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath pre-
vail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swear,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymh,¹⁴
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;

And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this to bare me down with braves.

'T is not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unad-
vis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous

It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware!—an should the empress
know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;¹⁵

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,¹⁶ we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch
or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools.
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. I' faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
you jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Luerece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind¹⁷ for rape and villany:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,¹²

To villany and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice¹⁹

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge
seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds
heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey,²²

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :

Unconple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
Madam, to you as many and as good !—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Lav. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,

And to our sport :—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAM.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany :

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

[*Hides the Gold.*

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,²¹

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
thee,—

This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—
Now question me no more, we are espied ;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'T is pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's bue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long:²²
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look
pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urelius,²³
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bas.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,²⁴—nay, barbarous
Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know,
my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that
sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face.—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your
glory

To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam ?

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee :
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to
marble ;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To CHI.*]

Chi. What ! would'st thou have me prove my-
self a bastard ?

Lav. 'T is true ; the raven doth not hatch a
lark :

Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now !)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely claws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me.

Even for his sake am I pitiless :—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice ;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore away with her, and use her as you
will ;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, he call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place :

For 't is not life, that I have begg'd so long ;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ; fond woman,
let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg ; and one thing
more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;

Where never man's eye may behold my body :

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee ;

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah, beastly
creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth :—Bring
thou her husband ; [*Dragging off LAV*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see, that you make
her sure :

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot be-
fore :

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; were't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MART. falls into the Pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle
hole is this ?

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?

A very fatal place it seems to me :—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object

That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here ;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AAR*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me
out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear :

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart

Aaron and thou look down into this den,

And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise :

O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detestel, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.²⁵

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help
thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy
help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose
again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here.
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost
but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRO-
NICUS, and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

1212

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a Letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;²⁶
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] "An if we miss to meet him
handsomely,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To Tit.*] fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-
derers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than
death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue
cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can
speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd
thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy mean-
ing so;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash:
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my cause, I should go hang
myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. [*Exeunt DEM. and CHI.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who 's this,—my niece, that flies away
so fast?

Cousin, a word: Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake
me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;²⁷

And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

He would not then have touch'd them for his life:

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.²⁸

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;

O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the Ground.

My heart's deep anguish, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exit Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man: if they did hear,

They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep:
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy arise, and look upon her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madd'd me: What shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
 Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
 Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; 'or, at your grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee;
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this?
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
 Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the king: he for the same,
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand;

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?³⁰
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy
son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.
[*Exeunt LUC. and MAR.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them
both;

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS'S HAND.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is
despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany [*Aside.*]
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To LAV.*]

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit*]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep
a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAV. kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an
end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with
this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TIT., MAR., and LAV.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father!

The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again.
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
LUCIUS, a Boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in sighs!

[*To LAV.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to
lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote
already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life!
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of
hands;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;

Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she
says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her
cheeks:³¹—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to
heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of
tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MAR. strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my
heart;³²

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mo-
ther?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 't was a black ill-favour'd
fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—

Ah, sirrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine
aunt.

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Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee
harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these
signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth
she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.²³
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
thus ?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear ;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;
Causeless, perhaps : But pardon me, sweet aunt :
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAV. turns over the Books which LUC. has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia ?—Marcus, what means
this ?

Some book there is that she desires to see :—
Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact :—Ay, more there was :—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ;
My mother gave 't me.

Mar. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! see, how busily she turns the leaves !
Help her :—

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see ; note, how she quotes
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet
girl,

Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
For'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—
See, see !—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

(O, had we never, never, hunted there !)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den
Unless the gods delight in tragedies !²⁴

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—
My lord, look here ;—Look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his Staff, and guides
it with his Feet and Mouth.*]

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift !—
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge :
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides
it with her Stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
writ ?

“*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*”

Mar. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I
know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,²⁵
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you know how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And hurls him while she playeth on her back,

And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel³⁶ will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say
you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath
full oft

For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come;—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TIT., LAV., and BOY.]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man
groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!³⁷ [*Erit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.* A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one
Door; at another Door, young LUCIUS, and an
Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and
Verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad
grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the
news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the
news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it
please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody vil-
lains. [*Exeunt* Boy and Attendant.]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written
round about?

Let's see.

"*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*"

Chi. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace; right, you
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! [*Aside.*]
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found
their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say
amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given
us o'er. [*Aside.* Flourish]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,³⁸
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest burdens of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a
hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast un-
done.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man,
but I,

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll breach the tadpol: on my rapier's
point;

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your
brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,³⁹

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs

Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Will thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty
bears:

Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with
blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:⁴⁰

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprisoned were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult

My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there : Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords : When we all join
in league,

I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :
Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said :—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore
didst thou this ?

Aar. O, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongued babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far hence Muli lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; ye see that I have given her
physic, [Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
This done, see that you make no long delays,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
hence ;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts ;

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey,⁴¹ and suck the goat
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A public Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the
ends of them ; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS,
and other Gentlemen, with Bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come ;—Kinsmen, this is
the way :—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there
straight :

Terras Astra reliquit :

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
Happily you may find her in the sea ;
Yet there's as little justice as at land :—
No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
'T is you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition :
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid :
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd ;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?
What,

Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you
word

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :

Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's size:
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear:

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,
Marcus. [*He gives them the Arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Pub-
lius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lord-
ship joy.

Enter a Clown with a Basket and Two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he
bath taken them down again, for the man must
not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never
drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came
there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to
heaven in my young days. Why, I am going
with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,⁴² to take
up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one
of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve
for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons
to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the
emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in
all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—meanwhile, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplica-
tion?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And
when you come to him, at the first approach, you
must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up
your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll
be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me
see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppli-
cant:—

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow
me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEME-
TRICUS, Lords, and Others: SATURNINUS with
the Arrows in his Hand, that TITUS shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was
ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
 Of regal justice, us'd in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath
 pass'd,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What 's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He 'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his
 heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aside.*
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.—

Enter CLOWN.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with
 us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, and your mistership be imper-
 rial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the em-
 peror.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give
 you good den; I have brought you a letter, and
 a couple of pigeons here. [*SAT. reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him pres-
 ently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought
 up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
 Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
 I know from whence this same device proceeds;
 May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
 That died by law for murder of our brother,
 Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
 For this proud mock, I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
 Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had
 more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march again, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
 These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
 storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
 'Tis he the common people love so much;
 Myself hath often over-heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man,)
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em-
 peror.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
 strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like
 thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby;
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody:
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;⁴²
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
 Go thou before, be our ambassador: [*To ÆMIL.*
 Say, that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him
 best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMIL.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
 And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
 And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

1st Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great
 Andronicus,
 Whose name was once our terror, now our com-
 fort;
 Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
 Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
 And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in
 his Arms.

2nd Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
 stray'd,
 To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
 I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
 "Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam
 Did not thy lue bewray whose brat thou art,
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.
 Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the
 babe,—

"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
 With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate
 devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; no:
 a word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good—

First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[A Ladder brought, which AAR. is obliged to ascend.]

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more : But vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee ? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason ; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath :—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;

To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up ;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus :
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

And cut her hands ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, détestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ; and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand :

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads :
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;

And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale.

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)

Wherein I did not some notorious ill :

As kill a man, or else devise his death ;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;

Set deadly enmity between two friends ;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears

Of have I digg'd up dead men from their graves

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

“ Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.”

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1st Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora!
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:

I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome
me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side, where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away.
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they
are!

And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Tit. from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for
thee:

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own propor-
tion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'t is sad Titus calls

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[Exit

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with
me;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with
him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
[Aside]

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me
mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[Aside]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit TAM]

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius, and Others.

Pub. What's your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd ;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them :
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure ;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit Tit.*—*Pub.*, &c., lay hold on *Chi.* and *Dem.*

Chi. Villains, forbear ; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word :
Is he sure bound ? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus Andronicus, with Lavinia ; she bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound ;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :
Both her sweet hands, her tongue and that, more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and fore'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.

You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste ;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,⁴⁵
And make two pasties of your shameful heads :
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter.
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their Throats.*
Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook.
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1st Goth. And ours, with thine,⁴⁶ befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings :
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Luc. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aar. Flourish.*

The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus, and Tamora, with Tribunes, Senators, and Others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one ?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun ?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle ;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down
at Table.*]

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a Cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled*,
young LUCIUS, *and Others.* TITUS *places the
Dishes on the Table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome,
dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good An-
dronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?"

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like:
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAV.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and un-
kind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made
me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the
deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
thus?

Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:

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They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong
Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that
pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp
point. [*Killing TAM.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*Killing TIT.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SAT. A great Tumult. The People
in confusion disperse. MAR., LUC., and
their Partisans ascend the Steps before
Titus's House.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUC.*] as erst our
ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy—
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,⁴⁸
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel—
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother:

And they it were that ravished our sister :
 For their feil faults our brothers were beheaded ;
 Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend :
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
 My sears can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft ; methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak : Behold this child,

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered ;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
 Romans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our emperor : for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's royal emperor !

[*LUCIUS, &c. descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house ;
 [To an Attendant.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius all hail ; Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans : May I govern so
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
 For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—
 Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near.
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face.
 The last true duties of thy noble son !

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn
 of us
 To melt in showers : Thy grandsire lov'd thee
 well :

Many a time he dan'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so ;
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :
 Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart

'Would I were dead, so you did live again !
 O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1st Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with
 woes ;
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
 him ;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
 Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Mar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
 dumb ?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done ;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave :
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.

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As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of
prey :

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES TO TITUS ANDRONICUS.

My successive title, i. e., my title to the succession.

² *Nor wrong mine age.*

His seniority: he was the eldest son.

³ *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds.*

Dr. Warburton would read:—*in my mourning, &c.* Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for the death of my sons. Dr. Johnson adheres to the text, saying, "We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits." Mr. Stevens again suggests that they might have been mourning for the recent death of their emperor.

⁴ *Thou great defender of this Capitol.*

Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

⁵ *Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx.*

It was a superstition among the ancients, that the spirits of the dead could not pass the Styx into Elysium, until their bodies had obtained burial. This fabulous river was said to flow nine times round the confines of hell; and they who tasted of its waters were supposed to lose their memory. Its waters were held in such veneration, that to swear by them was the most solemn oath of the gods. If any of these deities perjured themselves, and they were not very particular in that matter, they were compelled by Jupiter to drink of the waters of the Styx, which threw them into a senseless torpor of a year's duration.

⁶ *Patient yourself*, i. e., content yourself. Patient is here used as a verb.

⁷ *Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent.*

The Thracian tyrant alluded to is Polymnestor, a men-

arch of that country, who was married to Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter. Priam had placed Polydorus, his youngest son, and a great mass of treasure, under the protection of Polymnestor; and when Troy was destroyed by the Greeks, this dishonest and cruel king murdered the young prince that he might retain the treasure. Information of this dreadful act, however, reached the ears of Hecuba, who determined to revenge the death of her son. She enticed Polymnestor into her apartment, and then having by the aid of her women put out his eyes, she murdered his two children who entered with him. Theobald suggests that we should read, *in her tent*, otherwise the allusion is incorrect.

⁸ *Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.*

This, with the few preceding lines, is one of these passages in which the reader of Shakespeare will discern his exquisite touches. The poet has not unfrequently reproduced the same thought, though in other language; and here I recognise the germ of those sublime reflections which Macbeth utters when pondering on the death of Duncan.

⁹ *Lavinia, live: outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.*

To outlive fame's eternal date, would be to live for ever. Dr. Warburton would read, *in fame's*, &c. That is, live, and your purity and sufferings shall render your memory immortal. Dr. Johnson says:—"To outlive an eternal date is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame."¹¹

¹⁰ *That hath aspired to Solon's happiness.*

Solon averred that no man could be pronounced happy before his death. When asked by Cræsus, the gorgeous king of Lydia, whether he did not regard him as the hap-

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piest of mankind? the philosopher replied that Tellus, an Athenian, who had always seen his country in a flourishing state, who had seen his children lead a virtuous life, and had himself fallen in defence of his country, was more entitled to happiness than the possessor of riches and the master of empires.

¹¹ *This palliament of white and spotless hue.*

The *palliament* was the white robe made of lamb-skins, significant of purity, in which candidates solicited the votes of the Roman people. Shakespeare has represented Coriolanus as being with difficulty won to wear this robe, and as regarding it with the greatest contempt.

¹² *To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.*

To *ruffle*, was to be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A ruffler was a swaggering bully.

¹³ *Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.*

This line is not in the quarto. Mr. Malone thinks that it was inadvertently added without the name of the speaker, and that it belongs to Marcus. Titus could scarcely be so credulous as to believe that Tamora would entertain feelings of gratitude to him who had cruelly sacrificed her eldest son.

¹⁴ *This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph.*

Steevens, and other editors after him, read, this *queen*, which is a repetition of the same words in the preceding line; the word *nymph* is supplied from the edition of 1600.

¹⁵ *She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;*

These lines, with scarcely any variation, appear in the *first Part of Henry VI.*; and this would seem to imply that they were the produce of the same pen: the idea presented itself to the mind, and the author forget that he had previously given it publicity.

¹⁶ *Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.*

A *shive* is a slice. So in the tale of *Argentile and Curan*, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:—

A *sheeve* of bread as browne as nut.

¹⁷ *Fitted by kind, i. e., by nature.*

¹⁸ *Our empress, with her sacred wit.*

Sacred is here used in its Latin sense of accursed.

¹⁹ *And she shall file our engines with advice.*

Remove all impediments to our designs by her advice; make the way to success smooth, as a file makes smooth the rough surface of metals.

²⁰ *The morn is bright and grey.*

The word *grey* was anciently synonymous with *blue*; thus, in *Venus und Adonis*, the goddess tells us:—

Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning.

And yet, in describing her recovery from a pretended fainting fit, the poet says:—

Her two *blue* windows faintly she up-heaveth.

²¹ *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad?*

Mr. M. Mason very justly remarks that there is a great deal of poetical beauty in the speech of Tamora, which commences with the above line. It is indeed eminently in the style of Shakespeare, and might be ranked with many of the most admired selections from his works.

²² *Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.*

This could not be, for the emperor had only been married to Tamora the day before; but in his most mature works, Shakespeare often exhibits an utter disregard of time.

²³ *Urchins, i. e., hedgehogs.*

²⁴ *Ay, come, Semiramis.*

Semiramis, a celebrated queen of Assyria, was famous for her ambition, and infamous for her licentiousness; on her resemblance to Tamora in this respect depends the fidelity of Lavinia's comparison. Semiramis was married to the governor of Nineveh, but her great courage and extraordinary beauty captivated the heart of Ninus, the Assyrian monarch, who loved her so tenderly that he resigned his crown to her. This generous devotion she returned by putting him to death, that she might reign undisturbed. She has been accused of an unnatural passion for her own son, which, it is said, induced him to destroy her.

²⁵ *As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.*

Cocytus was a river of Epirus; the unwholesomeness of its waters, and its vicinity to the Acheron, made the ancient poets call it one of the rivers of hell. *Cocytus* is derived from a Greek word signifying to weep and to lament.

²⁶ *Timeless tragedy, i. e., untimely.*

²⁷ *But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee.*

Shakespeare has referred to the story of Tereus and Philomela in *Cymbeline*. It is as follows:—Tereus was a king of Thrace, and married to Progne, the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. She had a sister named Philomela, to whom she was most tenderly attached, and her absence from whom she so much regretted, that she induced her husband to go to Athens and bring her sister to visit her. Philomela set out with Tereus to Thrace, but the treacherous king became so enamoured of his sister-in-law, that he dismissed her guards, ravished her, and afterwards cut out her tongue, that she might not reveal the violence and indignity offered her. Tereus then confined her in a lonely castle, and returning to Thrace, told Progne that her sister had died by the way. During her imprisonment, Philomela worked a description of her misfortunes on a piece of tapestry, and contrived to have it conveyed to Progne, who determined to take a dreadful revenge upon her husband for the cruelty he had practised towards her sister. This revenge was, however, unnatural and revolting, and in all respects far worse than

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the offence of Tereus. Progne murdered her own son, Itylus, a boy only six years of age, and served up the flesh to her husband at a banquet. The unfortunate father soon after inquired for his child, and was told by Progne that he had been eating the flesh of his son Itylus, while at the same moment the head of the murdered boy was thrown upon the table by the injured but vindictive Philomela. Tereus, it is said, destroyed himself, Philomela was transformed into a nightingale, Progne into a swallow, and Itylus into a pheasant.

²⁸ *As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.*

The Thracian poet is Orpheus, who went to the infernal regions after his wife Eurydice: he passed unharmed by Cerberus, by charming the beast with the exquisite strains of his lyre.

²⁹ *As far from help as limbo is from bliss.*

The *Limbus patrum* was a name invented by schoolmen for a fabled place, supposed to be in the vicinity of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs, and all other good men who died before the time of Christ, were located.

³⁰ *Writing destruction on the enemy's castle.*

Theobald substituted the word *casque* for castle; but castle is here used for head or power.

³¹ *Mesh'd upon her cheeks.*

An allusion to brewing: her tears were meshed, mashed, or mingled together.

³² *Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart.*

Malone has drawn attention to this line as having a Shakesperian character, and quotes the following similar ones from the acknowledged works of our author. In *Henry the Fifth*—

The king hath *kill'd* his heart.

And in *Venus and Adonis*—

That they have murdered *this poor heart* of mine.

³³ *And Tully's Orator.*

Tully's *Treatise on Eloquence*, entitled *Orator*, and addressed to Brutus.

³⁴ *O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies.*

This dark and gloomy thought finds a parallel though more powerful expression in *King Lear*, where the blind and ruined Gloucester in his agony expresses a doubt of the justice of the heavens, and exclaims—

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

These coincidences are interesting as confirmatory of the much debated question, whether or no this tragedy was the production of Shakespeare.

³⁵ *Feere, i. e., companion or husband.*

³⁶ *A gad of steel.*

A steel prong, or the point of a spear.

³⁷ *Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!*

Warburton reads—Revenge *thee*, heavens! Johnson says it should be—Revenge, *ye*, heavens! *Ye*, the plural of thou, was by the transcriber taken for *ye*, the.

³⁸ *Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all.*

Many small matters may be received as evidence of authorship; this poor pun on the word *Moor* is repeated in *The Merchant of Venice*.

³⁹ *I tell you, younglings, not Encecladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood*

Encecladus was one of the most powerful of the giants who are fabled to have rebelled against Jupiter. That deity overcame him, and confined him beneath Mount Etna. Some imaginative writers among the ancients have averred that the flames of Etna proceeded from the breath of the wrathful giant; and that as often as he turned his weary side, the island of Sicily felt the motion, and shook to its foundations.

⁴⁰ *Leer, i. e., hue, complexion.*

⁴¹ *I'll make you feed on berries ana on roots,
And feed on curds and whey.*

To avoid the repetition of the verb *feed*. Sir T. Harmer reads—and *feast* on curds, &c.

⁴² *To the tribunal plebs.*

Probably the clown means, to the *plebeian tribune*, i. e., tribune of the people. It was a condition of the office of tribune that its holder should be a plebeian.

⁴³ *With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep.*

Dr. Johnson tells us that—"Honey-stalks are clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die." To this Mr. M. Mason adds—"Clover has the effect that Johnson mentions, on black cattle, but not on sheep. Besides these *honey-stalks*, whatever they may be, are described as rotting the sheep, not as bursting them; whereas clover is the wholesomest food you can give them."

⁴⁴ *She swoounded.*

In the time of Shakespeare the verb to *swoound*, which we now write *swoon*, was in common use.

⁴⁵ *And of the paste a coffin will I rear.*

A *coffin* was the term used to denote the space under the raised paste of a pie; a similar allusion is contained in *Richard II.*—

And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

NOTES TO TITUS ANDRONICUS.

⁴⁶ *And ours with thine.*

That is, our content runs parallel with thine; we are satisfied to do as you do.

⁴⁷ *Because she was enforced, slain'd, and deflower'd.*

Andronicus is in error in making this comparison; the daughter of Virginus was not violated. Her father slew her to save her honour.

⁴⁸ *Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears.*

SINON was a very subtle Greek, distinguished for his fraudulent cunning and his intimacy with Ulysses. After

the Greeks had built the great wooden horse by which they effected their entrance into Troy, Sinon went towards that fated city with his hands tied behind his back, and assured Priam that the Greeks had departed from Asia, and that they had been ordered to sacrifice one of their soldiers, to render the sea favourable to their return, and as the lot had fallen upon him, he had escaped from the camp to avoid immolation. This assertion being believed by the Trojans, they admitted him into the city. He advised them to bring in the wooden horse which the Greeks had left, and consecrate it to Minerva. This advice was followed, and in the night he opened the side of the horse, let out his imprisoned countrymen, who surprised the Trojans and destroyed the city.

Romeo and Juliet.

SCHLEGEL, in his consideration of this tragedy, rises in his enthusiasm from the critic to the poet, and eloquently exclaims:—"All that is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, all that is languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, all alike breathe forth from this poem." But the touching story of the young and unfortunate lovers was not invented by Shakespeare; he has told it beautifully, indeed, but it had been long popular in England, and a play upon that subject held possession of our stage before the appearance of his tragedy.

There has been considerable discussion, which it is needless to investigate (as it merely relates to the choice of but slender probabilities), concerning the date of this play; but we will accept the chronology of Mr. Malone, and refer it to the year 1595. It is one of our poet's earliest productions, and derives a more than ordinary degree of interest from the highly credible supposition that it was his first effort in tragedy.

The story is to be found in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, a work which Shakespeare had read; but he seems to be indebted for his materials rather to Arthur Brooke's poem of *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet*, written first in Italian by Bandell, and now in English by Ar. Br. In the preface to this poem, published in 1562, Brooke mentions a play which he had seen upon the subject, and, according to his judgment, one of no mean merit, from which also it is probable that Shakespeare derived some assistance. "I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation, than I can looke for; (being there much better set forth than I have or can dooe) yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good mindes to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publishe it suche as it is." There was, therefore, a play on this subject upon the stage thirty years before the appearance of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, but it appears to have been permitted to sink into utter oblivion, and will, perhaps, never be discovered.

As it is, however, evident that Shakespeare was largely indebted to Brooke for the materials of this tragedy, and as the poem is of considerable merit, it may be interesting to relate the few facts which have been ascertained concerning him. He was the author of many peeces in "divers kindes of style:" this poem seems to be but one of several: of it he says—

The eldest of them loe
I offer to the stake; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprocheful mouth might overthrowe:
The rest, naliect as yet, a whyle shall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight
With Slander's whelps. Then shall they tell of stryfe,
Of noble tryumphes, and dedes of martial might;
And shall geve rules of chast and honest lyfe.

From this poem also we learn that he was unmarried; and in some introductory verses to a work published in 1563, called *An Agreement of sundry places of Scripture, collected by Arthur*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Brooke, we are told that the author had perished by shipwreck. In a collection of epitaphes, &c., 1567, by George Tuberville, there is the following, *On the death of Maister Arthur Brooke, drown'd in passing to Newhaven*:—

Apollo lent him lute, for soace sake,
 To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
 And of the never-fading baye did make
 A laurrell crowne, about his browes to cling,
 In proufe that he for myter did excell,
 As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*;
 For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
 When he the tale to English did translate.
 But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
 With others moe his soveraigne quene to serve,
 Amid the seas unluckie youth was drown'd,
 More speedie death than such one did deserve.

Few can fail to admire the admirable construction of this tragedy. Had it been merely a love story, it would have run the risk of becoming tedious: how artfully this is obviated! The broils of the rival factions of Capulet and Montague, extending even to their humblest retainers; the high spirits of Mercutio, with his lively wit and florid imagination; the unconquerable pugnaciousness of Tybalt, “the very butcher of a silk button;” the garrulous coarseness of the Nurse, and the peevishness of old Capulet; all these give a briskness and rapidity to the early scenes of the play, while the latter ones are, as they should be, almost confined to the afflictions of the two lovers.

The poet has been censured for making Juliet Romeo’s second love; and Garrick, in his adaptation of the play, cut out all allusion to Rosaline, whom Romeo first loves, with as much earnestness, and even more extravagance than that which he displays in his subsequent passion for Juliet. But his love for Rosaline was a mere creation of fancy, the feverish excitement of a nature, to which love was a necessity; in her he worshipped an ideal of his own warm imagination, which painted her as an angel amongst women. Shakespeare also indulges a gentle satire on the too positive convictions of youth. Romeo declares his unalterable fidelity to Rosaline, and trusts that when his eyes admit that they have seen her equal, his tears will turn to fire, and burn the “transparent heretics;” and yet, in one brief hour from this time, even at the first glance, he transfers his love to Juliet. But we can easily forgive this fickleness; we feel angry at the haughty Rosaline, who “hath forsworn to love,” for her cold rejection of the passionate affection of Romeo, and pleased that he has found one who receives and returns his passion. His poetic and fervent affection deserves the love which the generous Juliet bestows upon him; and how tender, how devoted, how utterly unselfish is her passion! how modestly beautiful and delicate is her apology for the immediate confession of it!

Thou know’st the mask of night is on my face;
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!

There is no affected coyness, no frigid conventionality in her demeanour; she is a child of nature yielding to the sweet impulses of a first love, and proclaiming her passion to the object of it with the unrestrained sincerity of an innocent and confiding spirit. Her impatience for the arrival of her husband on the evening of their nuptials has been censured as inconsistent with a becoming modesty, and not to be reconciled with the natural timidity of a young maiden, even of Juliet’s warm and impetuous nature. Mr. Hazlitt has finely answered this objection; he says—“Such critics do not perceive that the feelings of the heart sanctify, without disguising, the impulses of nature. Without refinement themselves, they confound modesty with hypocrisy.” How admirably also does Shakespeare provide for every improbable circumstance, and not only takes away their improbability, but renders them highly consistent and natural; thus when Juliet drinks the potion which is to consign her, a living woman, to a loathsome tomb, she is made to work upon her own imagination by a vivid

ROMEO AND JULIET.

picture of the horrors of her incarceration in the vault where the festering remains of all her "buried ancestors are packed," and at length swallows the potion in a paroxysm of terror.

The naturalness of the incident is also heightened by the first introduction of the Friar gathering medicinal herbs, and descanting upon their nature and properties. It is likely that he who was so well acquainted with the uses of "baleful weeds and precious juic'd flowers" would employ them to carry out a difficult and dangerous stratagem. Shakespeare seldom omits an opportunity for the utterance of any instructive truth or moral maxim; he was the educator of his audiences, and it gives us a higher opinion of the playgoers of his time to know that they were pleased with the introduction of severe moral truths into their amusements. The language of this Friar is full of them, as in the reflection which crosses his mind when going forth in the early dawn to gather his medicinal herbs:—

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

It may certainly be wished that the language given to Mercutio was less coarse and sensual than it frequently is, but this licentiousness of conversation is consistent with the probable humour of a man in the summer of life, in perfect health, and devoid of all anxiety; and, however repugnant to modern ideas of delicacy and gentlemanly breeding, is perhaps a picture of the discourse of the young nobles and gallants of Shakespeare's own time.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 3.

MONTAGUE, *the head of a noble Family of Verona.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

CAPULET, *the head of a noble House at variance with the Montagues.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

AN OLD MAN, *Cousin to Capulet.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5.

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III.
sc. 1.

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1;
sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1;
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

PETER, *also a Servant of the House of Capulet*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5.

ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

AN APOTHECARY.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

THREE MUSICIANS.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 5.

CHORUS.

Appears at the end of Act I.

PAGE to Paris.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4;
sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 3.

NURSE to Juliet.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III.
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Partizans of the Houses of CAPULET and MONTAGUE, Citizens, Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE,—*During the first four Acts at VERONA; in the fifth at MANTUA.*

Romeo and Juliet.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could re-
move,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords
and Bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry
coals.²

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of
the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves
me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant,
is—to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou
run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to
stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid
of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the
weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the
weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—
therefore I will push Montague's men from the
wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and
us their men.

Sam. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant:
when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel
with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their
maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 't is known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.³ Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ADAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry. I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.⁴

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a Distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.⁵

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several Partizans of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

1st Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exit* PRIN., and Attend.; CAP., LA. CAP., TYB., Cit., and Serv.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach?—

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and
part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him
to-day?

Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow
We would as willingly give cure, as know

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step
aside:

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MON. and LADY.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Ro-
meo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes
them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle 'in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast
shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being puff'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [Going.]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you
lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's
fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not
be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still
live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes
huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to
think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'T is the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt
[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers
made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
married.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none
Come, go with me:—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [Gives a Paper.]
and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[Exeunt CAP. and PAR.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written
here? It is written—that the shoemaker should
meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last,

the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*]

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valento, and his consin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the Note.*] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet: and if you be

not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen,
That shall she, marry: I remember it well,
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I
trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay:"
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?"
quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—"Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold
thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: Yet I cannot choose but
laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay:"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.
'Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said—"Ay."

Jal. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
his grace!

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Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
And I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jal. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gen-
tleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen,
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 't is much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by
men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'
love?

Jal. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper
served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the
nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in
extremity—I must hence to wait; I beseech you
follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:

We 'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So staks me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a Mask.*

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?⁶
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;⁷

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.⁸

Mer. Tut! dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word:⁹

If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire¹⁰
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho!¹¹

Rom. Nay, that 's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask
But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife;¹² and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies¹³

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.¹⁴

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

Musicians waiting. *Enter Servants.*

1st Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2nd Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

1st Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,¹⁵ look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;¹⁶ and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

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2nd Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1st Serv. You are looked for, and called for asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2nd Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.
[*They retire behind*]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you;—Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns: Am I come near you now? You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor; and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please;—'t is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up. And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well. Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet; For you and I are past our dancing days; How long is 't now, since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

2nd Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1st Cap. What, mau! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2nd Cap. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

1st Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1st Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore
storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1st Cap. Young Romeo is 't?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

1st Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1st Cap. He shall be endur'd;

What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall.—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my
soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

1st Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy:—Is 't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know
what.

You must contrary me! marry, 't is time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:¹⁷
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet: What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meet-
ing,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To JUL.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims hands' do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to de-
spair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for pray-
ers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect
I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd
[*Kissing her.*¹⁸

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have
took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly
urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1st Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*To 2nd CAP.*] by my fay, it waxes
late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JUL. and NURSE.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentle-
man?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petru-
chio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would
not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only
hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I dane'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter CHORUS.*¹⁹

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she has much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place, adjoining Capulet's
Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard
wall;

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid.—²⁰
He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;

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The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

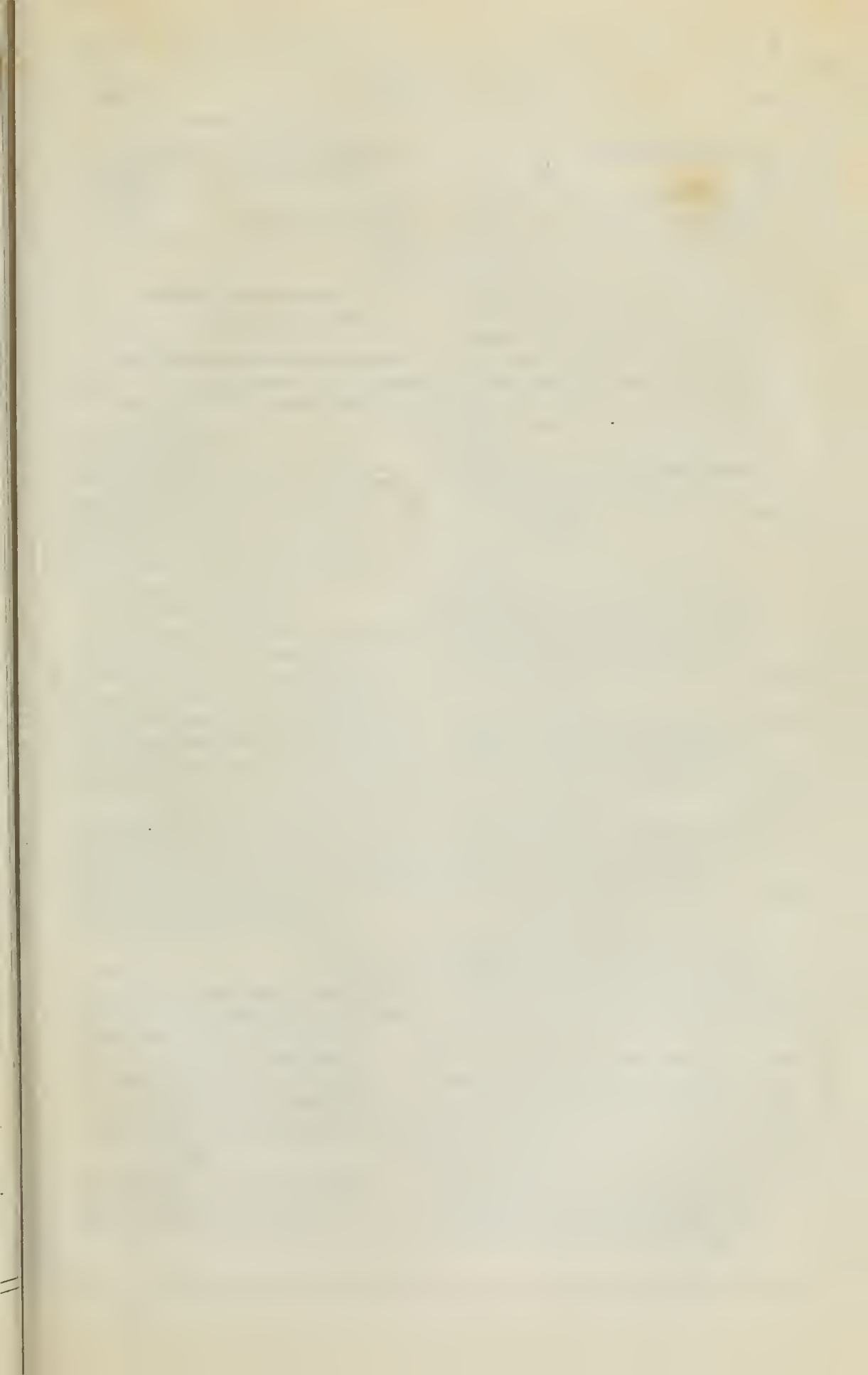
Mer. This cannot anger him; 't would anger
him

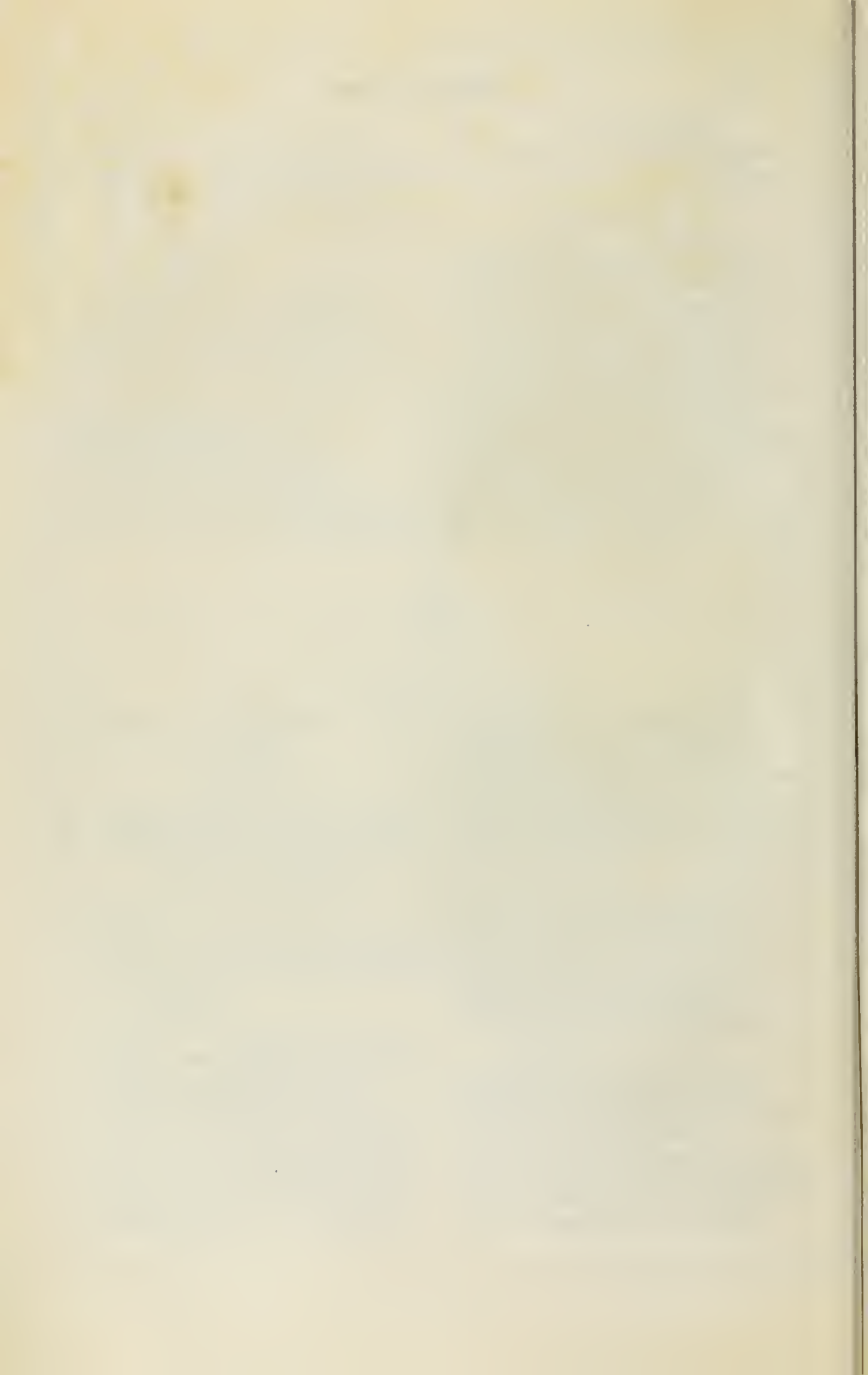
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night;²¹
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
O Romeo! that she were,—O! that she were,
An open *et cetera*, and thou a poppin pear.





Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JUL. appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but white and green,
And none but fools do wear it; east it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those

stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-passing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou,
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.²²
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb:
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine
eye,

Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke: But farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou may'st think my 'baviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,

My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night.
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [Retiring slowly

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning, I would have thee
gone :

And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet
sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light ;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's
wheels :

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part ;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
Young son, it argues a distemp'rd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
But where unbusied youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign :

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was
mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : But where hast thou
been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies :

I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift ;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is
here !

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence
then—

Women may fall, when there 's no strength in
men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love
now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden
haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow : They stumble, that run
fast.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead !
stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; shot
through the ear with a love song ; the very pin
of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt
shaft : And is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, dis-
tance, and proportion ; rests me his minim rest,
one, two, and the third in your bosom : the very
butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a
gentleman of the very first house,—of the first
and second cause : Ah, the immortal passado !
the punto reverso ! the hay !—

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisp, affecting
fantasticoes ; these new tuners of accents !—“ By
Jesu, a very good blade !—a very tall man !—a
very good whore !”—Why, is not this a lamenta-
ble thing, grandsire,²³ that we should be thus
afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-
mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*,²⁴ who stand so
much on the new form, that they cannot sit at
ease on the old bench ? O, their *bons*, their *bons* !

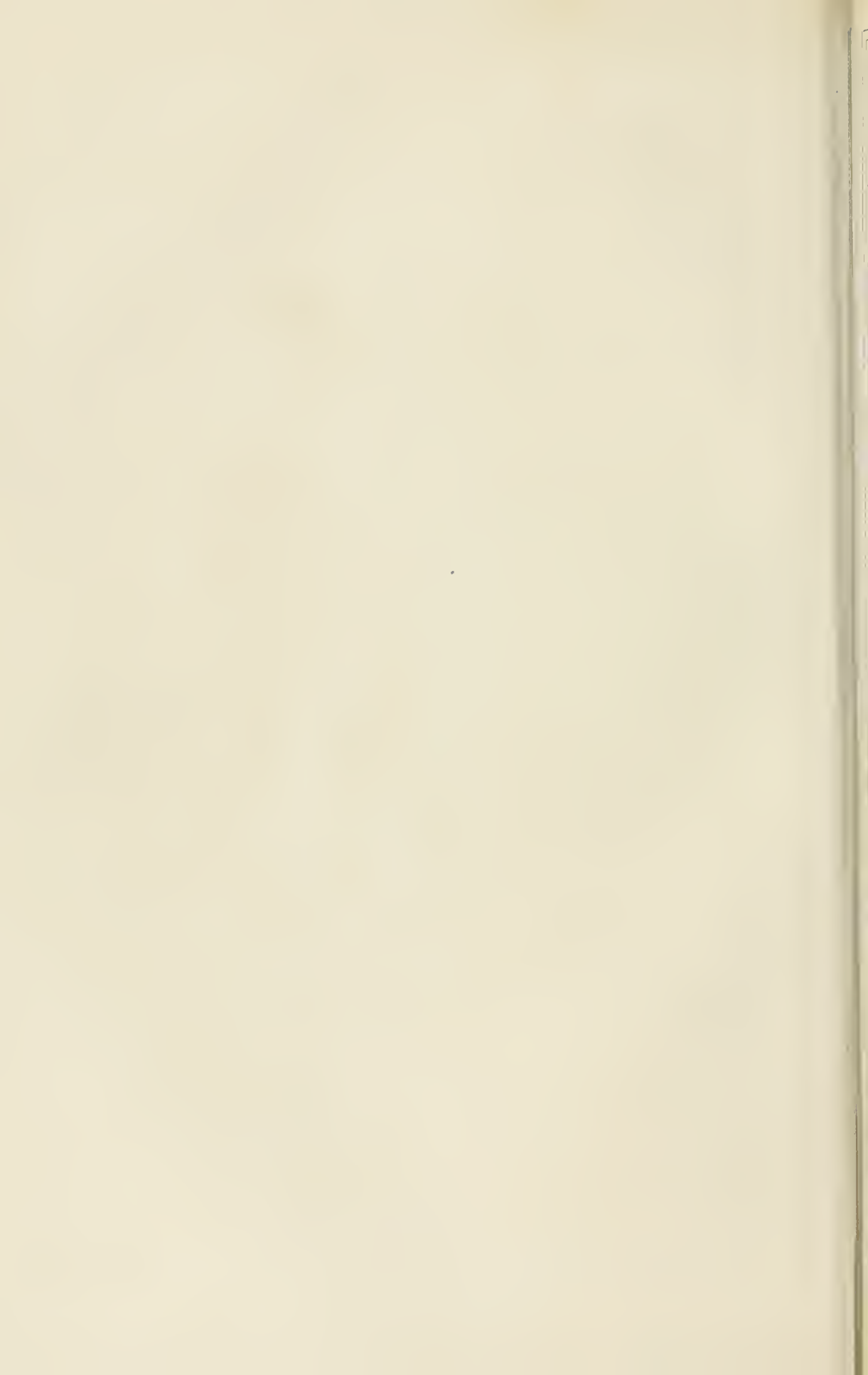
Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring :—
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !—Now is he
for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura,
to his lady was but a kitchen-wench ;—marry
she had a better love to be-rhyme her : Dido, a
dowdy ; Cleopatra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero,



Mr. A. W. Wallack, Jr. as Mercutio.



bidlings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,²⁵ but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.²⁶ You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-geese chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose?

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch t out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as

well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bangle in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent.

But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt MER. and BEN.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell

Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee; And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 't was a little prating thing,—O,—there 's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse: What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the high'most hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PET.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why
look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I
had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy
news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay
awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou
hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,
not he; though his face be better than any man's,
yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a
foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked
on, yet they are past compare: He is not the
flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gen-
tle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.
—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head
have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your
mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within.
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!
“Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?”

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shift to-
day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then lie you hence to friar Laurence
cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straightway at my news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, fare
well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady :—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too
much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, " God send me
no need of thee !" and, by the operation of the
second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed,
there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy ; and as soon moved to
be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou ! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than
thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason but because
thou hast hazel eyes : What eye, but such an eye,
would spy out such a quarrel ? Thy head is as
full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat ; and yet
thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for
quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for

coughing in the street, because he hath wakened
thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his
new doublet before Easter ? with another, for
tying his new shoes with old ribband ? and yet
thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling !

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,
any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for
an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple ? O simple !

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to
them,—

Gentlemen, good den : a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us ? Couple
it with something ; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir
if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion with-
out giving ?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort ! what, dost thou make us min-
strels ? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear
nothing but discords : here 's my fiddlestick—
here 's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds
consort !

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men :
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze ;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir ! here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your
livery :

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bare thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting :—Villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and
draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of
your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal,
and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the
rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword
out of his pilcher by the ears ?²³ make haste, lest
mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ;

Beat down their weapons :—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage :—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets :—hold, Tybalt ;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt TYB. and his Partizans.*

Mer. I am hurt ;—

A plague o' both the houses !—I am sped :—
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 't is
enough.—

Where is my page ?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Erit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide
as a church door ; but 't is enough, 't will serve :
ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a
grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this
world :—A plague o' both your houses !—'Zounds,
a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to
death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights
by the book of arithmetic !—Why, the devil, came
you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worm's meat of me :

I have it, and soundly too :—Your houses !

[*Exeunt MER. and BEN.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin :—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead ;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend ;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !—
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company ;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight ; TYB. falls*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Rom.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1st Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1st Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee, in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and Others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's
child!

O prince,—O cousin,—husband—the blood is
spill'd

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold
Think true love acted, simple modesty.

Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back,—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, with Cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there,
the cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,²⁹
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous orse, a bloody piteous orse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary
Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord!—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven!³⁰ wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vita*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his browshame is asham'd to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-
band?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :

All this is comfort : Wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
But, O ! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ;"
That—"banished," that one word—"banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts." Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?²²
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banished,"—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead :—"Romeo is banished,—"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :
He made you for a highway to my bed ;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding bed ;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo
To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;
I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true
knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth : come forth, thou fearful man ;

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Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's
doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—
death :

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death :—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd : calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy : heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing.

Live here in heaven, and may look on her,

But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
But Romeo may not ; he is banished :
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;
They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground

knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean.

But—banished—to kill me ; banished ?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;

Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak
a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banish-
ment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide
thyself. [*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, unfold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;
[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will,
What simpleness is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you
shall know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubber-
ing:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah, sir! ah, sir!—Well, death's the
end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with
her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady³³ to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
meet

In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man :
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish :

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy
friend,

And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
night,

To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit NURSE.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Go hence : Good night ; and here stands
all your state ;—

Either be gone before the watch be set,

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Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :
Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here :
Give me thy hand ; 't is late : farewell ; good
night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter :
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I :—Well, we were born to die.—
'T is very late, she'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :
Madam, good night : commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow ;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft : What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is
too soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :—

Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?

We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much :

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-
day ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-
morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—O' Thursday be it
then :—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day —

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber.³⁴

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:³⁵
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.³⁶
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber:

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The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit* NURSE.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll de-
scend. [ROM. descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord!
my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit* ROM.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him
live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of
love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not
the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him ! I do, with all my heart ;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hauds.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's
death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful
time :

What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ! and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :—These are news indeed !

Ja. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
dew ;

But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with
them,—

Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife ?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that
you have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now, chop-logic ! What
is this ?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you
not ;—

And yet not proud ;—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage
You tallow face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie ! what, are you mad

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday, Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
bless'd,

That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day,
night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;"—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with
me;

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 't is: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.*Fri.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's
mind;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be
slow'd. *[Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.*Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife!*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next.*Jul.* What must be shall be.*Fri.* That's a certain text.*Par.* Come you to make confession to this
father?*Jul.* To answer that, were to confess to you.*Par.* Do not deny to him, that you love me.*Jul.* I will confess to you, that I love him.*Par.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with
tears.*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd
it.*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter
now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PAR*Jul.* O, shut the door! and when thou hast done
so,Come weep with me: Past hope, past cure, past
help!*Fri.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this.
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give con-
sent

To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
And hither shall he come ; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame ;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me ! tell me not of fear.
Fri. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and pros-
perous

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and
Servant.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Serv.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2nd Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll
try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

2nd Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that can-
not lick his own fingers : therefore he, that can-
not lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Serv

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on
her :

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong ? where have
you been gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests ; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon :—Pardon, I beseech you !

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county ; go tell him of this .
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence
cell ;—

And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't ; this is well,—
stand up :

This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county :

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt JUL. and NURSE.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
T is now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What,
ho!—

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle
nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need you
my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-
saries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt LA. CAP. and NURSE.*]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the Bed*]

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: What! I have watch'd
ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time;³⁷
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt LA. CAP. and NURSE.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,
fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

1st Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1st Serv.*]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2nd Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said: A merry whore-
son! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 't is day:
The county will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—*Wife!*—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.*

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your penny worths
now:

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me.
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's
cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with
Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride.—See, there she
lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
 Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir ;
 My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,
 And leave him all ; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
 face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
 day !

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
 In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
 But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
 And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe ! O woful, woful, woful day !
 Most lamentable day ! most woful day,
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold !
 O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
 Never was seen so black a day as this :
 O woful day, O woful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain !
 Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,
 By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown !—
 O love ! O life !—not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, bated, martyr'd,
 kill'd !—

Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now
 To murder, murder our solemnity ?—
 O child ! O child !—my soul, and not my child !—
 Dead art thou, dead !—alack ! my child is
 dead ;

And, with my child, my joys are buried !

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure
 lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid ; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid :
 Your part in her you could not keep from death ;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was—her promotion ;
 For 't was your heaven, she should be advanc'd :
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
 She's not well married, that lives married long ;
 But she's best married, that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church :
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral ;
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with
 him ;—

And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave ;
 The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt CAP., LA. CAP., PAR., and FRI*

1st Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
 be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit NURSE*

1st Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
 amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease,
 heart's ease ;" O, an you will have me live, play
 —"heart's ease."

1st Mus. Why "heart's ease ?"

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays
 —"My heart is full of woe." O, play me some
 merry dump, to comfort me.²⁸

2nd Mus. Not a dump we ; 't is no time to
 play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1st Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith ; but the gleeck
 I will give you the minstrel.²⁹

1st Mus. Then will I give you the serving
 creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dag-
 ger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets :
 I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you : Do you note me ?

1st Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2nd Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and
 put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ; I will dry-
 beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron
 dagger :—Answer me like men :

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
 Then music, with her silver sound :

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?"

What say you, Simon Catling?

1st Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2nd Mus. I say—"silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

3rd Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—"music with her silver sound," because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*]

1st Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2nd Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah, me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience!
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BAL.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art
swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art
poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
law

Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,⁹

Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it strait
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Church-Yard; in it, a Monu-
ment belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers and
a Torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand
aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves.)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed
I strew:

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Boy whistles*]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
 What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a Torch,
 Mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
 iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
 Sec thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry churehyard with thy limbs:
 The time and my intents are savage-wild;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take
 thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of
 death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the Door of the Monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
 That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which
 grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
 And here is come to do some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[Advances.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I
 hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
 Heap not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's merey bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at
 thee, boy. [They fight.]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the
 watch. [Exit Page.]

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.]—If thou be mer-
 ciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this
 face;—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
 He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence¹¹ full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying PAR. in the Monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O, how may I
 Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand that ent thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I will still stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—*[Drinks.]* O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR
LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's
there?

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,

What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes
upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo?—

[Advances.]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the Monument]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind
hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. *[JUL. wakes and stirs.]*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.]

Fri. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—*[Noise again.]* I dare stay
no longer. *[Exit.]*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. *[Kisses him.]*
Thy lips are warm!

1st Watch. *[Within.]* Lead, boy:—Which
way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger! *[Snatching Rom's Dagger.]*
This is thy sheath; *[Stabs herself.]* there rust,
and let me die.

[Falls on Rom's Body, and dies.]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
doth burn.

1st Watch. The ground is bloody: Search about
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoever you find, attach.

[Execut some]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets.—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search ;—
 [Exeunt other Watchmen.
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2nd Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him
 in the churchyard.

1st Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince
 come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

3rd Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
 and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1st Watch. A great suspicion : Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
 abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
 Some—Juliet, and some—Paris ; and all run,
 With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our
 ears ?

1st Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris
 slain ;

And Romeo dead ; and Juliet dead before,
 Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
 murder comes.

1st Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Ro-
 meo's man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
 These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens !—O, wife ! look how our
 daughter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo ! his house
 Is empty on the back of Montague,—
 And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Lu. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
 That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
 To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night
 Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
 What further woe conspires against mine age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in
 this,

To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
 while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,
 And know their spring, their head, their true de-
 scent ;

And then will I be general of your woes,
 And lead you even to death : Meantime, forbear,
 And let mischance be slave to patience.—
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place
 Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
 Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
 in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
 I married them ; and their stolen marriage day
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time

Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where's the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

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Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Monta-
gue!—

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of fair and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt*

NOTES TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

¹ *Prologue.*

Under the word *Prologue*, in the copy of 1599, is printed the word *chorus*, from which we may infer that it was spoken by the same party who represented the chorus at the end of the first act. In the folio it is omitted.

² *We'll not carry coals.*

To *carry coals* was a proverbial phrase signifying to put up patiently with injury or insult. In *May-Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1610: "Now my antient being a man of an un-coal-carrying spirit;" and in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his humour*,—"Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo, will hold my dog."

³ *Thou hadst been Poor John.*

Poor John, is hake, dried and salted.

• *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.*

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wil's Miserie*, &c., 1596, we have the following reference to this custom:—"Behold next I see contempt marching forth, giving me the fico with his thombe in his mouth." This mode of quarrelling seems to have been not uncommon in this country in Shakespeare's time, for Decker, in *The Dead Term*, 1608, describing the groups that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church, says:—"What awearing is there, what shoouldering, what justling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels!"

⁵ *Say-better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.*

Some mistake appears to have happened here, for Renolio was of the Montague faction. Mr. Steevens says there is no error, as the servant might have seen Tybalt, who afterwards enters, in the distance.

⁶ *What curious eye doth quote deformities.*

To *quote*, is to regard or observe. Thus, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says:—

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him.

⁷ *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.*

Before carpets came into use, it was the custom to strew rooms with rushes; the stage also was anciently strowed with rushes; an allusion to this practise is contained in Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609:—"On the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce."

⁸ *The game was ne'er so fair, ana I am done.*

An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which recommends the reveller to give over or retire when the game is at the best, before fatigue or disgust begin.

⁹ *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.*

Dun's the mouse, is a proverbial phrase which may be met with in many of our old comedies, its exact meaning appears to have been lost; Mr. Malone hazards the following conjecture:—"Dun is the mouse, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace, be still!* and hence it is said to be the constable's own word, who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise. So in the comedy of *Patient Grissel*, 1603:—"What, Babulo! say you. Heere, master, say I, and then this eye opens; yet *don is the mouse, lie still*. What, Babulo! says Grissel. Auone, say I, and then this eye looks up, yet doune I snug againe."

¹⁰ *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire.*

An allusion to some old forgotten game which probably gave rise to the proverbial expression, *Dun is in the mire*, used when a person was at a stand, or in any difficulty. *Dun* is, no doubt, the name of a horse or ass. In an old collection of satires, epigrams, &c., there is the following allusion to this game:—

At above-groate, venter point, or crosse and pile,
At leaping o'er a Midsummer bone-fier,
Or at the drawing *dun* out of the mire.

¹¹ *Come, we burn day-light, ho.*

An expression of reproof used when candles are lighted in the day-time. Mercutio means they are ~~wasting the~~

torches by burning them in the street, where they are not needed, instead of using them at the ball of the Capulets; as before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux held in the hands of attendants, and, sometimes, even by the guests themselves.

¹² *She is the fairies' midwife.*

Queen Mab is styled the fairies' midwife, because it was her supposed custom to steal new-born babes in the night, and to leave others in their place. Her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep, for she not only haunted women in child-bed, but is here represented by Shakespeare as the incubus or night-mare. The sense would be more clearly expressed, if we read the *fairly midwife*.

¹³ *Drawn with a team of little atomies.*

Atomy is merely an obsolete term for atom. In Dryden's *Nymphidia*, there is the following remarkably similar description of Queen Mab's chariot; but it is believed that the *Nymphidia* was written several years after this tragedy:—

Four nimble knats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly cranion, her charioter,
Upon the coach-box getting:
Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterfly,
I trow, 't was simple trimming:
The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle down they shod it.

¹⁴ *Strike drum.*

Here adds the folio: "They march about the stage, and serving-men come forth with their napkins." The intention, no doubt, was, that they should quit the stage marching in a frolicsome manner, as Prince Henry and Poins enter the tavern in Eastcheap. See *Henry IV., Part I.*

¹⁵ *Remove the court-cupboard.*

A *court-cupboard* was a piece of furniture put to the same use as the modern sideboard. In *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, by Chapman:—"Here shall stand my court-cupboard, with its furniture of plate."

¹⁶ *Good thou, eave me a piece of marchpane.*

Marchpane was a confection in high esteem in Shakespeare's time. They were a kind of cake or biscuit made of filberts, almonds, pistachio-nuts, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour.

¹⁷ *You are a princox, go.*

A *princox*, is a cockcomb or conceited person.

¹⁸ *Kissing her.*

To kiss a lady was, in Shakespeare's time, merely a form of salutation; an act of courtesy, not of affection.

¹⁹ *Enter chorus.*

This *Chorus* was written after the first edition.

²⁰ *When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid.*

An allusion to an old ballad entitled, *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*; it is preserved in the first volume of *Percy's Reliques*:—

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fancie-fell,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The beggar for to wed.

²¹ *The humorous night.*

Humorous was used by Chapman, Drayton, and other contemporaries of Shakespeare, in the sense of humid

²² *Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.*

Mr. Malone has altered the punctuation of this line, placing the accent after *though*, instead of after *thyself*; the meaning then is:—*thou art thyself, then, well-disposed to me, and not one of the Montagues, i. e., enemies to my house.*

²³ *Is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire?*

The word *grandsire* is, of course, not addressed to *Benvolio*, but is a whimsical apostrophe to his ancestors.

²⁴ *These fashion-mongers, these pardonnez-moy's.*

Shakespeare here makes *Mercurio* ridicule the affected use of French phrases among people of fashion. The poet appears always to have entertained a great contempt for foppery. Dr. Johnson says that the words *pardonnez moi*, became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour had grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured.

²⁵ *Thisbe, a grey eye or so.*

In Shakespeare's time a grey eye was considered very beautiful: but a grey eye undoubtedly meant what we now call a blue eye. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth.

That is, the windows or lids of her blue eyes; and yet, in the same poem, the eyes of *Venus* are called grey.

²⁶ *There's a French salutation to your French slop.*

Slops are large loose trowsers; we must presume that *Romeo* wore loose trunks, and that *Mercurio* indulges in a sarcasm at wearing dresses made from French fashions.

²⁷ *I am none of his skains-mates.*

Skains-mates is supposed to mean cut-throat companions; from *skain*, a knife or dagger.

²⁸ *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?*

Pilcher is probably a corruption of *pileh*, which means a covering or scabbard.

²⁹ *Say thou but I.*

In Shakespeare's time the affirmative particle *ay*, was

actually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling, in order to preserve the quibble.

³⁰ *Dove-feather'd raven.*

In the old editions :—"Ravenous dove, feather'd raven."

³¹ ———— *That one word—banished,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*

That is, Romeo's banishment affects me more than the loss of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt.

³² *Which modern lamentation might have mov'd.*

Modern is used by Shakespeare as synonymous with common or slight. It was, probably, in his time, confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

³³ *My conceal'd lady.*

The word *concealed* has reference not to the person, but to the condition of the lady.

³⁴ *Juliet's chamber.*

The stage direction in the first edition is, "Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window." In the second quarto, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." They probably appeared on the balcony or platform which was erected at the back of the old English stage.

³⁵ *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.*

"This," says Mr. Steevens, "is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together."

³⁶ *Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*

The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to awaken the hunters, and to collect them together; a *hunts-up* also signified a morning song to a new-married couple the day after their marriage, and is here used in that sense. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 18th,—

But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing.

Again in the play of *Orlando Furioso*,—

To play him *hunts-up* with a point of war,
I'll be his minstrelle with my drum and fife.

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³⁷ *Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time.*

A *mouse-hunt* is a term used in the midland counties for a weasel, whose intrigues, like those of the cat-kind, are usually carried on during the night. Lady Capulet alludes to her husband's early gaities. "Cat after kinde, good mouse-hunt," is a proverb in Heywood's *Dialogue*, 1593.

³⁸ *O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.*

A *dump* was usually a mournful song; in this scene we have—

And doleful dumps the mind oppress.

But as a *merry dump* is mentioned, some commentators have supposed that *dump* was a name for any kind of melody. I think it probable that Peter, in his blundering way, says, play me some *merry ead* music; in the same manner as the mechanics' play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is called *mery* and tragical! tedious and brief. There is no doubt whatever that *dumps* meant serious tunes. At the end of *The Secretaries' Studie*, by Thomas Gainsford, 1616, is a poem of forty-seven stanzas, called *A Dumps or Passion*. It begins thus,—

I cannot sing; for neither have I voyce,
Nor is my minde nor matter musicall;
My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce;
Nor is my tale or talesman comicall.

³⁹ *No money, on my faith; but the gleeke: I will give you the minstrel.*

To *gleek*, is to scoff or mock: to give the *minstrel* is a punning phrase for giving the *gleek*; minstrels and jesters being anciently called *gleekmen* or *gligmen*.

⁴⁰ *One of our order, to associate me.*

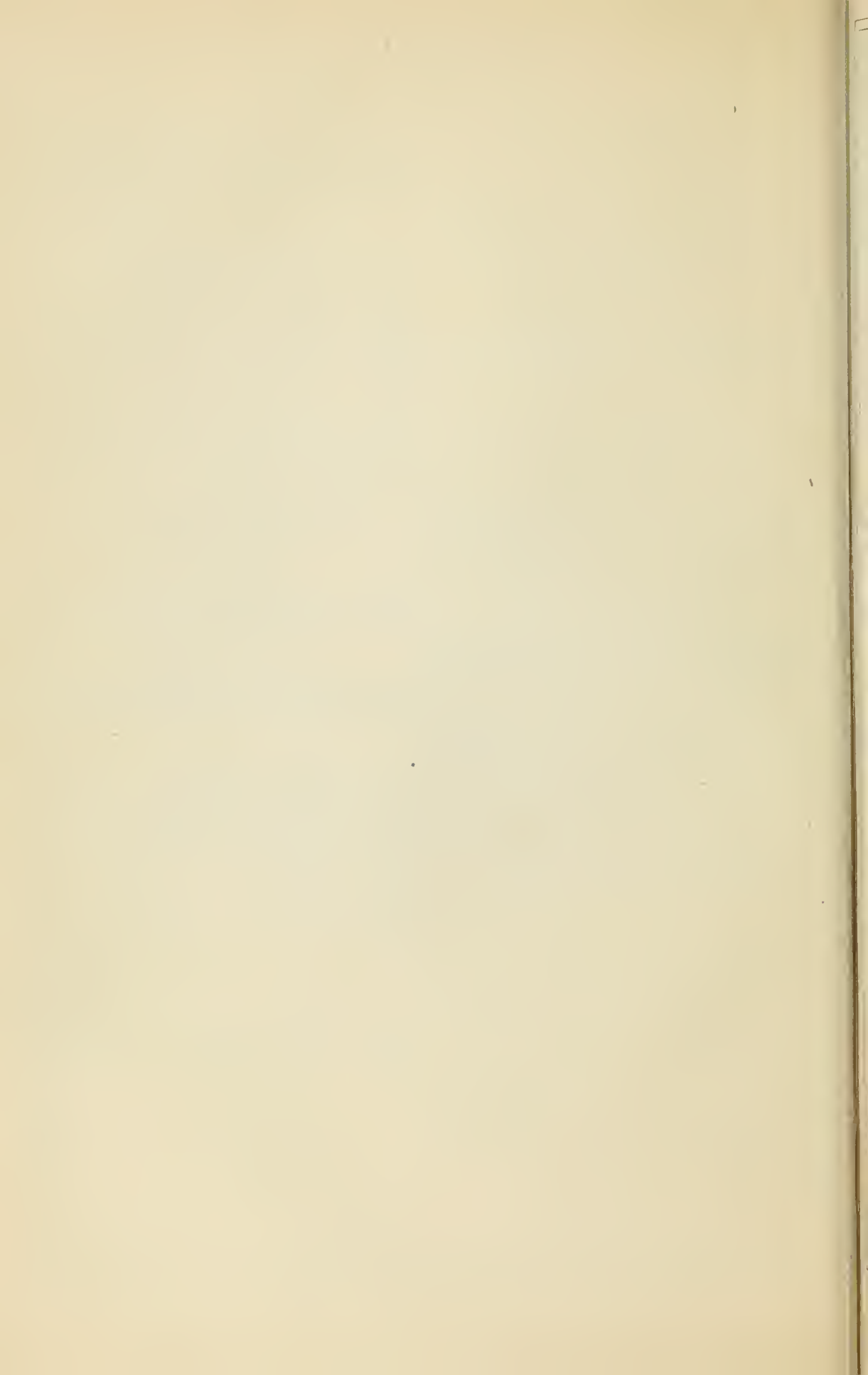
When a friar went abroad from his convent, he had a companion assigned by the superior, and they were thus a witness of each other's conduct, and a check upon any impropriety.

⁴¹ *This vault a feasting presence.*

A *feasting presence* is a banqueting-room. A *presence* also denoted any public room that was honoured by royalty. In *The Two Noble Gentlemen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, a servant speaking of his master, says :—

His chamber hung with nobles like a *presence*.

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, "the king sent for the wounded man into the *presence*."



Timon of Athens.

WHILE engaged in reading Plutarch, to obtain the facts on which he founded *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare, perhaps, met with the passage which furnished him with a subject for a separate and very dissimilar tragedy. In Antony's reverse of fortune, after one of his defeats by Octavius Cæsar, he retired to a small house which he had built near Pharos, on a mound he had cast up in the sea, where he affected to live like Timon. "This Timon," says the chatty Greek biographer, "was a citizen of Athens, and lived about the time of the Peloponnesian war, as appears from the comedies of Aristophanes and Plato, in which he is exposed as the hater of mankind. Yet though he hated mankind in general, he caressed the bold and impudent boy Alcibiades; and being asked the reason of this by Apemantus, who expressed some surprise at it, he answered it was because he foresaw that he would plague the people of Athens. Apemantus was the only one he admitted to his society, and he was his friend in point of principle. At the feast of sacrifices for the dead, these two dined by themselves; and when Apemantus observed that the feast was excellent, Timon answered, 'It would be so if you were not here.' Once in an assembly of the people he mounted the rostrum, and the novelty of the thing occasioned an universal silence and expectation; at length he said, 'People of Athens, there is a fig-tree in my yard, on which many worthy citizens have hanged themselves; and as I have determined to build upon the spot, I thought it necessary to give this public notice, that such as choose to have recourse to this tree for the aforesaid purpose may repair to it before it is cut down.'"

From this passage Shakespeare derived that portion of his tragedy which relates to Timon, though, perhaps, he was also indebted to a manuscript play upon the same subject which "appears to have been written, or transcribed," says Mr. Malone, "about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of warm water he sets before them stones painted like artichokes, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c., after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academic) is a very wretched one."

The plot of Shakespeare's tragedy is very simple: the principal event is Timon's loss of faith in humanity, and the consequent change of the generous and unsuspecting noble, who regrets that he has not kingdoms to bestow upon his friends, into the bitter and malignant misanthrope whose fearful denunciations of mankind strike his listeners into "strong shudders." The play is full of violent contrasts; luxury and abstemiousness, pomp and poverty, prodigality and avarice, love and hate, succeed each other rapidly. It is like a dissolving view which melts from bright day, made lovely with natural beauties, the songs of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the rich and varied foliage, and the spray of the waterfall, gilded by the cheering sunshine; to black midnight in which even the stars are hid. The change is abrupt, startling, and complete, and the gay generous Timon disappears in

the bitter savage, who repudiates civilization, and spends the residue of his life in breathing eloquent curses upon his ungrateful countrymen.

The tragedy includes two incidents, each arising from a similar cause,—the flight of Timon and the banishment of Alcibiades; let us now turn our attention to the latter. Shakespeare also found his life in Plutarch, but the poet has not very fully elaborated the character of the Athenian general. Alcibiades was famous for his great personal beauty, his stubborn and ambitious temper, his eloquence, craftiness, and dissipation. His resolution was strongly shown even in his boyhood; for it is related that on one occasion he was playing at dice with some other boys in the street, when a loaded waggon coming up interrupted the game; Alcibiades called to the driver to stop, as it was his turn to throw, but the man disregarded him and drove on; while the other boys got out of the way, Alcibiades however was not to be so readily overcome, for throwing himself flat upon his face directly before the waggon, he told the rustic to drive on if he pleased. Upon this the man was so startled that he instantly stopped his horses, and the resolute boy got up and had his throw with the dice. Brought up in luxury, and universally courted, he gave way to every dissipation, but was still exceedingly attached to the philosopher Socrates.

Shakespeare does not adhere to history respecting the cause of the banishment of Alcibiades. He was accused of sacrilege towards the goddesses Ceres and Proserpine, and condemned to death, but he saved himself by taking refuge among the Spartans; to whose hospitality he made a vile return by seducing the wife of their king Agis. After a life spent in dissipation, war, and political intrigue, he was at length assassinated by a secret order of the magistrates of Sparta. He was at that time living in a small village in Phrygia with his mistress Timandra. His murderers surrounded the house at night and set it on fire, and on his issuing out sword in hand they fled to a distance and slew him with their darts and arrows. He was buried by Timandra as honourably as her circumstances would permit.

Timon of Athens is supposed to have been written by Shakespeare in the year 1609 and to have immediately followed the composition of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

TIMON, *an Athenian Noble.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4;
sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LUCIUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6.

LUCULLUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6.

SEMPRONIUS, *a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6.

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 6.

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act
IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

FLAMINIUS, *Servant to Timon.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

LUCILIUS, *Servant to Timon*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

SERVILIUS, *Servant to Timon.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5

CAPHIS, *a Servant to one of TIMON'S Creditors.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PHILOTUS, }
TITUS, } *Also Servants to the Creditors of*
HORTENSIUS, } *Timon.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

SERVANTS to VARTO and Isidore, *Creditors of Timon.*

Appear, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.

CUPID and MASKERS.

Appear, Act I. sc. 2.

THREE STRANGERS.

Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

A POET, }
A PAINTER, } *Parasites to Timon.*

Appear, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

SENATORS.

Appear, Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

A JEWELLER and A MERCHANT.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

AN OLD ATHENIAN.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A FOOL and A PAGE.

Appear, Act II. sc. 2.

THIEVES.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—ATHENS; *and the Woods adjoining.*

Timon of Athens.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long : How goes the world ?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known :
But what particular rarity ? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See,
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; t' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 't is a worthy lord !

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as
it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness :
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't : For the lord Timon,
sir ?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate : But, for
that—

Poet. "When we for recompense have prais'd
the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."¹

Mer. 'T is a good form.

[*Looking at the Jewel.*

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some
dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 't is nourish'd : The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes you
book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 't is : this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing ; what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch : Is 't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens :—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax :² no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold .

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flat-
terer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sit, I have upon a high and pleasant
hill,

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states : amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
Whose present grace to present slaves and ser-
vants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'T is conceiv'd to scope.³

This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on :
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change
of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'T is common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show,

That shall demonstrate these quick blows of for-
tune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing him-
self courteously to every Suitor ; the Servant of
VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord : five talents is
his debt ;

His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know
him

A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free
him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his
ransom ;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :--
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour ! [*Exit.*]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius

Tim. I have so : What of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man be-
fore thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift ;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well ; what further ?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got :

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort!
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:!
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in fu-
ture, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me
long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never
may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUC. and old Ath.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me
anon:

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;

And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the com-
mon tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be
chid?

[*Enter APEMANTUS.*]

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good mor-
row;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest I do: I call'd thee by thy
name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not
like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the
law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No: I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them: give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attend.*]

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,

Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*]

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEM.*]

Enter Two Lords.

1st Lord. What time a day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1st Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2nd Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2nd Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2nd Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1st Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2nd Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*]

1st Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

2nd Lord. He pours it out: Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1st Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2nd Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
we in?

1st Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in
Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud Music. A great Banquet
served in; FLAVIUS and others attending: then
enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with
VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, drop-
ping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the
gods remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose
help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not
dare

To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIM.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1st Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have
you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No, No,

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl: you have got a
humour there

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame:—
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man's ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athe-
nian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power: prythee, let my meat make thee silent

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me,
for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for 't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous
notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go
round.

2nd Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look
ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds,
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dieh thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like them ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then ; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1st Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : How had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them : and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2nd Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3rd Lord. 'I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much !

[*Tucket sounded.*]

Tim. What means that trump ?—How now ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ? What are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon ;—and to all That of his bounties taste !—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom : The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise ; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all ; let them have kind admittance :

Music, make their welcome. [*Exit CUP.*]

1st Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that 's not

Depraved, or depraves ? who dies, that bears

Not one spurn to their graves of their friend's gift ?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me : It has been done ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON ; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;
You have added worth unto 't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device ;
I am to thank you for 't.

1st Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy ; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you : Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cur. and Lad.*]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet !

There is no crossing him in his humour ; [*Aside.* Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should, When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'T is pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket.*]

1st Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2nd Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word to say to you :—Look you, my good lord, I must

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel ;

Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1st Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I 'll hear thee :

I pr'ythee, let us be provided

To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.
[*Aside.*]

Enter another Servant.

2nd Serv. May it please your honour, the lord
Lucius,

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Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news ?

3rd Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him ; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I 'll hunt with him ; and let them be received,

Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to ?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,

To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good :

His promises fly so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes

For every word ; he is so kind, that he now

Pays interest for 't ; his land 's put to their books.

Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,

Before I were forc'd out !

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,

Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits :—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2nd Lord. With more than common thanks I
will receive it.

3rd Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser

I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2nd Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord ; I know
no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect :

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;

I 'll tell you true. I 'll call to you.

All Lords. None so welcome

Tim. I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give ;

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends

And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich.

It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1st Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2nd Lord. So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1st Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon !

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* *ALC.*, *LORDS*, &c.]

Apem. What a coil 's here !

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums !
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound
legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I 'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I 'll nothing : for
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none
left

To rail upon thee ; and then thou would'st sin the
faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly ;

What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories ?

Tim. Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,

I am sworn, not to give regard to you.

Farewell ; and come with better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So ;—

Thou 'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
I 'll lock

Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should
be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery ! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Same.* A Room in a Senator's
House.

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro ; and to
Isidore

He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,

And able horses : No porter at his gate ;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason

Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !

Caphis, I say !

Enter *CAPHIS*.

Caph. Here, sir : What is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
Timon ;

Impórtune him for my monies ; be not ceas'd
With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—
“ Commend me to your master ”—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus :—but tell him,
sirrah,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates

Have smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;

But must not break my back, to heal his finger :

Immediate are my needs, and my relief

Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone :

Put on a most importunate aspéct,

A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,

When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,

Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir ?—take the bonds along with
you,

And have the dates in compt

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; no reserve, no care
Of what is to continue: Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till
feel:

I must be round with him, now he comes from
hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth
again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me
off

To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,—

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Var. Serv. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord,
six weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my
lord,

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIB. and Lords.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray
you, [To FLAV

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit. TIM.*]

Flav. I pray, draw near.
[*Exit FLAV*]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.⁸

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 't is to thyself.—Come away.

[*To the Fool.*]

Isid. Serv. [*To VAR. SERV.*] There's the fool
hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on
him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor
rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold
and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do
not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does
your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such

chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the super-scription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt furnish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit Page.*]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home,—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEM. and Fool.*]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Serv.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to: Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord, Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now 's a time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone; And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-
strelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to
lord Lucius,—

To lord Lueullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lueullus? humph!
[*Aside.*]

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the
senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry.—you are hon-
ourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'t is
pity—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-eaps,¹⁰ and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is eak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows:
'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To*
FLAV.] be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he 's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in searcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[*To FLAV.*]
give it these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it: That
thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in Luceullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Serv.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply, who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, taking no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on 't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

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Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardsly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Serv., who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ;

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit LUCUL.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of
nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1st Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from com-

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mon rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2nd Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2nd Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do 't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to

use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SER.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUC.*

1st Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2nd Stran. Ay, too well.

1st Stran. Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse; Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!) He does deny him, in respect of his, What charitable men afford to beggars.

3rd Stran. Religion groans at it.

1st Stran. For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, And the best half should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart: But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense: For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.* A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't? Humph 'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal ;
for
They have all denied him !

Sem. How ! have they denied him ?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?
And does he send to me ? Three ? humph !—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physi-
cians,
Thrice give him over : Must I take the cure upon
me ?

He has much disgrac'd me in 't ; I am angry at
him,
That might have known my place : I see no sense
for 't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him :
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last ? No : So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join ;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent ! your lordship 's a goodly vil-
lain. The devil knew not what he did, when he
made man politic ; he crossed himself by 't ; and
I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of
man will set him clear. How fairly this lord
strives to appear foul ! takes virtuous copies to be
wicked ; like those that, under hot ardent zeal,
would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
Save the gods only : Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows ;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same.* A Hall in Timon's
House.

*Enter Two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant
of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and
other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his
coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and
Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all ; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Labouring for nine

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't ; he was wont to shine at
seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
with him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange
event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can
witness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than
stealth.

1st Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns: What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1st Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should
seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is
my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so
much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you
are too diligent.

[*Exit FLAM.*]

Enter FLAVIUS in a Cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled
so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1st Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough. Why then prefer'd you
not

Your sums and bills, when your false masters
eat

Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and
fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest

Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves
but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end:

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If't will not,

'T is not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*]

1st Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd
worship mutter?

2nd Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor,
and that's revenge enough. Who can speak

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broader than he that has no house to put his head
in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much,
Derive from it; for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are
not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord!
my lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my
passage?

Have I ever been free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to
the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1st Var. Serv. My lord,—

2nd Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you!

[*Exit*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money; these debts may well
be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me,
the slaves :

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES attended.

1st Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the
fault's
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2nd Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the
senate!

1st Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1st Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.

Your words have took such pains, as if they
labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born;
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his
wrongs

His outsides; wear them like his raiment, care-
lessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,—

1st Sen. You cannot make gross sins look
clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threat'nings? sleep upon it,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass more captain than the lion; the
felon,

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;

But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.

To be in anger, is impiety;

But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2nd Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1st Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done
fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2nd Sen. He has made too much plenty with
'em, he

Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often

Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions : 'T is inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1st Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own
time,

And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both :
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv' t in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1st Sen. We are for law, he dies ; urge it no
more,
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My
lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2nd Sen. How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3rd Sen. What?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot
me ;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace :
My wounds ache at you.

1st Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1st Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens con-
tain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to
swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I am worse than mad : I have kept back their
foes,

While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,

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Rich only in large hurts.—All these, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd.
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'T is honour, with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's
House.*

Music. Tables set out : Servants attending. Enter
divers Lords, at several Doors.

1st Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2nd Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1st Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring
when we encountered : I hope, it is not so low
with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his
several friends.

2nd Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion
of his new feasting.

1st Lord. I should think so : He hath sent me
an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions
did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me
beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2nd Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my
importunate business, but he would not hear my
excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of
me, that my provision was out.

1st Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I un-
derstand how all things go.

2nd Lord. Every man here's so. What would
he have borrowed of you?

1st Lord. A thousand pieces.

2nd Lord. A thousand pieces!

1st Lord. What of you?

3rd Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both :—
And how fare you?

1st Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your
lordship.

2nd Lord. The swallow follows not summer
more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter
such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our din-
ner will not recompense this long stay : feast your

ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to 't presently.

1st Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2nd Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2nd Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2nd Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2nd Lord. All covered dishes!

1st Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3rd Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1st Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3rd Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1st and 2nd Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3rd Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

1st Lord. How? how?

2nd Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3rd Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2nd Lord. This is the old man still.

3rd Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2nd Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3rd Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

Your great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your

fees,¹² O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The Dishes uncovered are full of warm Water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing Water in their Faces*]

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too—and thou;—

[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1st Lord. How now, my lords?

2nd Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3rd Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4th Lord. I have lost my gown.

3rd Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4th Lord. Did you see my cap?

2nd Lord. Here 't is.

4th Lord. Here lies my gown.

1st Lord. Let's make no stay.

2nd Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3rd Lord. I feel 't upon my bones

4th Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;

Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants,
steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to
men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all),
The Athenians both within and out that wall!

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And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. *[Exit*

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in Timon's House.**Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.*

1st Serv. Hear you, master steward, where 's
our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to
you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1st Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2nd Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house

3rd Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and
say,

As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some:
[Giving them money.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Serv.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed, breeding sun, draw from the
 earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-
 tunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature,
 Raise me this beggar, and decline that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,¹³
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
 dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, "This man's a flatterer?" if one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:

Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me
 roots! [*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,
 fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
 valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
 Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your
 sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
 This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the wappen'd widow¹⁴ wed again;

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a
 drum?—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in war-
 like manner; PHRYNIA¹⁵ and TIMANDRA.*

Alcib. What art thou there?
 Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
 thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful
 to thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I
 know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of
thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to
give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
If

Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound
thee,

For thou 'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still; they love thee not, that
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-checked
youth

To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I prythee, beat thy drum, and get thee
gone.

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Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear
Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a
heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy con-
quest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.

Put up thy gold: Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron.

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-
paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the
babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince in sans remorse: Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy sol-
diers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's
curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Ti-
mon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?—

Believ't, that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens.
Farewell, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beag'es with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Excunt ALCIB., PHR., and TIMAN.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine:
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy meadows, vines, and plough-torn leas.
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'T is then, because thou dost not keep a dog

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper,
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy kneec,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,

Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'T is most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, candle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the crea-
tures.—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart,

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swarth, pro-
ceeded

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The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thy
self

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts o'
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden;
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why should'st thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given;
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a Root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thy-
self.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
of thine.

Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou
wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or,
rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew
my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When
thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they
mocked thee for too much curiosity;¹⁵ in thy rags
thou knowest none, but art despised for the con-
trary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner,
thou should'st have lov'd thyself better now.
What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that
was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest
of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some
means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the
things themselves. What would'st thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the
beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant
thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox
would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox
would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion
would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert
accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dul-
ness would torment thee; and still thou livedst
but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the
wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft
thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert
thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound
thee;¹⁷ and make thine own self the conquest of
thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be
killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou
would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a
leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the

spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all
thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, ab-
sence. What beast could'st thou be, that were
not subject to a beast? and what a beast art
thou already, that seest not thy loss in transfor-
mation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking
to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The
commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of
beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou
art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter:
The plague of company light upon thee! I will
fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not
what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beg-
gar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit
upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to
curse.

Tit. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apem. retreats backward, as going*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the Gold*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apcm. 'Would 't were so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?
Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pry'thee.

Apcm. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit!—

[*Exit APCM.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Thieves.

1st Thief. Where should he have this gold?
It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling
from him of his friends, drove him into this mel-
ancholy.

2nd Thief. It is noised, he hath a mass of
treasure.

3rd Thief. Let us make the assay upon him;
if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily: If
he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2nd Thief. True; for he bears it not about
him, 't is hid.

1st Thief. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2nd Thief. 'T is his description.

3rd Thief. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much
do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of
meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
rcots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips:

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

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1st Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries,
water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds
and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,¹³
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the
grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another. There 's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen.

[*TIMON retires to his Cave.*]

3rd Thief. He has almost charmed me from
my profession, by persuading me to it.

1st Thief. 'T is in the malice of mankind, that
he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our
mystery.

2nd Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade.

1st Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens:
There is no time so miserable, but a man may be
true. [*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
 About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
 To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—
 then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
 But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
 weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
 To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
 lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
 So comfortable? It almost turns
 My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
 Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man—mistake me not,—but one;
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service;
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal
 gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose
 breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
 You should have fear'd false times, when you did
 feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
 My most honour'd lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so!—Thou singly honest
 man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
 But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men;
 Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow
 them,

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
 And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
 Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou 'rt bless'd and
 free:

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before TIMON'S Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'T is said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 't is not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honesty in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too: tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in

thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I do meet them. *[Advancing.]*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot
cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:

You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction, [To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
Must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 't is not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

[To the Poet

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment:
Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

[Exit, beating and driving them out

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter FLAVIUS, and Two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1st Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2nd Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'T was time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,
and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1st Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2nd Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1st Sen.

O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2nd Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1st Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2nd Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1st Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir:
Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon
speaks it,

In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before

The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow: My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1st Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1st Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1st Sen. These words become your lips as they
pass through them.

2nd Sen. And enter in our ears like great tri-
umphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2nd Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign

[Exit TIMON]

1st Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2nd Sen. Our hope in him is dead : let us re-
turn,

And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1st Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Walls of Athens.*

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

1st Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are
his files
As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least :
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2nd Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends :—this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1st Sen. Here come our brothers.

3rd Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.—

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust : In, and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a
Tomb-stone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the
place.

Who's here ? speak, ho !—No answer ?—What is
this ?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure ; and this his grave.—

What's on his tomb I cannot read ; the character
I'll take with wax :

Our captain hath in every figure skill ;

An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, " No more : " now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1st Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2nd Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means ;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1st Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs. nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall

For private faults in them.

2nd Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out ;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread :
By decimation, and a tithed death.
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd
tenth ;

And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1st Sen. All have not offended,

For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2nd Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1st Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou 'lt enter friendly.

2nd Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer

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Both. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the Gates*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon's dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impres-
sion

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretch-
ed soul bereft:

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left!

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here
thy gait.¹⁹

These well express in thee thy latter spirits;
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword;
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt*

NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

¹ *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile, &c.*

The poet is here reading his own work, and these three lines are the introduction of a poem addressed to Timon.

² *In a wide sea of wax.*

The ancients wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. The meaning is, he does not limit his subject, but lets it run out to such extent, that the writing of it consumes a wide sea of wax.

³ *'Tis conceiv'd to scope.*

Grandly imagined; it is a conception without restraint.

⁴ *Therefore he will be, Timon.*

He is honest because it is his nature to be so; let him enjoy the happiness arising from his honesty, but not the love of my daughter.

⁵ *Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*

The line contains an allusion to a proverbial saying of the time of Shakespeare, "Confess and be hanged."

⁶ *Methinks they should invite them without knives.*

"It was the custom," says Ritson, "in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers at that period to the use of forks.

⁷ ———— *I'll lock
Thy heaven from thee.*

By his *heaven* he means good advice. He will no longer by counsel attempt to save Timon from ruin.

⁸ *Enter Apemantus and a Fool.*

Dr. Johnson supposes something to be here lost, in which the audience are informed that the Fool and the Page, who subsequently enters, were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan; upon a knowledge of which depends the greater part of the en-

tering jocularity. Shakespeare, however, frequently introduces his characters with much abruptness, and leaves their condition and previous history to the imagination of his readers.

⁹ *More than his artificial one.*

His *artificial one* was the philosopher's stone, which in those times was much talked of.

¹⁰ *With certain half-caps.*

With a stiff and cold courtesy; a *half-cap* signifies a cap slightly moved, not put off.

¹¹ *Ingeniously I speak.*

Ingenious was anciently used in the same sense as ingenious—open, frank, candid.

¹² *The rest of your fees.*

Fees is, perhaps, a misprint for *foes*.

¹³ *It is the pasture lards the brother's sides.*

This is an obscure line which the editors of Shakespeare have, in their attempts to explain, rendered still more doubtful. Warburton proposes—the *wether's* sides. This is merely a conjectural reading, but is, perhaps, the best offered.

¹⁴ *The wappen'd widow.*

Of this word, Johnson says, he has found no example, nor does he know the meaning. Mr. Steevens suggests the meaning of it to be debilitated by the diseases of debauchery.

¹⁵ *Phrynia.*

Shakespeare probably meant *Phryne*, but spelt the name from recollection. She was an Athenian courtesan, so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom, which was artfully uncovered by her advocate, so softened her judges that they spared her life.

NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

¹⁶ *They mock'd thee for too much curiosity.*

For too much refinement, or rather finical delicacy.

¹⁷ *Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee.*

In Gesner's *Animal History*, it is said that the unicorn and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn, he betakes himself to a tree; the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion descends and kills him.

¹⁸ *Yet thanks I must you com.*

To *com* thanks, is a common expression among our old dramatic writers, for to give or owe thanks.

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¹⁹ *But pass, and stay not here thy gait.*

Shakespeare formed this epitaph out of two which he found in Plutarch; the following is the passage containing them. "He [Timon] was buried at Halæ, near the sea, and the water surrounded his tomb in such a manner that he was even then inaccessible to mankind. The following epitaph is inscribed on his monument"—

At last I've bid the knaves farewell;
Ask not my name—but go—to hell.

It is said that he wrote this epitaph himself. That which is commonly repeated was written by Callimarchus:—

My name is Timon: knaves, begone!
Curse me, but come not near my stone!

Julius Cæsar.

THE whole life of a hero is too comprehensive a subject, and usually embraces far too many incidents, to be effectively treated within the limits of a single tragedy. Many a dark and fearful act has required but an hour for its perpetration, and with the greatly active mind every year is equivalent to an ordinary life. We are made strongly sensible of this, in perusing the present tragedy; its subject is, not the life and deeds of Cæsar, but his death, and the punishment of his assassins: not Cæsar, but Brutus is the hero of the drama. But vigorously as Shakespeare has delineated the character of the great warrior and historian, the brilliant and noble military despot, during the brief time that he appears upon the scene; still, we are disappointed that he disappears so soon, and would willingly that the play had commenced with an earlier period of his life, and that he had remained the hero to its conclusion. The subsequent adventures of Brutus and Cassius would have afforded the great poet ample materials for another tragedy; the first terminating with the death of Cæsar, and the second with the defeat and suicide of his chief assassins.

Julius Cæsar was a character worthy of the closest analytical investigation by the master-mind of Shakespeare; his attainment of power, and his great influence with the Roman people, were entirely attributable to his lofty talents and indomitable courage; his patience under toil, his industry in the pursuit of success, his wise deliberation, and the unshaken steadiness with which he carried out his wonderful resolutions, were the terror of his adversaries, and the astonishment of the world.

Slender and feeble in person, and subject to violent headaches and epileptic fits, he never suffered these natural imperfections to interfere with his plans, or allure him into effeminacy; on one occasion, being out upon an excursion with some friends, they were overtaken by a violent storm, and sought for shelter in a mean hut, consisting of a single room, and that only large enough for one man to sleep in. This was, of course, offered to Cæsar, but he declined it; and saying, "Honours for the great, and necessaries for the infirm," gave it up to his friend Oppius; and himself and the rest of the company slept under a shed at the door.

His lofty ambition was shown in many acts of early life: when passing the Alps, he and his friends came to a little town, when one of them said, jestingly, "Can there here be any disputes for offices, any contentions for precedency, or such envy and ambition as we see among the great?" To this, Cæsar replied proudly—"I assure you, I had rather be the first man here, than the second man in Rome." When in Spain, he bestowed his leisure time in reading the history of Alexander; and once, after sitting over it for a long time in a pensive attitude, he burst into tears. His friends inquired the reason of his distress: "Do you think," he replied, "I have not sufficient cause for concern, when Alexander at my age reigned over so many conquered countries, and I have not one glorious achievement to boast?"

Plutarch apologizes for Cæsar's attempt at sovereignty, and says that his tyranny was merely nominal, for no tyrannical act could be laid to his charge; and he adds—"Nay, such was the condition of Rome, that it evidently required a master; and Cæsar was no more than a tender and skilful

physician appointed by Providence to heal the distemper of the state." Perhaps the darkest spot upon his character was his treatment of his son-in-law, Pompey the Great, upon whose destruction he had resolved for the consolidation of his own power; and whose treacherous murder by the Egyptians formed a dark and fearful close to a brilliant career spent chiefly in promoting the true interests of mankind. Almost the last words spoken by Pompey were these lines from Sophocles:—

Seek'st thou a tyrant's door? then farewell, freedom!
Though free as air before.

This tragedy, which Shakespeare founded on events related by Plutarch, is attributed to the year 1607; in the same year, a tragedy upon the fate of Cæsar was published by William Alexander, afterwards Earl Sterline, but was not adapted for representation; and Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play by an anonymous author, entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*. It does not appear that Shakespeare was indebted to either of these tragedies for any hint for his own, although in Earl Sterline's drama, some passages are found bearing a feeble resemblance to others in Shakespeare; but these, probably, have proceeded only from the two authors writing upon the same subject, and both borrowing their materials from the same source.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a Triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, *a Triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *a Triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

CICERO, *a Senator.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PUBLIUS, *a Senator.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

POPILIUS LENA, *a Senator.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

MARCUS BRUTUS, *a Conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

CASSIUS, *a Conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

CASCA, *also a Conspirator.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

TREBONIUS, *also a Conspirator.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

LIGARIUS, *also a Conspirator.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DECIUS BRUTUS, *also a Conspirator.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

METELLUS CIMBER, *also a Conspirator.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *also a Conspirator.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

FLAVIUS, }
MARCELLUS, } *Tribunes.*

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

A SOOTHSAYER.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *a Poet.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

A POET.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

LUCILIUS, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4 sc. 5.

TITINIUS, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MESSALA, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5

YOUNG CATO, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

VOLUMNIUS, *Friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

VARRO, }
CLAUDIUS, } *Servants to Brutus.*

Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

CLITUS, *Servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

STRATO, *Servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

LUCIUS, *Servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

DARDANIUS, *Servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 8.

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—*During a great part of the Play, at ROME, afterwards at SARDIS; and near PHILIPPI.*

Julius Cæsar.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Fla. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk, Upon a labouring day, without the sign

Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1st Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

You, sir; what trade are you?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

1st Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave, what trade?

2nd Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2nd Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as

ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2nd Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds,

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd ;
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I : Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.¹

Mar. May we do so ?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Fla. It is no matter ; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

Enter, in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,² CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following ; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
 When he doth run his course.³—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember :

When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet
 again. [*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me ?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
 Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of
 March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng : Look
 upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak
 once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him ;—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and Cæs.*

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some
 part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires :

I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
 And show of love, as I was wont to have :
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
 Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,
 I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
 Of late, with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;)
 Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
 passion ;⁴

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'T is just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,
 (Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear,
the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
well:—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life: but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar: so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish*]

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are,
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that
Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*]
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,



Mr. Jameson as Brutus.



That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once,⁵ that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is return-
ing.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men,⁶ and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him
not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆS. and his Train. Casca stays
behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-
day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him:
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back
of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a
shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the last
cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every put-
ting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the
manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not
mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—
yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these
coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once;
but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain
have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then
he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was
very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he
offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time
by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement

hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeas'd them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world [*Exit BRU*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 't is meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes: For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd? Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus: If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure; For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well
by sight,)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me : And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,—They are natural ;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed
sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cic.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good, Cassius : what night is
this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not : You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;
Why old men fools, and children calculate ;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol :

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean : Is it not,
Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while : our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
then,

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius ;
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Cas. So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a
man,

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
in haste.

Cas. 'T is Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's
gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CIN.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need
of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Same.* Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—

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I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the Letter, and reads.]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake——"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe. What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome,
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knock within.]

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. [Exit LUC.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius' at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit LUC.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METEL-
LUS CIMBER, and TREDONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus: Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.

Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here, But honours you: and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of yourself, Which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome. What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines, That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence, up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,— If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen, What need we any spur, but our own cause, To prick us to redress? what other bond, Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not palter? and what other oath, Than honesty to honesty engag'd, That this shall be, or we will fall for it? Sever priests, and cowards, and men cautelous, Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits, To think, that, or our cause, or our performance, Did need an oath; when every drop of blood, That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several bastardy, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means,

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion, And buy men's voices to commend our deeds: It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands; Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear, But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;

For he will never follow any thing That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar, Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means, If he improves them, may well stretch so far, As to annoy us all: which to prevent, Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards: For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide them. This shall make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious;

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off

Cas. Yet I do fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'T is time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
For he is superstitious grown of late ;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave
you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes :

But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Bru.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise
you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have us,
gently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across ;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot •
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbraçed, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,

I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [Exit POR.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow be-
fore,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now, bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must
make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What 't is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same.* A Room in CÆsar's
Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
Night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!" Who's within

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threat-
en'd me.

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets:
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good-morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say:

And know it now: The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
phurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREDONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 't is 'strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—
Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebo-
nius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street near the
Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Tre-
bonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves

thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is
but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar.
If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy
lover,
ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another part of the
same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please
Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why know'st thou any harm 's intended
towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a
thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Same. The Capitol: the Senate sitting.*

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not goue.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a
suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last
serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the
street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.
All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to CÆS.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark
him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANT. and TRE. CÆS. and the Sena-
tors take their Seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your
hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber
These crouchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet
words,

Low-crook'd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move
me:

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world: 'T is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;⁹
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion:¹⁰ and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆS. in the neck. CÆS. catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Sen. and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Frædom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good
cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TRENONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony.

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be
So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down :
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may : but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master-spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us,
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :

Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's.
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you :—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours :—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me.
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;

Here didst thou fall : and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie ?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, in-
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek ;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do : Do not consent,

[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission :
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rights, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar :
And say you do 't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANT.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry " Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to
Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar !——

[*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this curse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me y'ur hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆS. Body.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1st Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CAS., with some of the Cit. BRU. goes into the Rostrum.*]

3rd Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was

worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1st Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2nd Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3rd Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4th Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1st Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2nd Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks

1st Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1st Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3rd Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4th Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3rd Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4th Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

1st Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3rd Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2nd Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all, all honourable men ;)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for
 him ?

O judgment, thou art tied to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2nd Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3rd Cit. Has he, masters ?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4th Cit. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;

Therefore, 't is certain, he was not ambitious.

1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2nd Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3rd Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world : now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar.
 I found it in his closet, 't is his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4th Cit. We 'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
 'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4th Cit. Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ; You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it,
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

4th Cit. They were traitors : Honourable men

Cit. The will ! the testament !

2nd Cit. They were villains, murderers : The will ! read the will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Cit. Come down.

2nd Cit. Descend.

[He comes down from the Pulpit.]

3rd Cit. You shall have leave.

4th Cit. A ring ; stand round.

1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2nd Cit. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through,
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him?
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2nd Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3rd Cit. O woeful day!

4th Cit. O traitors, villains!

1st Cit. O most bloody sight!

2nd Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about,
—seek, —burn, —fire, —kill, —slay!—let not a
traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2nd Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do't; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were'an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1st Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd Cit. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble
Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true:—the will;—let's stay, and
hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2nd Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge
his death.

3rd Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tyber;¹⁸ he hath left them you,

And to your beirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another

1st Cit. Never, never:—Come, away, away;

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2nd Cit. Go, fetch fire.

3rd *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4th *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Cits., with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with
Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1st *Cit.* What is your name?

2nd *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3rd *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4th *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2nd *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1st *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4th *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3rd *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a
bachelor? Then to answer every man directly,
and briefly, wisely, and truly:—wisely I say, I am
a bachelor.

2nd *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are
foes that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for
that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1st *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2nd *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4th *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3rd *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1st *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4th *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2nd *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna;
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him
going.

3rd *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands,
ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all.
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's;
some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House.*¹³

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a
Table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die: Consent you,
Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house:
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct.

The Capitol.

Or here, or at
[*Exit LEP.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?

Oct. So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers : we must straight make-head :
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp
near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers : TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*PIND.* gives a Letter to *BRU*]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pin
darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along .

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine ene
mies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs ;

And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well :—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus. Lucius
and Titinius at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corrup-
tion,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me.
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

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Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash cholour?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all
this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood from drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart:

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is awary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
too.

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Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humour, which my mother gave
me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the gene-
rals;

There is some grudge between them, 't is not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay
me.

*Enter POET.*¹⁴

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time: .

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[Exit POET.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. [Exit LUC. and TIT.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is
dead.

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Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.¹⁵

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl
of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup:
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala,—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her
in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'T is better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a fore'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note be-
side,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night ;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewell,
good Messala ;—
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night ;
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good
sirs ;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Serv. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good
night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee : and, good boy, good
night.

Let me see, let me see :—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me :—Art thou anything ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to
stare ?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?¹⁶

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !—
Claudius !

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord !

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cry'dst out ?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry

Bru. Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any
thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !
Fellow thou ! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: Saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother

Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:

You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,¹⁷ thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too:
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Cæsa, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank your-
self:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators:

When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds¹⁸

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Oct., Ant., and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*Bru. and Luc. converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day;¹⁹ as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign²⁰
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of those high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills

Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loqui Alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. Another Part of the
Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back:
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early

Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.²¹ Look, look, Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PRX.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some light:—O, he lights too:—he's ta'en;
—and, hark!

[*Shout.*]

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

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Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit MES.*]
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part :
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
CATO, STRATO; VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [Low Alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as
these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try our fortune in a second fight.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies;
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go
with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[Charges the Enemy.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is over-
powered, and falls.

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1st Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering Money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1st Sol. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2nd Sol. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is
ta'en.

1st Sol. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the
general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chang'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light;²² but, my
lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the
word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[Whispering.

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [Whispers him.

Dar. I do such a deed!

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would
rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt CLI., DAR., and VOL.*]

I pry'thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

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Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be
still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else bath honour by his death.

Lue. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him
With all respect, and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt*]

NOTES TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

¹ *If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.*

Ceremonies were ceremonious ornaments, trophies, or crowns placed upon the statues of Cæsar. So Plutarch:—"A few days after, his statues were seen adorned with royal diadems; and Flavius and Marullus, two of the tribunes, went and tore them off." In the next scene Casca says—"Marullus and Flavius for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence."

² *Decius.*

Shakspeare followed Plutarch in calling this character Decius, but his proper name was *Decimus Brutus*. See Appian and Suetonius. Decimus Brutus was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while Marcus kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted; being suspicious of the tendency of Cæsar's ambition, and also remembering that he had fought with Pompey against Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia.

³ *Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course.*

This passage alludes to singular superstition which is explained in the following passage from Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*:—"In the *Lupercalia*, which, according to most writers, is an ancient pastoral feast, and which answers in many respects to the *Lycea* among the *Arcadians*; young men of noble families, and indeed many of the magistrates, ran about the streets naked, and, by way of diversion, strike all they meet with leathern thongs, with the hair upon them. Numbers of women of the first quality put themselves in their way, and presented their hands for stripes (as scholars do to a master), being persuaded that the pregnant gain an easy delivery by it, and that the barren are enabled to conceive."

⁴ *I have much mistook your passion.*

Passion is here used to imply mental disturbance, commotion of the mind. The meaning is—I have misunderstood the disturbed state of your feelings.

⁵ *There was a Brutus once.*

He alludes to the ancestor of Brutus, Lucius Junius, who freed Rome from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and to whom the ancient Romans erected a statue of brass, and placed it in the capitol among their kings. "He was," says Plutarch, "represented with a drawn sword in his hand, to signify the spirit and firmness with which he vanquished the Tarquins; but hard-tempered as the steel of which that sword was composed, and in no degree humanized by

education, the same obdurate severity which impelled him against the tyrant, shut up his natural affection from his children, when he found those children conspiring for the support of tyranny."

⁶ *Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men.*

Cæsar was a close observer of men, and, according to Plutarch, actually made this observation:—"Cæsar too, had some suspicion of him (Cassius), and he even said one day to his friends, 'What think you of Cassius? I do not like his pale looks.' Another time, when Antony and Dolabella were accused of some designs against his person and government, he said, 'I have no apprehensions from those fat and sleek men; I rather fear the pale and lean ones,' meaning Brutus and Cassius."

⁷ *Sir, 't is your brother Cassius.*

Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

⁸ *For if thou path thy native semblance on.*

Dr. Johnson endeavours to explain this line, by saying, to *path* thy native semblance, is to walk in thy true form; but this is not very satisfactory; should it not read *put* instead of *path*?

⁹ *And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.*

Apprehensive does not here imply fearful, but intellectual.

¹⁰ *Unshak'd of motion, i. e., unmoved by solicitation.*

¹¹ *Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.*

Here, and in another passage, (act 1, sc. 2,) Shakspeare has exhibited his pronunciation of the word *Rome*, and quibbled upon the similarity of the sound of *room*. Mr. Steevens observes, he is at least countenanced in this by the example of other authors. Thus Haywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:—

— You shall have my *room*,
My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,
Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free.

¹² *His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber.*

Antony is speaking in the most frequented part of the city, the forum, near the capitol; a place very remote from Cæsar's gardens, which were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount

Janicium. Plutarch, in the *Life of Brutus*, says that Cæsar left to the public his gardens and walks *beyond* the Tyber. The old translation from which Shakespeare borrowed his materials has on *this* side Tyber, and Shakespeare copied the error.

¹² *A room in Antony's house.*

Rowe and Pope have both marked the scene here to be at Rome, but the old copies say nothing of the place; and those who will consult Plutarch's *Life of Antony* will find that they met on a small island in the Rhine, not far from Bologne. Shakespeare being familiar with Plutarch's work, was doubtless acquainted with this circumstance, though he has not particularized it.

¹⁴ *Enter Poet.*

This incident Shakespeare found in Plutarch, but the intruder is there mentioned as a cynic, not as a poet. "Favonius, an imitator of Cato, but rather an enthusiast than rational in his philosophy, attempted to enter. The servants in waiting endeavoured to prevent him, but it was not easy to stop the impetuous Favonius. He was violent in his whole conduct, and valued himself less on his dignity as a senator, than on a kind of cynical freedom in saying every thing he pleased; nor was this unentertaining to those who could bear with his impertinence. However, he broke through the door, and entered the apartment, pronouncing in a theatrical tone, what Nestor says in Homer:—

Young men be ruled—I 'm older than you both.

Cassius laughed; but Brutus thrust him out, telling him that he pretended to be a cynic, but was in reality a dog."

¹³ *And her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*

Portia is reported by Pliny to have died in consequence of a lingering illness, and not to have destroyed herself. Valerius Maximus says, that she survived Brutus, and killed herself on hearing of her husband's defeat and death at Philippi.

¹⁵ *Then I shall see thee again.*

The following is the account of this vision in Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*:—"We have a proof still more striking that the assassination of Cæsar was displeasing to the gods, in the phantom that appeared to Brutus. The story of it is this:—Brutus was on the point of transporting his army from Abydos to the opposite continent; and the night before he lay in his tent, awake, according to custom, and in deep thought about what might be the event of the war: for it was natural for him a great part of the night, and no general ever required so little sleep. With all his senses about him, he heard a noise at the door of his tent, and looking towards the light which now burned very low, he saw a terrible appearance in the human form, but of prodigious stature, and the most hideous aspect. At first he was struck with astonishment; but when he saw it neither did nor spoke anything to him, but stood in silence by his bed, he asked it 'Who it was?' The spectre answered, 'I am thy evil genius, Brutus; thou shalt see me at Philippi.' Brutus answered boldly, 'I'll meet thee there,' and the spectre immediately vanished."

¹⁷ *With fearful bravery.*

In this passage, *fearful* does not signify timid, but desperate.

¹⁸ *Never till Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds.*

The old copy has *three-and-thirty*, which, on the joint authorities of Appian, Plutarch, and Suetonius, Mr. Theobald altered as in the text.

¹⁹ *This is my birth-day, &c.*

The reader can compare this speech of Cassius with the following from the *Life of Brutus*:—"Messala says that Cassius supped in private with some of his most intimate friends; and that, contrary to his usual manner, he was pensive and silent. He adds, that after supper, he took him by the hand, and pressing it close, as he commonly did, in token of his friendship, he said in Greek, 'Bear witness, Messala, that I am reduced to the same necessity with Pompey the Great, of hazarding the liberty of my country on one battle. Yet I have confidence in our good fortune, on which we ought still to rely, though the measures we are resolved upon are indiscreet.' These, Messala tells us, were the last words that Cassius spoke, before he bade him *farewell*; and that the next day, being his birthday, he invited Cassius to sup with him."

²⁰ *Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign.*

Former, is used as *foremost*; Shakespeare sometimes uses the comparative, instead of the positive or superlative.

²¹ *This hill is far enough.*

Shakespeare has here also closely followed Plutarch:—"At length he was obliged to retire, with a very small number, to a hill that overlooked the plain. Yet here he could discover nothing, for he was short-sighted; and it was with some difficulty that he could perceive his own camp plundered. His companions, however, saw a large detachment of horse, which Brutus had sent to their relief, making up to them. These Cassius concluded to be the enemy that were in pursuit of him; notwithstanding which, he dispatched Titinius to reconnoitre them. When the cavalry of Brutus saw this faithful friend of Cassius approach, they shouted for joy. His acquaintance leaped from their horses to embrace him, and the rest rode round him with clashing of arms, and all the clamorous expressions of gladness. This circumstance had a fatal effect. Cassius took it for granted that Titinius was seized by the enemy, and regretted that, through a weak desire of life, he had suffered his friend to fall into their hands. When he had expressed himself to this effect, he retired into an empty tent, accompanied only by his freed-man, Pindarus, whom, ever since the defeat of Crassus, he had retained for a particular purpose. In that defeat he escaped out of the hands of the Parthians; but now, wrapping his robe about his face, he laid bare his neck, and commanded Pindarus to cut off his head: this was done, for his head was found severed from his body; but whether Pindarus did it by his master's command, has been suspected, because he never afterwards appeared."

²² *Statilius show'd the torch-light.*

Statilius was a messenger whom Brutus had sent to the camp to know if many were slain in the battle; when he arrived there, if all was well, he was to lift up a lighted torch in the air. From the text it appears he did this, but was slain in returning.

Macbeth.

THE chief incidents of this tragedy our poet found in the history of *Macbeth*, in *Holinshed's Chronicle*, which he has followed without greatly deviating from, in the historical part: but he has given perfect freedom to his bold and powerful imagination in the manner in which he has transformed a few naked facts into the most terrible tragedy which ever engrossed the attention, or appalled the mind of the reader or spectator. A hint was seldom lost upon Shakespeare; one single expression in some old romance or chronicle, is often the seed which he matures into some elaborately conceived and grandly executed character; this is singularly the case with that of Lady Macbeth, of whom there is the following mention only in *Holinshed*:—"But speciallie his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, burning with unquenchable desire to be a queen." And upon these few words does he build that wonderful and fearful character, of whom it is difficult to believe that she is but a creation of the poet's brain. The chronicle, after recording the death of the tyrant, concludes thus:—"This was the end of *Macbeth*, after he had reigned seventeen yéeres over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reigne he accomplished manie worthie acts, verie profitable to the commonwealth; but afterward, by the illusion of the divell, he defamed the same with the most terrible crueltie. He was slaine in the yéere of the incarnation, 1057, and in the sixteenth yéere of King Edward's reigne over the Englishmen."

Shakespeare's tragedy upon this subject was produced in 1606, a period of singular superstition; King James originally published his book on *Dæmonologie* at Edinburgh, in 1597, but after his succession to the throne of Elizabeth, it was reprinted at London, in 1603, with a preface in which he reminds the reader of "the fearefull abounding at this time in this countrey, of these detestable slaves of the Divil, the Witches or Enchanters." This piece of mischievous absurdity was followed in the same year by a new statute against witches, having a clause to this effect, that—"Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evill or wicked spirit, or consult, covenant with, entertaine or employ, feede or reward, an evill or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose; or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charme, or enchantment: or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchauntment, charme, or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed, in his or her body, or any part thereof, such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." Such was the state of the public mind at that time, that a belief in witchcraft was almost universal in this country, and the result of the publication of King James's book was visible in the destruction, in Scotland, of not less than six hundred beings at once, for the supposed commission of a crime which the better judgment of a later age has declared to be impossible. It cannot be doubted that the mind of Shakespeare was to some extent influenced by the prevailing superstition, and that to this we probably owe the existence of that masterpiece of dramatic genius, his tragedy of *Macbeth*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

MALCOLM, *the eldest son of Duncan.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DONALBAIN, *younger son of the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3.

MACBETH, *a General of the King's army.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7.

BANQUO, *also a General in the service of the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Noblemen of Scotland:—

MACDUFF.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

LENOX.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

ROSSE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

MENTETH.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

ANGUS.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

CAITHNESS.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

ANOTHER LORD.

Appears, Act III. sc. 6.

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

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YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

SON TO MACDUFF.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

MURDERERS.

Appear, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

A SCOTCH DOCTOR.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

PORTER *at Macbeth's castle.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

AN OLD MAN.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

LADY MACBETH.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

LADY MACDUFF.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

GENTLEWOMAN, *attending on Lady Macbeth.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

HECATE.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1.

THREE WITCHES.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo and other Apparitions.

SCENE,—*In the end of the Fourth Act lies in ENGLAND; through the rest of the play, in SCOTLAND: and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.*

Macbeth.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning.—Enter three WITCHES.

1st Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2nd Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3rd Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1st Witch. Where the place?

2nd Witch. Upon the heath.

3rd Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1st Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[WITCHES vanish.]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Fores.*

Alarum within. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can
report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature

Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;¹
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
heels;

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds.

They smae of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit Sold., attended.*]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,

That comes to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,²

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,

The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now,

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,³

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. *Enter the Three WITCHES.*

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd Witch. Killing swine.

3rd Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—

“Give me,” quoth I:

“Aroint thee, witch!” the rump-fed ronyon⁴ cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

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But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail.

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2nd Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1st Witch. Thou art kind.

3rd Witch. And I another.

1st Witch. I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2nd Witch. Show me, show me.

1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3rd Witch. A drum, a drum;

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand'in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Fores?—What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1st Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2nd Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

3rd Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
'That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1st Witch. Hail!

2nd Witch. Hail!

3rd Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2nd Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3rd Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou
be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1st Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

By Sinel's death,⁶ I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge
you. [*WITCHES vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they
vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it
not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-
men.—

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain
was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains

Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less de-
serv'd;

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and ser-
vants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for
you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a
step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;

And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of sneeces; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, “Thane of Cawdor;” by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, “Hail, king that shalt be!” This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great,

Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
highly,

That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou 'd'st have,
great Glamis,

That which cries, “Thus thou must do, if thou
have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.” Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is
hoarse, [*Exit Atten.*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering minis-
ters,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, “Hold, hold!”—Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up there:
To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Before the Castle. Haut-boys. Servants of MACBETH attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer, The temple-haunting martlet, does approve, By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath Smells wooingly here: no juttie, frieze, buttress, Nor coigne of vantage,¹⁰ but this bird hath made His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air Is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess! The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you, How you shall bid God yield us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service In every point twice done, and then done double, Were poor and single business, to contend Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith Your majesty loads our house: For those of old, And the late dignities heap'd up to them, We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor? We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose To be his purveyor: but he rides well: And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess, We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt, To make their audit at your highness' pleasure, Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand: Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well

It were done quickly: If the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With his surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,— We 'd jump the life to come.¹¹—But, in these cases, We still have judgment here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek,¹² hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off: And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.¹³—I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself, And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk, Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valour, As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting I dare not wait upon I would, Like the poor cat i' the adage?¹⁴

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
How tender 't is, to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M. We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,

That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only :¹⁵ When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don 't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Court within the Castle.*
*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant, with
a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy ?

Fle. The moon is down ; I have not heard the
clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword :—There 's husbandry
in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep : Merciful powers !
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose !—Give me my sword ;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who 's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ! The king 's
a-bed :

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers :
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind 'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—
when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: The like to you! [*Exit BAN.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such
thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he
lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd
And 't is not done:—the attempt, and not the
deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not
hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crick-
ets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay:

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and
one cried, "murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen,"
the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry "Sleep
no more!"

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;"—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My lands are of your colour; but I
shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark!
more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'t were best not
know myself. [*Knock.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would
thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old
turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock,
knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub?
Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the ex-
pectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins
enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock-
ing.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' the other
devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that
could swear in both the scales against either scale;
who committed treason enough for God's sake,
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in,
equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock:
Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor
come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:
Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet!
What are you?—But this place is too cold for
hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought
to have let in some of all professions, that go the
primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knock-
ing.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the
porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of
three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially
provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it pro-

vokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.¹⁶

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service.¹⁷ [*Exit MACB.*]

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—He did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the welong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macb. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor
heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

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Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACB. and LEN.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:

They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could re-

frain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*LADY M. is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them:

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is day
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said, they eat each other

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,

That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is 't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt raven up
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Seone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;¹⁸
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Seone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there;—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you: and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for 't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; LADY
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Set your highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

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Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous.)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel paricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure on
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
[*Exit BAN*]

Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with
you.

[*Exeunt* LADY M., Lords, Ladies, &c.]

Sirrah, a word : Attend those men our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* *Atten.*]
To be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus :—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd : 'T is much
he dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear : and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings :
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;¹⁹
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !—Who's
there ?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit* Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

1st Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self : this I made good to you
In our last conference ; pass'd in probation with
you,

How you were borne in hand ; how cross'd ; the
instruments ;

Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that
might,

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To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1st Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so ; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go ? Are you so gossell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

1st Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs,²⁰ water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs : the valued file²¹
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2nd Mur. I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1st Mur. And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2nd Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine : and in such bloody dis-
tance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love ;
Masking the business from the common eye.
For sundry weighty reasons.

2nd Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1st Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,²²
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness:²³ And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2nd Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

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Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must have our honours in these flattering streams:
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not
eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond

Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:

So, prythee, go with me.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Park or Lawn, with
a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter Three Murderers.

1st Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3rd Mur. Macbeth.

2nd Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1st Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subjects of our watch.

3rd Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2nd Mur. Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1st Mur. His horses go about.

3rd Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2nd Mur. A light, light!

3rd Mur. 'T is he.

1st Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1st Mur. Let it come down.
[*Assaults BAN.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies. FLEA. and Serv. escape.*]

3rd Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1st Mur. Was 't not the way?

3rd Mur. There 's but one down; the son is
fled.

2nd Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1st Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much
is done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet
he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air;
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trench'd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-
morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Mur.]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome: To feed, were best at
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit!

[*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't, that
moves your highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not
well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth : ' pray you, keep
seat ;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear :

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo :
how say you ?—

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak
too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

Those that we bury, back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,

And there an end : but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : This is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget :—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all ;

Then I'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill
full :—

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

GHOST rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the
earth hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom : 't is no other ;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;

If trembling I inhibit^d thee, protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder ? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Atten.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter HECATE, meeting the Three
WITCHES.

1st Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron's^s
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound:
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] Come away, come away, &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

1st Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon
be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:—
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance
kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father: damned fact!

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of
sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,) they should
find

What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquet bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir,
not I,"

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the
time

That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him! [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a
Cauldron boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the Three WITCHES.

1st Witch. Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.

2nd Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

3rd Witch. Harper cries:—"T is time, 't is time.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble,

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2nd Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3rd Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf

Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,²⁷
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2nd Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood ;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other Three Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2nd Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags ?

What is 't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How'er you come to know it,) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
down ;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the trea-
sure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1st Witch. Speak.

2nd Witch. Demand.

3rd Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from
our mouths,
Or from our masters' ?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten

Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten

From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head
rises.²⁸

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1st Witch. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—
Enough. [*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks ;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :—But one word
more :—

1st Witch. He will not be commanded : Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute : laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff : What need I fear
of thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with
a Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends :*

Macb. That will never be ;

Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ! sweet bodements
good !

Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood

Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is
this? [*Hautboys.*

1st Witch. Show! *2nd Witch.* Show! *3rd
Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in
order; the last with a Glass in his Hand;
BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,
eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:²⁹
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 't is true;

For the blood-bolter'd³⁰ Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1st Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antique round:

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The WITCHES dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this per-
nicious hour

Stand aye accurs'd in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

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Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did
hear

The galloping of horse: Who was 't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-
ploits;

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:

But no more flights!—Where are these gentle-
men?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness! When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',



Mr. Edwin Forrest as Macbeth.

I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird: thou'dst never fear the
net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do
for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and
yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear
and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the
honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if
you would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you!

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Mess.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor

Son. Thou li'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies*]

[*Exit L. MACD., crying murder, and pursued
by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's
Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new
morn,

New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ;
What know, believe ; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him
well ;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but
something

You may deserve of him through me ; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon ;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot trans-
pose :

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love,)

Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties :—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou
thy wrongs,

Thy title is afear'd !—Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended :
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : But, for all this,

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before :
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean ; in whom I know
All the particulars of life so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daugh-
ters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust : and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : Yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,

Of your mere own : All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none : The king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprouar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern !

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king ; the queen, that bore
thee,

Ofteuer upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste : But God above
Deal between me and thee ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
The devil to his fellow ; and delight
No less in truth, than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself : What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth :

Now we'll together : And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you
silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once,

'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched
souls,

That stay his cure : their malady convinces
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doct.*

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil :
A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now : Good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave : where
nothing

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent
the air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.³¹

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and
babes,

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence.
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O, hell-kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look
on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle
heaven,

Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;

The night is long, that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One;

Two: Why, then 't is time to do 't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What 's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. *[Exit LADY MACB.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the diviner, than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance.

And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATH-
NESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenues burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.³²

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they
coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his
brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly
all;

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
colm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know

All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of
woman

Shall e'er have power on thee."—Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am
sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare
not.

Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was re-
ported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
armour.—

How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous grief,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of
it.—

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me :—

Come, sir, despatch :—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou
of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal prepara-
tion
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: *A Wood
in view.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD and his SON, MACDUFF, MENTETH,
CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers,
marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident
tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be gotten,
Both more and less have given him the revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate :
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEY-
TON, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls ;
The cry is still, "They come :—" Our castle's
strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
Were they not fore'd with those that should be
ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise ? [*A cry within, of Women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave !
[*Striking him.*]

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : " Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane ;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done.—

Ring the alarum bell :—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Plain before the
Castle.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with
Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough ; your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,

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Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Same. Another Part of the
Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot
fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's
he,
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my
sword.
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIW. is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, show
thy face :

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Mac-
beth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st
be ;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and
die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou locest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me
so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with
thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

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Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold,
enough!" [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and
Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX,
ANGUS, CATTINESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe
arrived.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I
see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more,
They say, he parted well, and paid his score;
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer com-
fort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head on a
Pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;

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Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—

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As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life:—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

NOTES TO MACBETH.

¹ *Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied.*

Kernes and *Gallowglasses* were light and heavy armed foot-soldiers. From the following passage in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, they appear to have been of a rude and savage nature:—

— The Gallowglas, the Kerne,
Yield or not yield, whom so they take, they slay.

Of and *with*, are indiscriminately used by our old writers.

² *Confronted him with self-comparisons.*

That is, confronted Norway, and not Cawdor, as it at first appears. The Thane of Cawdor was not with the army, but at court, where he was arrested and condemned; his offence consisted in giving secret assistance to the rebels. When Macbeth has the title of Cawdor bestowed upon him, he is not aware of that thane's treason and apprehension.

³ *Saint Colme's Inch.*

Colme's-inch, now called Incheolun, is a small island lying in the Firth of Forth, with the ruins of a monastery upon it, which was founded by Alexander I., in 1123, and dedicated to St. Colomb. *Inch*, or *Inshe*, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island.

⁴ *Aroint thee, witch!*

Aroint is a word of Saxon origin, signifying away! run! There is an old drawing in Herne's *Collections*, in which our Saviour is represented visiting Hell, and out of his mouth issues a label, on which is written, *Out, out, arongt*. These words are addressed to Satan, and the last is evidently identical with that used in this passage. One of the folio editions reads, *Aroint thee*; but *aroint* is, doubtless, the correct word.

⁵ *The rump-fed ronyon.*

Rump-fed, means fed on offal; *ronyon*, is a mangy or scrofulous woman.

⁶ *By Sinel's death.*

Sinel, Thane of Glamis, was the father of Macbeth.

⁷ *From hence to Inverness.*

Dr. Johnson, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, states, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at Inverness, are yet standing.

⁸ *True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant.*

He is quite, or to the full, as valiant as you describe him. While Macbeth was uttering the preceding lines, Duncan

and Banquo have been conversing apart on Macbeth's conduct, and to some praise supposed to have been bestowed upon him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers.

⁹ *Stop up the access and passage to remorse.*

Remorse was anciently often used as identical with pity.

¹⁰ *Coigne of vantage, i. e., convenient corner.*

¹¹ *We'd jump the life to come.*

We would run the risk of eternal punishment, if certain of success and impunity here.

¹² *Hath borne his faculties so meek.*

Faculties is used for office, exercise of power.

¹³ *That tears shall drown the wind.*

Alluding to the cessation of wind during a heavy rain. Again, in Shakespeare's poem of *Venus and Adonis*:—

Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth.

¹⁴ *Like the poor cat i' the adage.*

The *adage*, or old saying, alluded to, is:—the cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet.

¹⁵ *A limbeck only.*

The *limbeck* is the vessel through which distilled liquors pass in the form of steam into the recipient.

¹⁶ *Yet I made a shift to cast him.*

To cast him up, or ease my stomach of him. An equivocation is intended between cast or throw, as a term in wrestling, and to cast up or throw off the stomach.

¹⁷ *Limited service, i. e., appointed service.*

¹⁸ *Comes-kill.*

This is one of the western isles otherwise known as Iona; it was the burial-place of the ancient kings of Scotland.

¹⁹ *For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind.*

File'd is an abbreviation of defiled. So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:—

He called his father villain, and me a trumpet,
A name I do abhor to file my lips with.

²⁰ *Shoughs.*

These are probably what are now called *shocks*, demi-wolves, dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

NOTES TO MACBETH.

²¹ *The valued file.*

File and *list* are synonymous; in the last act of this play we have:—

—— I have a file,
Of all the gentry.

²² *Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time.*

In this line *with* is used as *by*, acquaint you by the (or a) perfect spy o' the time; and we find a third murderer joins them and directs them where to await the coming of Banquo.

²³ —— Always thought,
That I require a clearness.

That is, always remember that throughout the whole business you must in no way implicate me. You must so contrive it, that no suspicion will fall upon me.

²⁴ *If trembling I inhibit.*

To *inhibit* is to forbid; thus, in *Othello*, a practiser of arts *inhibited*.

²⁵ *And at the pit of Acheron.*

Shakespeare has here bestowed the name of *Acheron* on any pit or cavern through which there was superstitiously believed to be a communication with the infernal world. The true *Acheron* was a river in Greece, but Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of Amsanctus, in Italy.

²⁶ *Harper cries.*

This appears to be some mp or familiar spirit, of which we have no informant.

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²⁷ *Chaudron*, i. o., entrails.

²⁸ *An apparition of an armed Head rises.*

The *armed head* represents, symbolically, Macbeth's head cut off, and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

²⁹ *That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.*

An allusion to the union of the two islands, and the three kingdoms under the rule of James the First.

³⁰ *For the blood boltered.*

That is grimed or besmeared with blood. In Warwickshire, when a man's head was broken, and the hair matted together with blood, it was said to be *boltered*. Such a term was peculiarly applicable to Banquo, who had twenty trenced gasbes on his head.

³¹ *Where hearing should not latch them.*

To *latch* any thing, is to seize or lay hold of it; in the north country, it signifies the same as to catch.

³² *Excite the mortified man.*

That is, they would excite a hermit, one whose feelings were subdued and mortified within him, and who could not therefore easily be roused to aggressive action.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

THE germ from which sprang this wonderful tragedy, which has occupied the attention of commentators, critics, and metaphysicians, to a much larger extent than any other work of its great author, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian. Thence it was adopted by Belleforest, and appeared in his collection of novels in seven volumes, entitled *Histoires Tragique*, and this being translated into English, in 1608, with the title of *The Historie of Hamblet*, furnished Shakespeare with the subject of this reflective yet highly popular drama.

Those, however, who have the curiosity to turn to the story will find merely a plain narrative, which has no resemblance in language, and which differs very materially in action from the Hamlet of Shakespeare. In it the prince feigns to be an idiot, to save himself from incurring the anger or suspicion of Fengon the usurper, who suspects that he has some intention of revenging the murder of his father (which is effected by open violence, and not by subtlety), and who therefore employs several stratagems to discover whether he is really the harmless fool he appears to be. He first sets a beautiful girl to seduce the prince, and in moments of abandonment to win his confidence, and learn if he has any secret designs to revenge his father, and to recover his kingdom. He then places a courtier behind the arras of the queen's chamber, to report the conversation of the mother and her son; but Hamlet discovering him, kills and cuts him in pieces, and gives them to the hogs. This nameless parasite, who has not a word to utter, is all the hint that our poet received for his excellent character of Polonius. The prince finally destroys the whole court by nailing down the tapestry of the banqueting hall over them when they lay on the ground in a drunken sleep after a bacchanalian revel, and then setting fire to the palace at each corner; so that they all perish in the flames: while the king, who had retired, he seeks in his own chamber, and slays by cutting off his head. Hamlet then governs in his stead, marries two wives, and is at last betrayed by one of them into the hands of a rebellious chief, who is beloved by his queen, and by him put to death. Thus his own fate is not dissimilar to that of his father's. We have thus briefly mentioned the chief incidents of this story, to show that although it undoubtedly suggested to Shakespeare the idea of his tragedy, he was still not greatly indebted to it.

According to the chronology of Mr. Malone, Shakespeare produced this tragedy in 1596; it was registered in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 26th of July, 1602. On the title-page of the earliest copy now extant, dated 1604, it is stated to be "newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HAMLET, *son to the former and nephew to the present King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

VOLTIMAND, } *Ambassadors returned from Nor-*
CORNELIUS, } *way.*

Appear, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

ROSECRANTZ, } *Schoolfellows of Hamlet.*
GULDENSTERN, }

Appear, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

OSRIC, *a foppish courtier.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

A GENTLEMAN.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.

A PRIEST.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

PLAYERS

Appear, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

MARCELLUS, } *Officers.*
BERNARDO, }

Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4, the former only appearing in this scene.

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

REYNALDO, *a dependant on Polonius.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

AMBASSADOR, *from England.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

GHOST of Hamlet's father.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark and mother of Hamlet.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OPHELIA, *daughter of Polonius.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—EL SINORE.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore.—*A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his Post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 't is bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch,¹ bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit FRAN.*]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say
What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 't is but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like :—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,
speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit* Ghost.]

Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.²
'T is strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead
hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I
know not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd
him,)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd com-
pact,

Well ratified by law, and heraldry,³
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd,⁴

His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,

For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)

But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage⁵ in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

* * * * *
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,⁶
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me:
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 O, speak!
 Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
 Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here!

Hor. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone. [Exit GHOST.]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
 To offer it the show of violence;
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine: and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
 And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
 Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know

Where we shall find him most convenient.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole king-
 dom

To be contracted in one brow of woe;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 't were, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious and one dropping eye;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—

Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is: We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[Exit VOL. and COR.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit: What is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Den-
mark,

To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my
slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than
kind. *[Aside.]*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on
you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the
sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 't is common; all, that live, must
die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not
seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy snspiration of fore'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: But to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne:

And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,

Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,⁷

It is most retrograde to our desire:

And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply;

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come:

This gentle and unford'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,

No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;

And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

*[Exeunt KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c., POL.
and LAER.]*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—Nay, not so much, not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the fleshing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that
name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even,
sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven!

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where, My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, dis-
till'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought, It lifted up its head, and did address Itself to motion, like as it would speak: But, even then, the morning cock crew loud, And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true; And we did think it writ down in our duty, To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me. Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not His face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizz'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night; Perchance, 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still; And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

I will requite your loves: So, fare you well: Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.
[*Exeunt HOR., MAR., and BER*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise, Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Polonius' House.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell: And, sister, as the winds give benefit, And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour, Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood; A violet in the youth of primy nature, Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more, For nature, crescent, does not grow alone In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes, The inward service of the mind and soul Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now; And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch The virtue of his will; but, you must fear, His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own; For he himself is subject to his birth: He may not, as unvalued persons do, Carve for himself; for on his choice depends The safety and the health of the whole state; And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd Unto the voice and yielding of that body, Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it, As he in his particular act and place May give his saying deed; which is no further, Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal. Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain, If with too credent ear you list his songs; Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons are disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own read.

Laer. O fear me not.
 I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
 shame;

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are staid for: There,—my blessing with
 you; [*Laying his hand on LAER.'S head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
 tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel:
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
 Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure,⁹ but reserve thy judg-
 ment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are of a most select and generous choice in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my
 lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants
 tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* LAER.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the
 lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you: and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and boun-
 teous:

If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
 And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many
 tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green
 girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
 think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a
 baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
 dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with
 love,

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
 speech, my lord,

With almost all the hoily vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
 know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scunter of your maiden presenee;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young:
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers,
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws
near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance
shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring
reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry is 't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observ-
ance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us tradue'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,

That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens

The form of plausible manners;—that these men,

—Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—

Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo,)

Shall in the general censure take corruption

From that particular fault: The dram of base

Doth all the noble substance often dout,¹⁰

To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,

Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again! What may this mean,

That thou, dead eorse, again, in complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition,

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action

It waves you to a more removed ground:

But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood,
my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*GHOST beckons.*

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me;—

I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt GHOST and HAM.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Den-
mark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll
go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to lasting fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear:

'T is given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my pro hetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed
 And prey on garbage.
 But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the pores of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;¹¹
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire!¹²
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth!
 What else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold,
 my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stitly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;

It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*

I have sworn 't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.¹³

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man
 once think it?—

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all
 Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
 the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
 You, as your business, and desire, shall point
 you;—

For every man hath business, and desire,
 Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
 Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,
 my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
 'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patriek, but there is, Ho-
 ratio,
 And much offence too. Touching this vision
 here,—
 It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'er-master it as you may. And now, good
 friends,
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is 't, my lord?
 We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen
 to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith,
 My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou
 there, true-penny?
 Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
 Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our
 ground:—
 Come hither, gentlemen,
 And lay your hands again upon my sword:
 Swear by my sword,
 Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the
 earth so fast?
 A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good
 friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
 strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it wel-
 come.
 There are more things in heaven and earth, Ho-
 ratio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
 But come;—
 Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
 As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on,—
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an
 if we would;"—or, "If we list to speak;"—or,
 "There be, an if they might;"—
 Or such ambigious giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me:—This do you swear,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentle-
 men,
 With all my love I do commend me to you:
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-
 gether;
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
 That ever I was born to set it right!
 Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Polonius's House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes,
 Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
 Reynaldo,
 176

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look
 you, sir,
 Inquire me first what Danskers¹⁴ are in Paris;
 And how, and who, what means, and where they
 keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of
him;

As thus,—“I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;”—Do you mark this, Rey-
naldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. “And, in part, him;—but,” you may say,
“not well:

But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;”—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quar-
relling,

Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults
so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soiled i' the working,
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;

“Good sir,” or so; or “friend,” or “gentleman,”—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—

What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
about to say some something:—Where did I
leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—“Ay,
marry;”

He closes with you thus:—“I know the gentle-
man;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as
you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his
rouse;

There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

(*Videlicet*, a brothel,) or so forth.”—

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So, by former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's
the matter?

Oph. Oh, my lord, my lord, I have been so
affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;¹⁵
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard:

Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long staid he so ;
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being : That done, he lets me go :
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love ;
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
 What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
 I had not quoted him :¹⁶ I fear'd, he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !

It seems, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
 This must be known ; which, being kept close,
 might move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love :

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 The need, we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
 Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
 Since not the exterior nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was : What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put
 him

So much from the understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
 That,—being of so young days brought up with
 him ;

And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and
 humour,—

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time : so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may gleau,
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
 of you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To show us so much gentry,¹⁷ and good will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey ;
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,¹⁸
 To lay our service freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :

And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our
 practices,
 Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen. Ay, amen !

[*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., and some Attendants*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good
 lord,
 Are joyfully returm'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good
 news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ? Assure you, my good
 liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
in. [Exit POL.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my
good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys:
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[Gives a paper.]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our most consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took
labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [Exit VOLT. and COR.]

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—

I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true, 't is pity;
And pity 't is, 't is true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.
—To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "*beautified*"
is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile: I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reads.]
Doubt, that the sun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not
art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most
best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine
is to him, HAMLET.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make.)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 't is this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)

That I have positively said, "'T is so,"

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*]

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter; if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To POL.—Exit POL.*]

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, now do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 't is too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To GUIL.*]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside.*]—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes, so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them¹⁹ on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanced it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.²⁰

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children,²¹ little eyasés, that cry out on the top of question,²² and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?²³ Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy; there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.²⁴

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of Trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb;²⁵ lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my good lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. "Then came each actor on his ass,"—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.²⁶

Ham. "O Jephthah, judge of Israel,"—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have
a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, "As by lot, God wot,"²⁷ and then,
you know, "It came to pass, As most like it was,"
—The first row of the pious chanson will show
you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am
glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—
O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I
saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Den-
mark?—What! my young lady and mistress!
By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than
when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.²⁸
Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent
gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters,
you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French
falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a
speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your
quality; come, a passionate speech.

1st Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—
but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above
once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the
million; 't was caviare to the general;²⁹ but it was
(as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in
such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excel-
lent play; well digested in the scenes, set down
with as much modesty as cunning. I remember,
one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to
make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the
phrase, that might indite the author of affection:
but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as
sweet, and by very much more handsome than
fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was
Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it espe-
cially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If
it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me
see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
't is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules: horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks;—So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with
good accent, and good discretion.

1st Play. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eternal,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bow the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.
—Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

1st Play. But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled
queen—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1st Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the
flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd,
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven.
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'T is well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit POL., with some of the Players.*]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1st Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in 't? could you not?

1st Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends, [*To ROS. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord! [*Ereunt ROS. and GUIL.*]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain!

Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave:
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon 't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I
have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told
him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'T is most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much
content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:

1410

Her father, and myself (lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracions, so
please you,

We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;
[*To OPH.*]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this.—
'T is too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's
visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 't is too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's check, beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*]

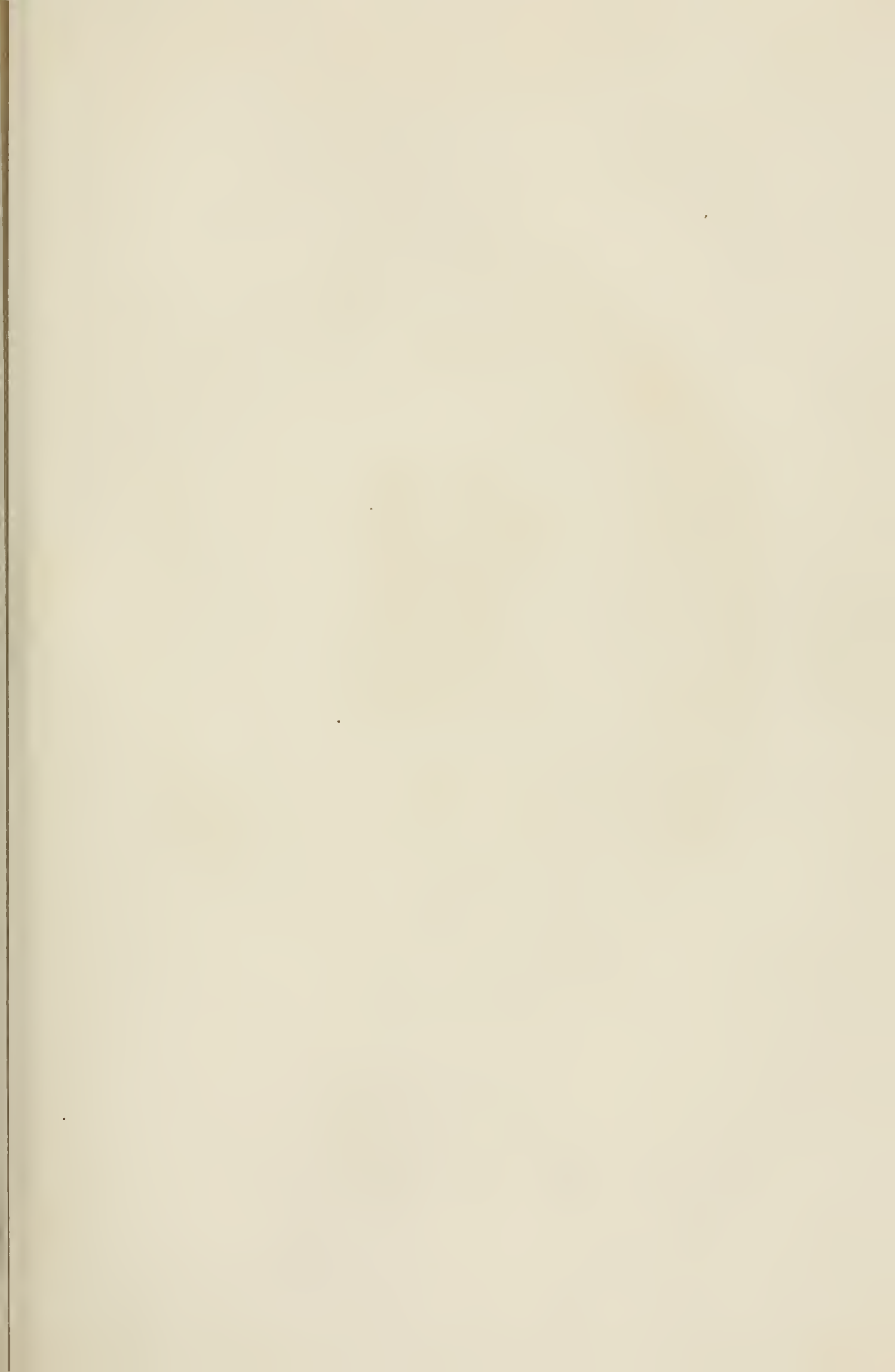
Pol. I hear him coming; let 's withdraw, my
lord. [*Exeunt KING and POL.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the ques-
tion:—

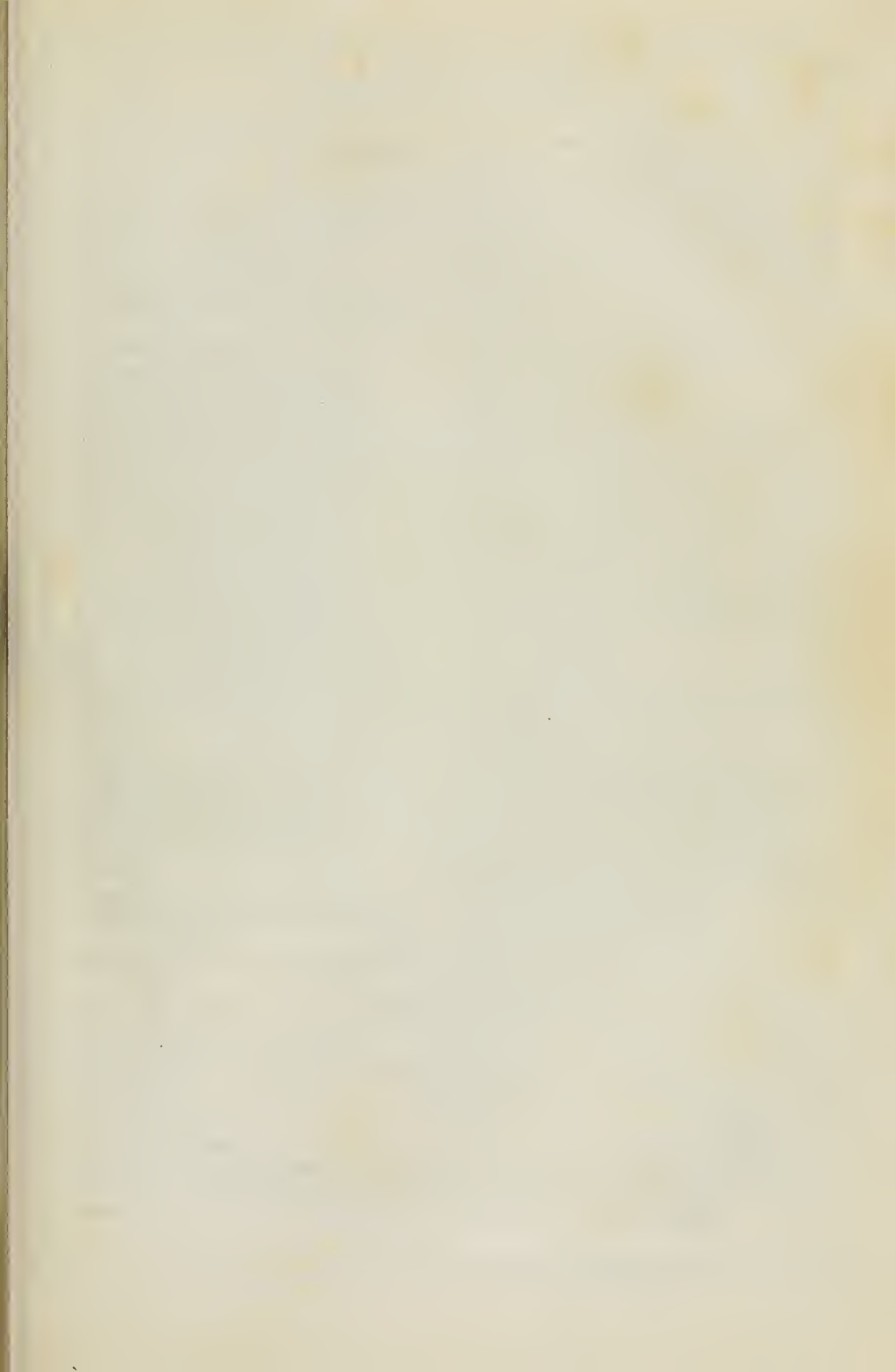
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to
sleep,—

No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir too,—'t is a consummation





M. Pierre Forest de Montet





Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep perchance to dream;—ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath com-
pos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume
lest,

Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your
honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with your honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a
bawd, than the force of honesty can translate
beauty into his likeness; this was some time a
paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did
love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we
shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: Why would'st
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indif-
ferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such
things, that it were better, my mother had not
borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambi-
tious; with more offences at my beck, than I
have thoughts to put them in, imagination to
give them shape, or time to act them in: What
should such fellows as I do crawling between
earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all;
believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery.
Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that
he may play the fool no where but in his own
house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this
plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice,
as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt
needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know
well enough, what monsters you make of them.
To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well
enough; God hath given you one face, and you
make yourselves another: you jig, you amble,
and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and
make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to
I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I say,
we will have no more marriages: those that are
married already, all but one, shall live; the rest
shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit HAM.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way
tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a
little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his
soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to Eng-
land,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pro-
nounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but
if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had
as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do

not saw the air too much with your hand, thus
but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tem-
pest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your pas-
sion, you must acquire and beget a temperance,
that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to
the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow
tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the
ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part,
are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb
shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow
whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herod's
Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

1st Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your
own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to
the word, the word to the action; with this
special observance, that you o'er-step not the
modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is
from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at
the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were,
the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own
feature, scorn her own image, and the very age
and body of the time, his form and pressure.
Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it
make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the
judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must,
in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of
others. O, there be players, that I have seen
play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,
—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having
the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian,
pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed,
that I have thought some of nature's journeymen
had made men, and not made them well, they
imitated humanity so abominably.

1st Play. I hope, we have reformed that in-
differently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those,
that play your clowns, speak no more than is set
down for them: for there be of them, that will
themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of
barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the
mean time, some necessary question of the play
be then to be considered: that's villainous; and
shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses
it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt Players.*]

*Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
STERN.*

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece
of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[*Exit* POL.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast
been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are
those,

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-min-
gled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that
man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.

I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;

And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must
be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,
POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GULDEN-
STERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of theameleon's dish:
I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed
capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Ham-
let; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you
played once in the university, you say? [*To* POL.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted
a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed
i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so
capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your pa-
tience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by
me.

Ham. No, good mother, here 's metal more
attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the* KING.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPH.'s feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That 's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should
a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how
cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died
within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear
black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. O heavens!
die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then
there 's hope, a great man's memory may outlive

his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For, O for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho;³⁰ it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither anglit, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great loves grow there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest
Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak
But, what we do determine, oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enaetures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite fliea;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light
Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer³¹ in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—

[To Oph

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

[*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain!

[*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.²² This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—

—The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAM. and HOR.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (i the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provençal roses on my raised shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.²³—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemp'ered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:³⁴—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit POL.*]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c.*]

'T is now the very witching time of night; When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such business as the bitter day Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypoerites:

How in my words soever she be shent,³⁵

To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us, To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you

I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourselves provide :
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many bodies safe,
That live, and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What 's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things,
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet ;
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I 'll warrant, she 'll tax him
home :

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'T is meet, that some more audience, than a mo-
ther,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit Pol.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't.
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand,
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?

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Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what 's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I 'll look up ;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul mur-
der ;—

That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : But 't is not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
To try what repentance can : what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed soul ; that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;
All may be well ! [Retires and kneels.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is pray-
ing ;

And now I 'll do 't ;—and so he goes to heaven :
And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scan'd
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save
heaven ?

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is heavy with him : And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent :
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;

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At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

The KING rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay
home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood
between
Much heat and him. I'll 'sconce me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Pol. hides himself.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much of-
fended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my
mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll send those to you that
can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you
shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

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Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not
murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?
[*Draws.*]

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAM. makes a pass through the Arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

[*Falls, and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth POL.*]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.—

[*To POL.*]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag
thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this;³⁵

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man:
 This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment

would stoop from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,

Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense

is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
 Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
 Over the nasty sty;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
 These words, like daggers enter in mine ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villain:
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings;³⁷
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king
 Of shreds and patches:
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, laps'd in fume and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command?
 O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
 O, step between her and her fighting soul;
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
 And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
 Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
 My stern effects: then what I have to do
 Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there;

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
 Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain
 This bodiless creation, ecstasy
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unctio to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my vir-
tue:

For in the fatness of these pury times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worsor part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Pol.*

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
But one word more, good lady.

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Queen.

What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you
do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let him
know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 't is so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two
schoolfellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
way,

And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAM. dragging in Pol.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There 's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves;

You must translate: 't is fit we understand them: Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To Ros. and GUIL., who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit, Behind the arras hearing something stir, Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat! a rat!" And, in this brainish apprehension, kills The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there: His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence Should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt,

This mad young man: but, so much was our love, We would not understand what was most fit; But, like the owner of a foul disease, To keep it from divulging, let it feed Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd; O'er whom his very madness, like some ore, Among a mineral of metals base, Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch, But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed We must, with all our majesty and skill, Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid: Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him: Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends; And let them know, both what we mean to do, And what 's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his blank, Trausports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name, And hit the woundless air.—O come away! My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham.—Safely stowed.—[*Ros., &c., within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft,—what noise! who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence, And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king,³⁸ but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

[*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good

King. so is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:

Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make
haste. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee
sense;

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

[*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;

Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt For. and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Cap.*]

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means

To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit*]

SCENE V.—*Elsinore.—A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen.—I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she
hears,
There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats
her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing.
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,³⁹
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts:
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'T were good she were spoken with;
for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in. [*Exit HOR.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon. [*Singing.*]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [*Sings.*]
He is dead and gone:
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow, [*Sings.*]

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you do, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl
was a baker's daughter.⁴⁰ Lord, we know what
we are, but know not what we may be. God be
at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but
when they ask you what it means, say you this:

Good morrow, 't is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an
end on't:

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By Gis,⁴¹ and by Saint Crarity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou had'st not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient:
but I cannot choose but weep, to think,
they should lay him i' the cold ground: My
brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for
your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night,
ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good
night. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch,
I pray you. [*Exit HOR.*]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
greenly,

In huggier-muggier to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere
beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A Noise within*]
Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the
door:

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they
cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all
without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the Door.*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou
vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims
me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsinched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Ger-
trude;—

Speak, an.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your re-
venge,

That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and
foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope
my arms;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with Straus
and Flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with
weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—

O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love: and, where't is fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:

And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, an you
call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel becomes
it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's
daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray you, love, remember: and there is
pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. [*Sings.*]

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you! [*Exit OPH.*]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me: If by direct or by collateral hand They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give, Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, To you in satisfaction; but, if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us, And we shall jointly labour with your soul To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

[*Exit Serv.*]

I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1st Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1st Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend; Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he, which hath your noble father slain, Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me, Why you proceeded not against these feats, So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons; Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-sinew'd,

But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself.

(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
 She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a public count I might not go,
 Is, the great love the general gender bear him :
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost ;
 A sister driven into desperate terms ;
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections :—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you
 must not think,
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
 more :

I loved your father, and we love ourself ;
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
 How now ? what news ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
 This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say : I saw them
 not ;

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
 Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them :—
 Leave us. [Exit Mess.]

[*Reads.*] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set
 naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to
 see your kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon
 thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and
 more strange return. HAMLET.

What should this mean ! Are all the rest come
 back ?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—
 And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone :"
 Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him
 come ;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
 "Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,
 As how should it be so ? how otherwise ?—
 Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
 So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
 turn'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
 No more to undertake it,—I will work him
 To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall :
 And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;
 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
 And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd
 The rather, if you could devise it so,
 That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
 You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality,
 Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts
 Did not together pluck such envy from him,
 As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
 Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?
King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,

Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
 Importing health and graveness.—Two months
 since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
 I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
 And they can well on horseback : but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in 't ; he grew unto his seat ;
 And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
 With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was 't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch in
 deed,

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise in your defence,

And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you; the scrimers of their na-
tion,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your
father,
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would*
changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the
ulcer:

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanc-
tuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, to-
gether,

And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

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Laer. I will do 't:

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this:
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and
means,

May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad per-
formance,

'T were better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me
see;—

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't;

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd
him

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what
noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide;

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes:

As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*]

King. Let's follow, Gertrude;

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church Yard.*

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1st Clo. Is she to be buried in christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2nd Clo. I tell thee, she is; therefore make her
grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and
finds it christian burial.

1st Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?

2nd Clo. Why, 't is found so.

1st Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three
branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:
Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2nd Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1st Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good: here stands the man; good: If the man
go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he,
nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water
come to him, and drown him, he drowns not
himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own
death, shortens not his own life.

2nd Clo. But is this law?

1st Clo. Ay, marry is 't; crowner's-quest law.

2nd Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this
had not been a gentlewoman, she should have
been buried out of christian burial.

1st Clo. Why, there thou say'st: And the
more pity; that great folks shall have counte-
nance in this world to drown or hang themselves,
more than their even christian. Come, my spade.

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners,
ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's
profession.

2nd Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1st Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms

2nd Clo. Why, he had none.

1st Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou
understand the scripture? The scripture says,
Adam digged: Could he dig without arms? I'll
put another question to thee: if thou answerest
me not to the purpose, confess thyself——⁴²

2nd Clo. Go to.

1st Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the car-
penter?

2nd Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame
outlives a thousand tenants.

1st Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the
gallows does well: But how does it well? it does
well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to
say, the gallows is built stronger than the church;
argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't
again; come.

2nd Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason,
a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.⁴³

2nd Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1st Clo. To 't.

2nd Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1st Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it
for your dull ass will not mend his pace with

beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Vaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit 2nd Clo.*]

1st *Clown digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,⁴⁴
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1st *Clo.* But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's;⁴⁵ chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

1st *Clo.* A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [*Sings.*
For—and a sbrounding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of

battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1st *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Sings.*]

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1st *Clo.* You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick: therefore thou liest.

1st *Clo.* 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1st *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1st *Clo.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1st *Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so pickel,⁴⁶ that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1st *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 's that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1st *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1st Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1st Clo. 'T will not be seen in him there; there 'he men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1st Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1st Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1st Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1st Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsos now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1st Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1st Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1st Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [Takes the Scull.]

1st Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio; tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[Throws down the Scull.]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside;—Here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c., in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken.

The corse they follow, did with desperate hand

For do its own life. 'T was of some estate:

Couch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with HOR.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1st Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warrant: Her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards,⁴⁷ flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,⁴⁸

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1st Priest. No more be done!
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's
wife;

I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the Grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the Grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prythee, take thy fingers from my throat,
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come
out of the Grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme,

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand bro-
thers

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Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't
tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit*]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon
him.— [*Exit HOR.*]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's
speech; [*To LAER.*]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see
the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,

And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us own,

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,

When our dear plots do fail: and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more
leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with vil-
lanies,

Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statist do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might
flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinaunt;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it
safely,

The changeling never known: Now, the next day

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Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go
to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
upon?

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my
mother;

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is 't not perfect con-
science,

To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know
this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is
a vice to know him: He hat'h much land, and
fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib
shall stand at the king's mess: 'T is a cough;
but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Os. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his
majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence

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of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[HAM. moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article;¹⁹ and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me;—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he

sucked it.⁶⁹ Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy angury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRIC, and Attendants with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The KING puts the Hand of LAER. into that of HAM.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes.

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you
both:—

But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all
a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that
table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throw,^s
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the
cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl
is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit: What say you?

[*They play.*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon
me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my con-
science. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do
but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAER. wounds HAM.; then, in scuffling, they
change rapiers, and HAM. wounds LAER.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it,
my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my
dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villain!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [*LAER. falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art
slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the KING.*]

Osr. and Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damn-
ed Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?

Follow my mother. [*KING dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mates or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go! by heaven I'll have
it.—

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and Shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents,⁵² more or less,
Which have solicited,⁵³—The rest is silence.

[*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night,
sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc!⁵⁴—O proud
death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell.
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloody hast struck?

1st Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,

To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,⁵⁴
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more
mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after
which, a peal of Ordnance is shot off.*⁵⁵

NOTES TO HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

¹ *The rivals of my watch.*

Rivals is here used as partners.

² *He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.*

Polack was, at that time, the usual name for an inhabitant of Poland. Horatio alludes to the deceased king having slain a prince of that country.

³ *Well ratified by law and heraldry.*

Mr. Upton says, that Shakespeare sometimes expresses one thing by two substantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the herald law.

⁴ ——— *By the same co-mart
And carriage of the article design'd.*

Co-mart is a joint bargain, carriage of the article is the meaning and import of it.

⁵ *Ronage, i. e., tumult, hurry.*

⁶ *As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star.*

A line is evidently omitted previously to these two. "When," says Mr. Malone, "Shakespeare had told us that the graves stood tenantless, &c., which are wonders con- dned to the earth, he naturally proceeded to say (in the line now lost) that *yet other prodigies appeared in the sky, as stars with trains of fire, &c.*" He also reads, disasters *dimmed* the sun; by the *moist star* is meant the moon.

⁷ *In going back to school to Wittenburg.*

The university of Wittenburg was not founded until 1502, and consequently did not exist until long after the period to which this tragedy is referable.

⁸ *My dearest foe.*

Dearest is most immediate and important.

⁹ *Take each man's censure.*

By *censure* is not meant reproof, but opinion.

¹⁰ *Doth all the noble substance often dout.*

dout is supposed to be a contraction of *do out*, i. e., efface or obliterate. It is a word of similar construction to *doff*, for *do off* which is frequently used by Shakespeare.

1438

¹¹ *Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.*

Unhousel'd is without receiving the sacrament; *disappointed* is synonymous with *unappointed*, and means, therefore, unprepared; and *unanel'd* is without extreme unction.

¹² *His uneffectual fire.*

Fire shining without generating heat.

¹³ *Come bird, come.*

Hamlet, desiring his friends to approach, calls to them in the terms which falconers use to a hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them.

¹⁴ *Inquire me first, what Danskers.*

That is, natives of Denmark. In Warner's *Albion's England*, *Danske* is the ancient name of Denmark.

¹⁵ *Unquarter'd, and down-gyved to his uncle.*

Down-gyved means, hanging down, like the loose en- ture which confines the fetters round the ankles. A con- sideration of this passage will show how far many of our distinguished actors have departed from the meaning of Shakespeare, when they enter with the stocking rolled half-way down *one leg*. A general neglect of dress and personal appearance is what is implied by the poet.

¹⁶ *I had not quoted him.*

Quoted here means regarded, or observed him.

¹⁷ *To show us so much gentry.*

That is, to show us so much kindness or politeness.

¹⁸ *And here give up ourselves in the full bent.*

With all our ability and power; with the utmost ex- tremity of exertion.

¹⁹ *We coted them on the way.*

To *cote* is to overtake. In *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606:—

Marry, we presently *coted* and outstrip them.

²⁰ *I think their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation.*

Shakespeare makes Hamlet allude to an occurrence which had lately taken place in England. Several com-

NOTES TO HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

panies of actors, in his time, had their permission to act any longer at an established house taken away, in consequence of their practice of introducing personal abuse into their comedies.

²¹ *There is, sir, an airy of children.*

An allusion to the young singing lads of the chapel royal, or St. Paul's, who performed plays, to the detriment of the regular actors. The former are mentioned in a puritanical pamphlet, entitled, *The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt*, 1563:—"Plaics will neuer be suppress while her maiesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish seruice in the deuil's garments," &c. Also, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:—

I saw the children of Powles last night;
And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well;
The apes in time will do it handsomely.

²² *Little eyases, that cry out on the top of question.*

That is, young nestlings—creatures just out of the egg, who cry out or declaim in that high tone of voice usual in children.

²³ *Escoted*, i. e., paid or maintained.

²⁴ *Hercules and his load too.*

Probably an allusion to the Globe playhouse, on the Bankside, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the globe. Shakespeare infers, that the boys carried away much of the patronage of this establishment.

²⁵ *Let me comply with you in this garb.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads—*compliment* with you; but Mr. Steevens says, *comply* is apparently used in the sense of compliment.

²⁶ *For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.*

The law of writ means the rules of writing or composition: *liberty* seems to be here used as freedom, or spirit. Thus the sense is—for the observance of the rules of just composition in their dramas, and the spirit and holdness of these productions, this company of actors are the only, or rather the best men.

²⁷ *As by lot, God wot.*

Hamlet is here repeating passages from old songs, and says Polonius's answer does not follow his last quotation, but the continuation is—*As by lot*, &c. Mr. Steevens says, "The old song from which these quotations are taken I communicated to Dr. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in his second and third editions of his *Reliques of Antient English Poetry*."

²⁸ *By the altitude of a chopine.*

A *chioppin* is a high shoe, or clog, worn by the Italians. The word, says Mr. Malone, ought rather to be written *chapine*, from *chupin*, Spanish, which is defined by Minshew, in his *Spanish Dictionary*, as a high cork sole.

²⁹ *'Twas caviare to the general.*

A preparation of the roes of certain fish, esteemed a great delicacy in Russia, but disliked by the people of this

country. The meaning is, that the play was a luxury, thrown away upon those who had no taste for it.

³⁰ *Marry, this is miching mallecho.*

The word *miching* is still used in the west of England for skulking about for some sinister purpose, and *mallecho*, inaccurately written for *malheco*, signifies mischief, so that *miching mallecho* is mischief, on the watch for opportunity.

³¹ *An anchor's cheer.*

That is, an anchorite's or hermit's cheer. In our early writers, the word was frequently so abbreviated.

³² *The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropicallly.*

He calls the play the *mouse-trap*, because he hopes by it to trap the king into such a show of agitation, as will confirm his guilt. *Tropicallly* is figuratively.

³³ *He likes it not, perdy.*

Perdy is a corruption of *par dieu*, and is not uncommon in our old plays.

³⁴ *To withdraw you.*

This is without meaning as it stands. It should be, *as withdraw you*; or, *so withdraw, will you?*

³⁵ *She be shent*, i. e., reproved harshly.

³⁶ *Look here upon this picture, and on this.*

The introduction of miniatures on the stage in this scene appears to be a modern innovation. They were, no doubt, whole-length paintings in the queen's chamber: this supposition is confirmed by the line,

A *station* like the herald Mercury,

which does not mean the spot where he is placed, but the grace and dignity of his figure in the act of standing.

³⁷ *A vice of kings.*

A low mimick of kings, the *vice* was the tool of the old moralities.

³⁸ *The body is with the king, &c.*

This passage is very obscure, and perhaps intentionally so, designed by Hamlet to maintain the impression of his lunacy. Or it may mean, the body is with the king, that is, with the dead (for the rightful king was dead), while the king (i. e., the usurper) remains here, and is consequently not with the body.

³⁹ ———— *It doth move*

The hearers to collection; they aim at it.

The listeners to the disjointed remarks of Ophelia were induced to collect them together and deduce consequences from them; aim or guess at their meaning.

⁴⁰ *They say the owl was a baker's daughter.*

This is an allusion to a tradition once current in Gloucestershire which is told thus:—Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him: but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece

of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon, the baker's daughter cried out, "Heugh, heugh, heugh," which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour for her wickedness to transform her into that bird. This story, says Mr. Douce, is often related to children, in order to deter them from such illiberal behaviour to poor people.

⁴¹ *By Gis.*

There is no saint of this name in the *Roman Calendar*; the word is probably only a corruption of *Jesus*, the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was set down to denote the sacred name on altars, &c.

⁴² *If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—*

The sentence is broken by the interruption of the other slow, or he probably would have said, *confess thyself, and be hanged, or, confess thyself an ass.*

⁴³ *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*

Unyoke is a phrase borrowed from husbandry, meaning to rest, or give over.

⁴⁴ *In youth, when I did love, did love.*

The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called *The aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who lived in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and who was beheaded in 1547, on a charge of treason.

⁴⁵ *And now, my lady Worm's.*

That is, this scull that was my lord Such-a-one's, is now my lady Worm's.

⁴⁶ *The age is grown so pick'd.*

That is, so quaint, so sharp; a superficial education is so common, that the peasant treads closely on the heels of the courtier.

⁴⁷ *Shards, i. e., broken pots or tiles.*

⁴⁸ *She is allow'd her virgin crants.*

"*Crants*," says Dr. Johnson, "is the German word for garlands, and I suppose it was retained by us from the

Saxons. To carry garlands before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes."

⁴⁹ *I take him to be a soul of great article.*

Probably a soul of great *altitude*; or, it may mean a soul of great comprehension. The meaning is obscure, and the word not well chosen.

⁵⁰ *He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it.*

That is, the extreme of foppish politeness is so innate in him, that even while an infant, he complimented his breast before he sucked it.

⁵¹ *And in the cup an union shall he throw.*

An *union* is a very precious pearl; to swallow a pearl in a draught, was a piece of extravagance not uncommon in ancient times.

⁵² *Occurrents, i. e., incidents.*

⁵³ *Which have excited.*

That is, which have excited or induced. The sentence here terminates abruptly, the prince feeling death upon him: he would probably have added—*which had excited him to the murder of the king, &c.*

⁵⁴ *This quarry cries on havock!*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*eries out havock*; but to cry on was to exclaim against. The same kind of phraseology occurs in *Othello*:—

What noise is this that *cries on murder*?

⁵⁵ *Not from his mouth.*

That is, not from the king's, where they had expected it.

⁵⁶ *Ereunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

This conclusion of the tragedy is far more solemn and effective than the manner in which it is terminated upon the modern stage. Critics were, a few years since, loud in their praises of the solemn and gorgeous picture which a distinguished tragedian and manager produced on the conclusion of *Coriolanus*. Shakespeare evidently intended a similar termination to this sublime effort of his genius.

King Lear.

LEAR is an incorporation of two distinct stories: that of Gloster and his sons (which is an episode not strictly connected with the dotage and death of the aged monarch) is borrowed from *The pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kind Son*, in the second book of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, a work which there is sufficient evidence to prove that Shakespeare had read, if even he could have been supposed ignorant of a production of so much celebrity. That of the aged monarch himself, and his unnatural children, was built upon a relation of the circumstance in *Holinshed's Chronicle*, who, in his turn, copied Geoffrey of Monmouth, who says that Lear was the eldest son of Bladud, that he governed his country for sixty years, and died about eight hundred years before the birth of Christ. Shakespeare, though he doubtless read the *Chronicle* history, probably derived the incidents more immediately from a previous play on the same subject, entitled, *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, which play, although it was republished the same year when Shakespeare produced his *Lear*, appears to have been laid aside in favour of our own poet's later and infinitely superior production. There is also an historical ballad printed without date, and contained in *Percy's Reliques of Antient English Poetry*, which Dr. Johnson considered might have supplied Shakespeare with that part of his fable relating to the king and the ingratitude of his children, but it possesses no particular merit, and it is even doubted whether it was not subsequent to the play, and founded upon it, rather than that it furnished incidents to the poet. The story, however, seems to have been a traditional and popular one, and therefore open both to the ballad-maker and the dramatist.

Shakespeare's play was produced in 1605, or, according to Mr. Donce, in 1604, when the poet was in the very midsummer of existence, and the full maturity of his strength; when his powers of observation had been confirmed by experience; and the spirit of poetry, having gone beyond the beautiful, had ascended to the sublime; for of this tragedy it may be justly said, that the genius of antiquity bows before it, and moderns gaze upon it with awe. It contains so many strongly-drawn characters, so much worldly wisdom, and so many passages of an exquisite and sublime poetry, that it would seem as if the bard had, in the production of it, attempted to dazzle and confuse the minds of men with floods of mental beauty.

Some critics, amongst whom was Doctor Johnson, contended that the termination was too tragical for endurance, and that poetical justice was violated by the ultimate death of Lear and his daughter Cordelia; the sublime tragedy of Shakespeare was therefore banished from the stage, and Tate's corrupt version, in which the scenes are most unnecessarily transposed, altered, and interspersed with silly bombast, and vapid puerility, was substituted in its stead; Lear was saved, and Cordelia retired with victory and happiness. A modern critic in allusion to this, exclaims: "a happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that he had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation? why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station, as if at his years and with his experience, anything was left but to die." Tate also cut out of his adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy the character of the Fool; which was much the same as if some modern dauber should paint out the sunlight from a landscape of Claude's.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 6; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

KING OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

EARL OF KENT.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 3.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2.

EDGAR, *Son to Gloucester.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloucester.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8.

CURAN, *a Courtier.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6.

FOOL, *in the service of Lear.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. sc. 6.

OLD MAN, *a Tenant of Gloucester's.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PHYSICIAN.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 7.

GENTLEMAN, *Attendant on Cordelia.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 8; sc. 6; sc. 7.

AN OFFICER, *employed by Edmund.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A HERALD.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

GONERIL, *eldest Daughter of the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8.

REGAN, *the second Daughter of the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8.

CORDELIA, *Lear's youngest Daughter.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2 sc. 3.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messenger Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE,—BRITAIN.

King Lear.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.¹

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again;—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound w. thin.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLO. and EDM.*]

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge.—

Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be
silent. [*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sesses;²

And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot leave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech
a little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I

Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy
dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege, —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my
sight!— [*To Cor.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness hon-
our's loud,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant!

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency make good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day follow-
ing,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,

The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter.
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[To Cor.]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REG. and GON.]

That good effects may spring from words of
love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[Exit.]

Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and
Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: What, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy.
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so:
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To FRANCE.]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that gift and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend

I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, or other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BUR., COR.,
ALB., GLO., and ATTEND.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and COR.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think,
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is;
the observation we have made of it hath not been
little: he always loved our sister most; and with
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off,
appears too grossly.

Reg. 'T is the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law My services are bound: Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom; and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the Letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,
EDGAR.

Humph—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrat, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.⁴

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction: there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty

of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasior of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heart of his displeasure; which at this instant se rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDG.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That set us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen
abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam
Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows
so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my
sister,

To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd
Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
demn'd,

(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. *Enter* LEAR, Knights, and
Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go,
get it ready. [*Exit an* Attend.] How now, what
art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst
thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem;
to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to
love him that is honest; to converse with him
that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to
fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.⁵

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor
as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is
for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst
thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your coun-
tenance, which I would fair call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, march a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,— *[Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is: but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have perceived as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, youascal? *[Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. *[Tripping up his Heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. *[Pushes the Stew. out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[Giving KENT Money]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. *[Giving KENT his Ccp.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest.

Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,^s
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[*To KENT.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me,—
 Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool
 Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't:^s and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy gold: a one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [*Singing.*]
 For wise men are grown foppish;
 And know not how their wits to wear,
 Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing*]
 And I for sorrow sung,
 That such a king should play bo peep,
 And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*To GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
 Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peasecod. [*Pointing to LEAR.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
 But other of your insolent retinue
 Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
 In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
 I had thought, by making this well known unto
 you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
 That you protect this course, and put it on
 By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
 Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep
 Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
 Might in their working do you that offence,
 Which else were shame, that then necessity
 Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So out went the candle, and we were left dark-
ling.¹⁰

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use
of that good wisdom whereof I know you are
fraught; and put away these dispositions, which
of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws
the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.¹¹

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why, this
is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus?
Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens,
or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or
waking?—Ha! sure 't is not so.—Who is it that
can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would
learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty,
knowledge, and reason, I should be false per-
suaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and 'squires;
Men so disordered, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn; epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth
speak

For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,¹²
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disor-
der'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are
you come?
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Is it your will? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare
my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!¹³

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Gon.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of
nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature,
hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause:
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus: [*To Gon.*]

That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and ATTEND.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A
hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear:

And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no,
my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot
tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then——

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these let-
ters: acquaint my daughter no further with any
thing you know, than comes from her demand out
of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I
shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have de-
livered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't
not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall
not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use
thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a
crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does
to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands
i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his
nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may
spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail
has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it
away to his daughters, and leave his horns with-
out a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a fa-
ther!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce.—Monster in-gratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.¹⁴

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy question,¹⁵ Which I must act:—Briefness and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;

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Intelligence is given where you are hid;

You have now the good advantage of the night:— Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the maste, And Regan with him: Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:— In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:— Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—

Fly, brother!—Torches! torches!—So, farewell,— [*Exit EDM.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Lock, sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means
 he could—
Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after—[*Exit Serv.*
 By no means,—what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lord-
 ship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
 Spcke, with how manifold and strong a bond
 The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
 Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
 To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
 With his prepared sword, he charges home
 My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
 But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
 Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
 Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
 And found, despatched.—The noble duke my
 master,
 My worthy arch¹⁶ and patron, comes to-night:
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
 He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
 "Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
 (As this I would; ay, though thou did'st produce
 My very character,¹⁷) I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom

May have due note of him; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
 hither,
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange
 news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my
 lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is
 crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your
 life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
 knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
 It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, yes, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill af-
 fected;

'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
 To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
 I have this present evening from my sister
 Been well inform'd of them; and with such cau-
 tions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
 I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
 Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
 A child-like office.

Edm. 'T was my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
 This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
 Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
 How in my strength you please.—For you, Ed-
 mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
 So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
 Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
 You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messen-
gers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Finsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two days ago, since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the

king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sep' o' the moonshine of you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?
Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinsic t' unloose: smooth every
passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.¹³

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his,
or hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Thau twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flat-
terer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent,
was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not
be, though I should win your displeasure to en-
treat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,

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To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend brag-
gart,

We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king:
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till
noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the
stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correc-
tion

Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*KENT is put in the Stocks*
Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exit REG. and CORN.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the duko's
pleasure.

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Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 't will be ill
taken. [*Erit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the com-
mon saw!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery;—I know, 't is from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:—All weary and o'er-
watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel! [*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.—*A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,¹⁹ sometime with
prayers.

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor
Tom!

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Erit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'T is strange, that they should so depart
from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears,
by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by
the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then
he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't;

They could not, would not do 't; 't is worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this
usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,

They summon'd up their meiny,²⁰ straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother²¹ swells up toward
my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Erit.*]

Gent. Made you no more offence than what
you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a
train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set 'i' the stocks for
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no labouring in the winter.
All that follow their noses are led by their eyes,
but blind men; and there's not a nose among
twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let
go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a
hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but
the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw
thee after. When a wise man gives thee better
counsel, give me mine again. I would have none
but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick
they are weary?

They have travelled hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke,
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his
wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them
so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand
me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and
blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke,
that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
selves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! where-
fore [*Looking on KENT.*]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with
them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear
me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—"Sleep to death."

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to
the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive;
she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and
cry'd, "Down, wantons, down:" 'T was her brother,
that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered
his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what
reason

I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultrous.—O, are you free?

[*To* KENT.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,

[*Kneeling.*]

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blind-
ing flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse;

Thy tender-hearted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose
[*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that!

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou did'st not know of it.—Who comes here
O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!—

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[To Gon.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have
I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [Looking on the Steward.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—

But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'T is hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd
to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well
favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the
worst,

Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;
[To Gon.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beg-
gars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need.—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOS., KENT, and FOOL.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'T is his own blame; he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is re-
turn'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads
himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild
night;

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

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The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,²²

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-
jest

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
wall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great stars

Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;

Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard reiu which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this seatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more
to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which
your pain
That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Heath. Storm
continues.*

Enter LEAR and FOOL.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water²³ in a dry
house is better than this rain-water out o' door
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing;
here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout,
rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in,
has a good head-piece.

The eod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake—

For there was never yet fair woman, but she made
months in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a eod-piece,
that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was
man.

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Clese peni- p
guits,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tem-
pest.

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 't is rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fel-
low?

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel,

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to
this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanderers do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this un-
natural dealing: When I desired their leave that
I might pity him, they took from me the use of
mine own house; charged me, on pain of their
perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him,
entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is di-
vision between the dukes; and a worse matter
than that: I have received a letter this night;—
't is dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the
letter in my closet: these injuries the king now
bears will be revenged home; there is part of a
power already footed: we must incline to the
king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him:
go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my
charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me,
I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no
less is threatened me, the king my old master
must be relieved. There is some strange thing
toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my
lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

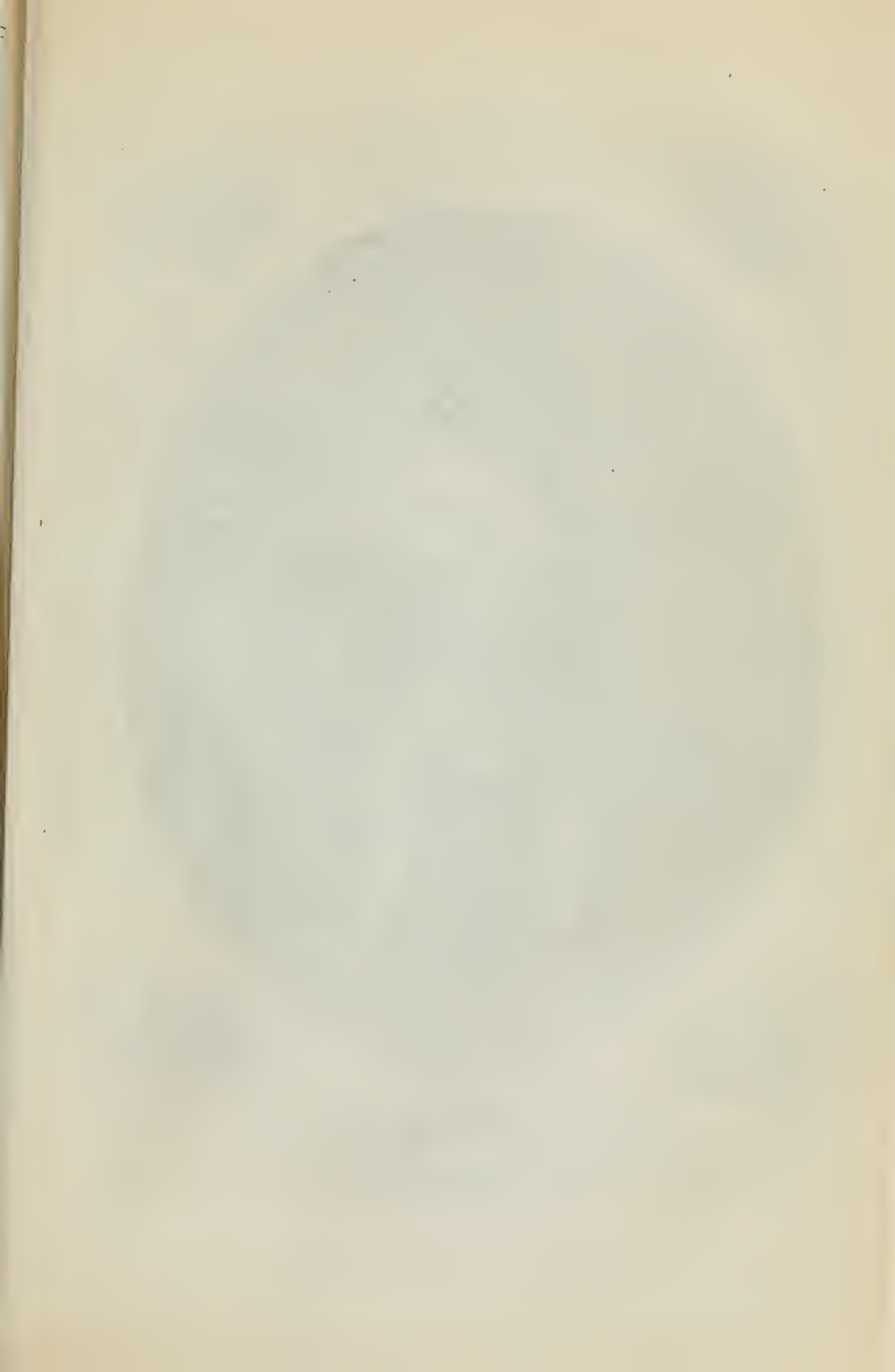
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my
lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this con-
tentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,







St. Clement as Edgum.

Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own
ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You house-
less poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and
half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
i' the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold
wind.—

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom?

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whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over
bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under
his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane
by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to
ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched
bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—
Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do
de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some chari-
ty, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I
have him now,—and there,—and there,—and
there again, and there. [*Storm continues*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him
to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give
them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendu-
lous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daugh-
ters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have sub-
du'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools
and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy
parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; com-
mit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy
sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind;
that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap,²⁴
served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the
act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths
as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet
face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving
of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply;
dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the
Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand:
Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness,
dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creak-
ing of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy

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poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says sunn, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by. [*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—

[*Tearing off his Clothes.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,^s squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

[*Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.*]

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impörtune him once more to go, my lord,

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in ail.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him!

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words :

Push.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, feh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death ; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just ! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens ! that this treason were not, or not I the detector !

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee ; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air ; take it thankfully : I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can : I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience :—The gods reward your kindness !

[*Exit GLO.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me ; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman ?

Lear. A king, a king !

Fool. No ; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son ; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hizzing in upon them :—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,²⁵ a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight :—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;—

[*To Edg.*]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now, you she foxes !—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares !—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?

Come o'er the honrn, Bessy, to me ;²⁷

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amaz'd :

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first :—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;—

[*To Edg.*]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.* Bench by his side :—You are of the commission, Sit you too. [*To KENT.*]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?
Thy sheep be in the corn ;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur ! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first ; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress : Is your name Goneril ?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks
proclaim:

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her
there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at
me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
Araunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do le, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes
and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy
horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see
what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause
in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You,
sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only,
I do not like the fashion of your garments: you
will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be
changed. [*To Edg.*]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest
awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw
the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the
morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king
my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits
are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy
arms;

I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt
meet

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Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
master:

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy
master;

Thou must not stay behind. [*To the FOOL.*
Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLO., and the FOOL, bear-
ing off the King.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the
king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband:
show him this letter:—the army of France is
landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Serv.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,
keep you our sister company; the revenges we
are bound to take upon your traitorous father,
are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke,
where you are going, to a most festinate prepara-
tion; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall
be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell,
dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questerists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they
boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Gon. and Em.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou
shalt find— [*Reg. plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with
the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the luna-
tic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first an-
swer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand
the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old
heart,

He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, "Good porter, turn the
key;"

All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold
the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Glo. is held down in his Chair, while*

*CORN. plucks out one of his Eyes,
and sets his Foot on it.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!²⁸ [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance
of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORN. is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Serv*
A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind,
and stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [Dies.
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
[Tears out GLOSTER'S other Eye, and throws it on the Ground.
Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.
[Exit CORN., led by REG.; Servants unbina GLOS., and lead him out.
1st Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.
2nd Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
1st Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.
2nd Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[Exeunt severally

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be condemn'd,²⁹
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.
My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

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Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.
Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 't is seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!
Old Man. How now? Who's there!
Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is 't can say, "I am at the worst?"
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'T is poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since;

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*—Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I
have,

Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it
further.³⁰ [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good
wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend!
Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of
ust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumb-
ness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and
Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who
since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.³¹ So bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly.
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know
Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting
them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man se
chang'd:

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's
treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to
him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To EDM.*]

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the
way,

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a Favour.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
[*Exit Edm.*

O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit Stew.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile:

Filths savour but themselves. What have you
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'T will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not
know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum?

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France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
"Alack! why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,

You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O, poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'T is from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take
his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd
against him:

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'd'st the king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend; Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, Which since his coming forth is thought of; which

Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, That his personal return was most required, And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The mareschal of France, monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears Were like a better day: Those happy smiles, That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice, she heav'd the name of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;

Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?

Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

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And clamour moister'd: then away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;

Else one self mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distress'd Lear is i' the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go

Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 't is he; why, he was met even now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;

Crown'd with rank fumiter,³² and furrow weeds,

With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown field,

And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—

What can man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,

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Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'T is known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself
In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with
us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you

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Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her hus-
band;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads,³³ and most speaking
looks

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know
it:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;

And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I
would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a
Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look how we
labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow im-
perfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
in better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and chonghs, that wing the midway air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and you' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in 't, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he
thought,

By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossamer,
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn:

Look up a height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—So;—How is 't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his
eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea;³⁷
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
"Enough, enough," and, "die." That thing you
speak of,

I took it for a man: often 't would say,
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But
who comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with Flowers

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—
There's your press-money. That fellow handles
his bow like a crow-keeper:³⁸ draw me a clothier's
yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this

piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!³⁶—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 't is a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—
"Adultery?"—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does leecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse,³⁷ goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's
darkness,

there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
world

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Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know
me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind
Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge;
mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see
one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes
in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light:
Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how
this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine
ears: see how yon' justice rails upon you' simple
thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; aud,
handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
thief!—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a
beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
There thou might'st behold the great image of
authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

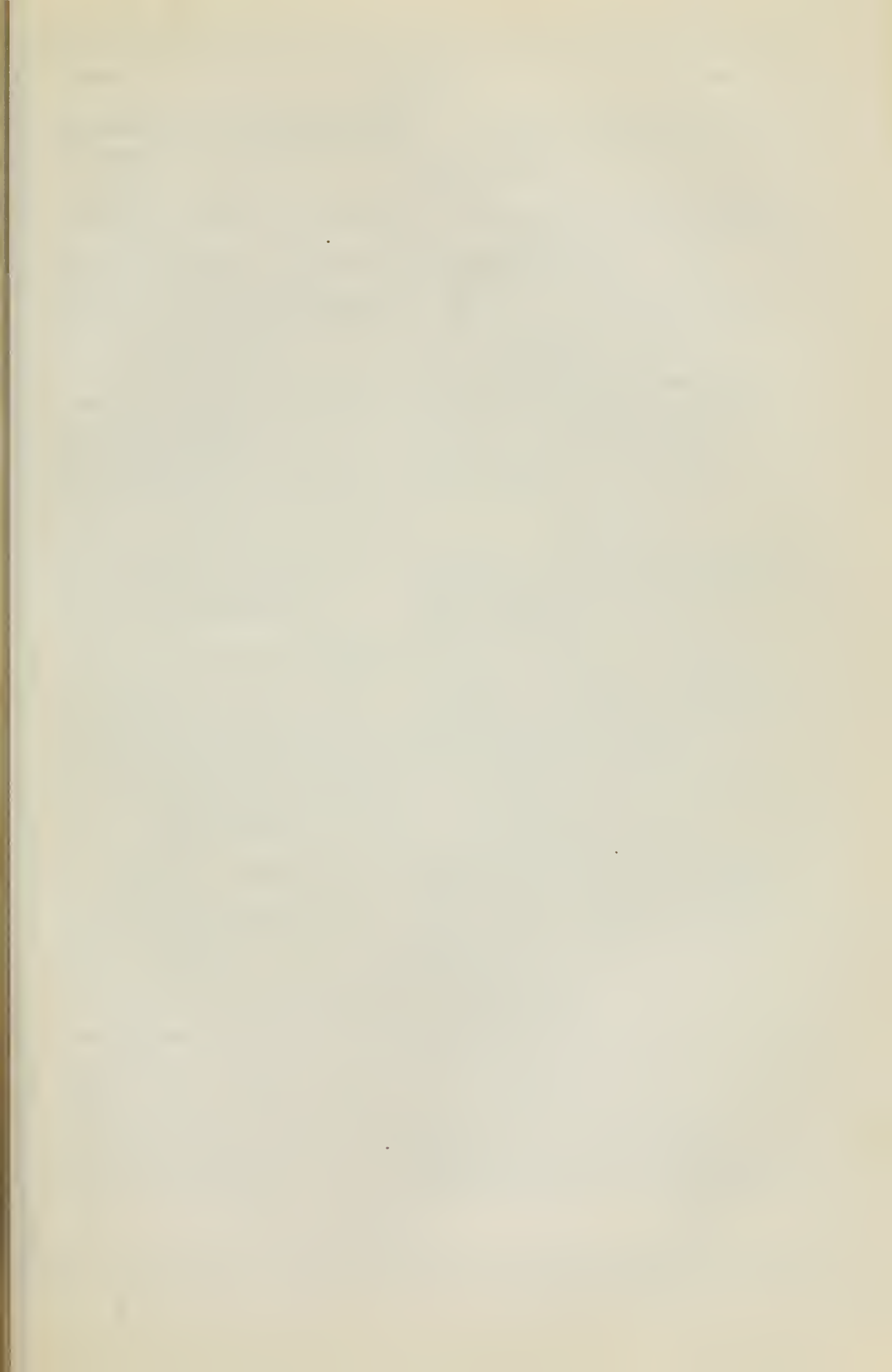
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now,
now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my
eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.



Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark
me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come

To this great stage of fools;—'T is a good plot:
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof,
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom:
What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get
it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attend. follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch;

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle to-
ward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,

How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main
descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause
is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by for-
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edg. opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without further 'ca-
sion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd
out of my life, 't would not ha' been so long as
't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old
man; keep out, che vor'ye,³⁸ or ise try whether
your costard or my bat be the harder: Ch'ill be
plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no
matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and Edg. knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take
my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmnd earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death

[*Dis.*]

Edg. I know thee well · A serviceable villain ;
As dutious to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—
Let 's see his pockets : these letters that he speaks
of,
May be my friends.—He 's dead ; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see :—
Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :
To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their
hearts ;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off : if your will
want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There
is nothing done, if he return the conqueror : Then am I
the prisoner, and his bed my gaol ; from the loathed warin'th
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your wife (so I would say), and your
affectionate servant,

GENERIL

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;
And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the
sands,

Thee I 'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers : and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke : For him 't is well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDG., dragging out the body.*]

Glo. The king is mad : How stiff is my vile
sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :
So should my thoughts be severed from my
griefs ;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I 'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A tent in the French Camp.* LEAR
on a bed, asleep ; Physician, Gentleman, and
Others, attending.

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,
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To match thy goodness ? My life will be too
short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited :⁵⁹
These weeds are memories of those worsor hours ;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam ;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does
the king ? [To the Phys.]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father !

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king ? he hath slept
long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and pro-
ceed
I the sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

Gent. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of his
sleep,

We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him ;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the
music there.

Cor. O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess.

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds ?

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch (poor perdu !)
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire ; And wast thou fain, poor
father.

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to
him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you
die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He 's scarce awake; let him alone
awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—
Fair day-light?

I am mightily abus'd.⁴⁰—I should even die with
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let 's
see;

I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this
man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at
me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, COR., *Phys.*, and *Attend.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent

In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'T is time to look about; the powers o' the king-
dom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;

Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way

To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been con-
junct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that
sister

Should loosen him and me. [Aside.]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—

Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daugh-
ter,

With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

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Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'T is most convenient; pray you, go with
us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [Aside.] I will
go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man
so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exit EDM., REG., GON., Offi., Sold., and
Attend.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your
powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces,

By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;
 Each jealous of the other, as the stung
 Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
 Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
 If both remain alive: To take the widow,
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
 And hardly shall I carry out my side,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being
 done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy-taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours,
 LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good host; pray that the right may
 thrive:
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
 [*Exit EDG.*]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
 Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even
 here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
 endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
 Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours,
 EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners;
 Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good
 guard;

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Until their greater pleasures first be known
 That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
 Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
 For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
 Myself could else out-frown false fortune's
 frown.—

Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
 prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
 down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
 too,—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's
 out;—

And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
 thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from
 heaven,

And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
 The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them
 starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and COR., guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
 Take thou this note; [*Giving a Paper.*] go, fol-
 low them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword:—Thy great employ-
 ment

Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou
 hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

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Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats ;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Off.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,
And fortune led you well : You have the cap-
tives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife :
We do require them of you ; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen ;

My reason all the same ; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed : the friend hath lost his
friend ;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are enrs'd
By those that feel their sharpness :—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Nethinks, our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
Bore the commission of my place and person ;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should an-
swer

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From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [*To EDM.*]

Alb. Stay yet ; hear reason :—Edmund, I ar-
rest thee

On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent ; [*Pointing to GON.*]—for
your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude !

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster :—Let the trum-
pet sound :

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge ; [*Throwing down a Glove.*]

I'll make good on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick !

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange ; [*Throwing down
a Glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :

Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho !

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald !

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy sol-
diers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well ; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REG., led.*]
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds*]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound. [1st Trumpet.

Her Again. [2nd Trumpet.

Her Again. [3rd Trumpet.

[Trumpet answers within.

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you? Your name, your quality? and why you answer This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost; By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit: Yet am I noble, as the adversary I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father:
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[Alarums. They fight. EDM. falls.

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to
answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Gives the letter to EDM.

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit GON.

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern
her. [To an Officer, who goes out.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that
have I done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it
out;

'T is past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund:
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,

I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief
tale;—

And, when 't is told, O, that my heart would
burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
 Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
 Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
 That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost; became his
 guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
 spair;
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd.
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
 (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
 For I am almost ready to dissolve.
 Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity.
 Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
 Who having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
 And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in dis-
 guise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'T is hot, it smokes;
 It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
 By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
 Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
 dead!—

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
 tremble,
 Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gent.*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! is this he?
 The time will not allow the compliment,
 Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
 To bid my king and master aye good night;
 Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
 Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
 Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The Bodies of GON. and REG. are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
 The one the other poison'd for my sake,
 And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
 Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
 Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
 Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
 Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?
 send
 Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
 Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDM.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and
 me
 To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
 To lay the blame upon her own despair,
 That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
 awhile. [*EDM. is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, OFFICER, and Others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O you are
 men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is
gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?⁴²

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for
ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same:

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and
rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and
decay,

Have followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edu und is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be applied: For us we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[*To EDG. and KENT.*]

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,
no, life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come
no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there! [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present busi-
ness

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDG.*]

Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*]

NOTES TO KING LEAR.

¹ *Being so proper*, i. e., handsome.

Which the most precious square of sense possesses.

Square of sense is full compass or comprehension of the senses.

² *Subscrib'd his power.*

That is, he has transferred his power by subscribing a deed to that effect.

³ *I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.*

I would give my estate to be convinced either of his guilt or his innocence.

⁴ *And to eat no fish.*

Shakespeare gives to all ages and countries the customs of his own; in his time, for a man to say he "ate no fish," was equivalent to saying that he was a Protestant, and a friend to the government.

⁵ *Which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity.*

That is, as an over-jealous exaction of attention on my part, a punctilious jealousy resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity.

⁶ *When lady the brach.*

Brach is a bitch of the hunting kind, and *lady* is a common name for a hound. Thus, Hotspur says,

I had rather hear *lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

⁷ *Learn more than thou trowest.*

To *trow*, is an old word signifying to believe.

⁸ *If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't.*

A satire on the avarice of the courtiers of Shakespeare's time, who lent their assistance in obtaining patents, on agreement of their receiving a share of its profits. So, in Decker's *Match Me in London*, 1631, "Give him a court loaf, stop his mouth with a monopoly."

⁹ *So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.*

This line is, no doubt, a fragment of some old song:

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Sir Joshua Reynolds says, that though the Fools of the time from whom Shakespeare copied his, "were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary, to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air: we may suppose, therefore, that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech, by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakespeare often finishes this fool's speeches."

¹⁰ *Whoop Jug! I love thee.*

This also, as Mr. Steevens says, is a quotation from the burden of an old song.

¹¹ *And the remainder that shall still depend.*

That shall still depend upon you, continue in your service.

¹² *Than the sea-monster.*

Mr. Upton says, that by the sea-monster is meant the Hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude.

¹³ *Unless things be cut shorter.*

"This idle couplet," says Mr. Steevens, "is apparently addressed to the females present at the performance of the play; and, not improbably, crept into the playhouse copy from the mouth of some buffoon actor, who 'spoke more than was set down for him.'"

¹⁴ *And I have one thing, of a queasy question.*

That is, something of a delicate, unsettled, and auspicious nature.

¹⁵ *My worthy arch.*

That is, worthy chief; the word is now only used in conjunction with some other, as arch-angel, arch-duke.

¹⁷ ——— *Though thou didst produce
My very character.*

Though you produced my own handwriting against me.

¹⁸ *I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.*

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors where great quantities of geese are bred.

¹⁹ *Lunatic bans*, i. e., Innstio ourees.

²⁰ *Meiny*, i. e., people.

²¹ *O, how this mother.*

The *mother*, or *hysterica passio*, was, in Shakespeare's time, regarded as not peculiar to women.

²² *This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch.*

The *cub-drawn bear*, is the she-bear sucked dry by her cubs; the storm was such, that even hunger and natural affection could not induce the animal to go forth in it.

²³ *Court holy-water.*

Court holy-water is defined by Ray, in his *Proverbial Phrases*, to mean fair words, flattering speeches.

²⁴ *Wore gloves in my cap.*

That is, his mistress's favours, according to the fashion of the times. It was anciently the custom to wear gloves in the hat on three different occasions, viz. :—as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy.

²⁵ *Gives the web and the pin.*

The *web* and the *pin* were vulgar names for certain diseases of the eye.

²⁶ *A horse's health.*

We should read *heels*—trust not a horse's heels: *health* in this sentence, has little or no meaning.

²⁷ *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.*

Both the quartos and the folio read—*o'er the broome*. The correction was supplied by Mr. Steevens. A *ourn*, in the north, signifies a rivulet, or brook.

²⁸ *My villain.*

Villain is here used in its original sense of servant.

²⁹ *Yet teller thus, and known to be contemn'd.*

This *ino* is obscure. Should it not be—*unknown* to be contemn'd.

³⁰ *I cannot doubt it further.*

That is, I cannot dissemble or disguise myself further.

³¹ *Who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*

Shakespeare has, in this play, several times alluded to a work published in 1603, and at that time the subject of

general conversation. It was called, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c.* The substance of it was this:—While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the Jesuits were busy to promote it by making converts; and one method which they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts among the common people. The principal farce of this kind was acted in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, where three chamber-maids came into the priests' hands for cure. But the discipline was so long and severe, that the plot was discovered, and the contrivers of it very justly punished. The devils mentioned in the text are the names of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*, and they were generally so ridiculously named, that Dr. Harsnet, the author of the report, says, "you mistake them for the names of tapsters and jugglers."

³² *Crown'd with rank fumiter.*

Fumitory. By the old herbalists written *fumittery*.

³³ *She gave strange willards.*

Willade is from the French—a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

³⁴ *Horns whelk'd and waw'd like the enridged sea.*

Whelk'd signifies varied with protuberances, according to Mr. Steevens; but Mr. Malone says it means twisted, convolved, after the manner of the shell of the *welk*, or whilk.

³⁵ *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*

Pope, in his last edition, reads *cow-keeper*, but it would seem that *crow-keeper* was the proper word, as in some counties they still call a stuffed figure set up in a field, to keep the birds from the corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*.

³⁶ *Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!*

Thus the folio; the quarto reads—"Ha! Goneril; ha! Regan," &c. This latter reading has been adopted by several editors, as the sense then appears to be improved; but we are not to look for sense and connexion in the abrupt utterances of madness.

³⁷ *The fitchew, nor the soiled horse.*

The *fitchew* is another name for the pole-cat; a *soiled horse* is a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass. This makes him full of strength and spirit.

³⁸ *Keep out, che vor'ye.*

That is, I warn you. Edgar counterfeits the west-of-England dialect.

³⁹ *Be better suited.*

That is, be better dressed, give up this disguise.

NOTES TO KING LEAR.

"I am mightily abused.

That is, strangely deceived by appearances; in a mist of uncertainty.

"Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

According to the old historians, Cordelia retired with victory from the battle, and replaced her aged father upon the throne; but in a subsequent one, fought after the death of the old king, she was defeated by the sons of Gonoril and Regan and being taken, died in prison; or, according to Geoffry of Monmouth, there destroyed her-

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self. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after.

*"————— Is this the promised end
Or image of that horror?"*

By *the promised end*, is not meant the conclusion which their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. Kent, contemplating the terrible and unnatural events of the tragedy, inquires whether they are but heralds of the final destruction of all things, to which Edgar adds—or only a resemblance of that horror.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

SHAKESPEARE took the hint for this tragedy from a story in the *Hecatombithi* of Gualdi Cinthio, the Italian novelist, of which, however, no translation of the time of our poet has been discovered. The story by Cinthio is very short, the characters consisting only of the Moor, Desdemona, the lieutenant, the ensign, and the wife of the latter; none of them being called by their names, except the unfortunate victim of treachery and jealousy. The incidents also are dissimilar in many respects, especially in regard to the death of Desdemona, who is murdered in a manner so revolting that the good taste of Shakespeare instantly discarded it. She is beaten to death by the ensign with a stocking filled with sand, the Moor countenancing this savage murder by his presence. Then placing her in bed, they pull down the rafters of the room upon it, and the Moor calls for help, saying the house is falling. The neighbours on this alarm running there, find Desdemona dead under the beams, and her decease is attributed to accident, and not to design. "But," says the novelist, "God, who is a just observer of the hearts of men, suffered not so great a crime to pass without the punishment that was due to it." The Moor becomes deranged in his mind, and hating the ensign for the part he took against his wife, degrades him from his commission, upon which the latter accuses him of the murder of Desdemona, and the general is subjected to the rack, and then condemned to exile, "in which," says the narrator, "he was afterwards killed, as he deserved to be, by his wife's relations." The ensign escaped for a time, but being arrested for some other crime, he also was put to the torture, and racked so severely that he died in consequence.

Such are the bare and rude materials (possessing no further interest or literary merit than a modern newspaper narrative of murder) upon which our poet has founded his great tragedy, which Mr. Douce contends is inferior "in point of originality and poetic wealth to *Macbeth*, to *Lear*, to *Hamlet*, and *The Tempest*." Its inferiority in point of *originality* cannot be admitted; Shakespeare's obligation to Cinthio is so very trifling as to be unworthy of record, if it were not interesting to know from what seed in the garden of fiction so great and noble a tree as *Othello* was generated. To carry out the comparison, it reminds us of the mustard seed in the parable, which is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it becometh a great tree, and the fowls of the air lodge in the branches. This tragedy may be inferior in mere poetry to all the plays just enumerated, but in the delineation of the sublime energy of passion it is superior to them all, except *Lear*, and our compassion for Othello is even greater than that which we entertain for the aged monarch.

This tragedy is attributed by Mr. Malone to the year 1611, but on very slender grounds, with which he professes himself to be dissatisfied; but there is no doubt that it was one of Shakespeare's latest productions.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

OTHER SENATORS.

Appear, Act I. sc. 3.

GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OTHELLO, *a Moor, General of the Venetian Forces.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

IAGO, *his Ancient.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

RODERIGO, *a simple Venetian Gentleman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

CLOWN, *in the service of Othello.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

HERALD.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

EMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BIANGA, *a Courtezan.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—*For the First Act in VENICE; during the rest of the Play at a Seaport in CYPRUS.*

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; “for, certes,” says he,
“I have already chosee my officer.”

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife!
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election:

And I.—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,

At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and
calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 't is the curse o
service;

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, train'd in forms and usages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have
lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips
owe,³

If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen;
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire
yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio,
ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame,
put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I: What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

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Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in mad-
ness,

Being full of supper, and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange.⁴

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because
we come to do you service, you think we are ruf-
fians: You'll have your daughter covered with a
Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh
to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and
geunets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making the
beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I be-
seech you,

If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,⁵
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs:
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the seuse of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence;
Your daughter,—if you have not given her
leave,—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheedling stranger,

Of here and everywhere : Straight satisfy your-
self :

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !
Give me a taper ;—call up all my people :—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already :—

Light, I say ! light ! *[Exit, from above.]*

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their
souls,

Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business : in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[Exit.]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with
Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ?—O, unhappy girl !—
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a
father ?—

How didst thou know 't was she ?—O, thou de-
ceiv'st me
Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get
more tapers ;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think
you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven !—How got she out ?—O trea-
son of the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

By what you see them act.—Are there not
charms,

By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abus'd ? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir ; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had
had her !—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think, I can discover him ; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call ;

I may command at most :—Get weapons, ho !
And raise some special officers of night.—

On, good Roderigo ;—I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service : Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the
ribs.

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,

That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married ? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico is much beloved ;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's ;⁶ he will divorce you ;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite :

My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege ; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted,⁷ to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd : For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition⁸
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights come
yonder ?

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with Torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends :
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found ;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general ;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;
It is a business of some heat : the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels ;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly
call'd for ;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Erit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carack ;

If it prove a lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who ?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night, with Torches and Weapons.

Iago. It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola ! stand there !

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief !

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy ;

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled dearlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou : to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul
charms ;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or min-
erals,

That waken motion :—I'll have it disputed on

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—

Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest :

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison : till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state,

To bring me to him ?

Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior,

The duke's in council ; and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council.

In this time o' the night !—Bring him away :

Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong, as 't were their own

For if such actions may have passage free,

Bond-slaves, and pagans,² shall our statesmen be

[*Ereunt*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council-Chamber.*

The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a Table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition¹⁰ in these news, That gives them credit.

1st Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned; My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2nd Sen. And mine, two hundred: But though they jump not on a just account, (As in these cases, where the aim reports, 'T is oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment; I do not so secure me in the error, But the main article I do approve In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state, By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1st Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant, To keep us in false gaze: When we consider The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk; And let ourselves again but understand, That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes, So may he with more facile question bear it, For that it stands not in such warlike brace,¹¹ But altogether lacks the abilities That Rhodes is dress'd in;—if we make thought of this,

We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful, To leave that latest which concerns him first; Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain, To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious, Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1st Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano, Your trusty and most valiant servitor, With his free duty recommends you thus, And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is certain then for Cyprus.— Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1st Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste; despatch.

1st Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you¹²

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To BRA.*

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business, Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature, That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows, And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks: For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense, Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,

And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,

After your own sense; yea, though our proper son Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor: whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [To OTH.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her.
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself: And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1st Sen. But, Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,¹³

And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know
the place,—

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:¹⁴
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.¹⁵ These things
to hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently:¹⁶ I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
strange;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she
 thank'd me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I
 spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—

Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
 If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress ;

Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you, I am bound for life, and education ;
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my
 husband ;

And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done :—
 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
 Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee, that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself;¹⁷ and lay a
 sentence,

Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
 But seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
 thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he
 hears :

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
 But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the
 ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
 state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
 makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude
 of the place is best known to you: And though
 we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency,
 yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects,
 throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore
 be content to slubber the gloss of your new
 fortunes¹⁸ with this more stubborn and boisterous
 expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize¹⁹
 A natural and prompt alacrity,
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
 Due reverence of place, and exhibition ;
 With such accommodation, and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
 Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;

And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist in simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes²⁰
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord.
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:—'beseech you, let her
will

Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,²¹
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—
haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-
night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine of the morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall
think

To be sent after me

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Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To BRA.*

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1st Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona
well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to
see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a
torment: and then have we a prescription to die,
when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years!²² and since I
could distinguish between a benefit and an injury,
I never found a man that knew how to love him-
self. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for
the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my
humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my
shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to
amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 't is in ourselves, that
we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gar-
dens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so
that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set
hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one
gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either
to have it steril with idleness, or manured with
industry; why, the power and corrigible authority
of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our
lives had not one scale of reason to poise another
of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures
would conduct us to most preposterous conclu-
sions: But we have reason to cool our raging

motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;²³ I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,²⁴ shall be to him shortly as bitter as colicquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money;—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted;

thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [Exit Rod.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.

I have't—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.
A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1st Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2nd Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they hear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3rd Gent. News, lads! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3rd Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 't is a worthy governor.

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3rd Gent. But this same Cassio,—though to speak of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3rd Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.²⁵

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4th Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o
the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2nd Gent. They do discharge their shots of
courtesy: [*Guns heard*
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who't is that is arriv'd.

2nd Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid

That paragons description, and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has
put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2nd Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy
speed :

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—

Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,

As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting go safely by

The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,

A se'ennight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath ;

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,

Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,

And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,

Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.*]

2nd Gent. They give their greeting to the
citadel;

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.— [*Exit Gent.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome:—Welcome, mis-
tress:— [*To EMIL.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out
of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slauderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to
the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit.

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud; Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud; Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay; Fled from her wish, and yet said—"now I may;" She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh, Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly; She that in wisdom never was so frail, To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail; She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind, See suitors following, and not look behind; She was a wight—if ever such wight were——

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content, To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death, And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,

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Olympus high; and duck again as low As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute, That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid, But that our loves and comforts should increase, Even as our days go grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content, It stops me here; it is too much of joy: And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music, As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.— News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?— Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus, I have found great love amongst them. O sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts.—I prythee, good Iago, Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers: Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DES., and Atten.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years,

manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you

have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards, And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife: Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd: Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celo-

bration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To DES.*]

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DES., and Attendants.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to night, good Iago; I have very

poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit* CAS.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out, To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch: Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle,— Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle:—But here they come: If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sings.*]

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys. [*Wine brought in.*]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,— Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit ROD.*]

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island.
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within.*]—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.²⁵

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking ROD*]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant,
[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*]

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to ROD., who goes out.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*]

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—
he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, mas-
ters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now,
even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lest
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now of-
fends me;—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general,
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue;
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them
best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting: Come away
to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.²

[To MON., who is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distract-
ed.—

Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CAS.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal
part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—
My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you
had received some bodily wound; there is more
offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation
is an idle and most false imposition; oft got
without merit, and lost without deserving: You
have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute
yourself such a loser. What, man! there are
ways to recover the general again: You are but
now cast in his mood, a punishment more in
policy than in malice; even so as one would beat
his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion:
sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than
to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so
drunken, and so indiscreet an office. Drunk? and
speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear?
and discourse fustain with one's own shadow?—
O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no
name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with
your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing
distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O,
that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
to steal away their brains! that we should, with
joy revel, pleasure, and applause, transform our-
selves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough:
How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to
give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness
shows me another, to make me frankly despise
myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: As

the time, the place, and the condition of this
country stands, I could heartily wish this had not
befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your
own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he
shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many
months as Hydra, such an answer would stop
them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a
fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every
inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is
a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar
creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more
against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you
think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at
some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.
Our general's wife is now the general;—I may
say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted
and given up himself to the contemplation, mark,
and denotement of her parts and graces: confess
yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll
help to put you in your place again: she is of so
free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that
she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do
more than she is requested: This broken joint,
between you and her husband, entreat her to
splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth
naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger
than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and
honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the
morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona
to undertake for me: I am desperate of my for-
tunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieuten-
ant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit CAS.*]

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play
the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal²⁸ to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements.²⁹ And then for her
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his bap-
tism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repels him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Rode-
rigo?

Enter RODRIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a
hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.
My money is almost spent; I have been to-night
exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue
will be—I shall have so much experience for my

pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little
more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not pa-
tience!—

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witch-
craft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd
Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 't is morn-
ing;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* *Rod.*] Two things are
to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your
pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow,
general. [*Music.*]

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been
at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1st Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instru-
ments?

1st Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1st Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

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Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument
that I know. But, masters, here's money for
you: and the general so likes your music, that
he desires you, of all loves, to make no more
noise with it.

1st Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be
heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music,
the general does not greatly care.

1st Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exeunt* Musicians]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear
you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's

a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech : Wilt thou do this ?

Clo. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, to send in to your wife : My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ; and I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor out of the way, that your converse and business may be more free. [Exit.]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew a Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry

for your displeasure ; but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it ; and she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,

That he, your hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus, and great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wisdom,

He might not but refuse you : but, he protests, he loves you ;

and needs no other suitor, but his likings, to take the safest occasion by the front, to bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—if you think fit, or that it may be done,—give me advantage of some brief discourse with Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in ; I will bestow you where you shall have time to speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ; and, by him, do my duties to the senate :

That done, I will be walking on the works, repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do all my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do ; I know it grieves my husband,

as if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,

but I will have my lord and you again as friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, he's never anything but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you : You do love my lord : You have known him long ; and be you well assur'd,

He shall in strangeness stand no further off than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady, that policy may either last so long,

or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, or breed itself so out of circumstance,

that I, being absent, and my place supplied, my general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here, I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee, if I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it to the last article : my lord shall never rest ;

I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ; his bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;

I'll intermingle every thing he does

with Cassio's suit : Therefore be merry, Cassio :

for thy solicitor shall rather die,

than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease, unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well.
Do your discretion. [*Exit Cas.*]
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 't was he.
Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't, you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent; and yet his trespass, in our common reason, (Save that, they say, the wars must make examples out of their best,) is not almost a fault to incur a private check: When shall he come? Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul, What you could ask me, that I should deny, Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
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That came a wooing with you; and many a time, When I have spoke of you dispraisingly, Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon 'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves, Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm; Or sue to you to do peculiar profit To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit, Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, It shall be full of poize and difficulty, And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing: Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this, To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with EMIL.*]
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-
thing :

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, "In-
deed?"

And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and hon-
esty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the
heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem
none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,
I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—

Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something,
nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thou-
sands;

But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in
bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich
enough;

But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,³⁰

Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me
jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-
pany,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best
conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your
looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 't was witchcraft:—But I am much
to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are
mov'd:—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success

As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold
with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;

Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am.)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,³¹
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,³²

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yct, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,³³
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not
well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 't will away
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the Handkerchief from him, and
it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it),
That she reserves it evermore about her,

To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:

What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you do here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me
now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negli-
gence;

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit EMIL.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandra-
gora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me!
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
the rack:—

I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

If that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Taking him by the throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven, defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
world,

To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,

Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: But, how? how satisfied, my
lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—“Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!”
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—“O, sweet creature!” and then kiss me
hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cry'd,—“Cursed fate! that gave thee to the
Moor!”

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.²⁴

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
done:

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,

(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven;
'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*]
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*]
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done, at your request:

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier
lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.

Des. Can anything be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me
to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he
lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified
by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that
is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him,
I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope,
all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse

Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was
born,

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:— [*Aside.*] O, hard-
ness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist,
my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal
heart;—

Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave
hands;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak
with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she
kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed of 't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'T is true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to make two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:

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The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never
seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out of
the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth,

You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit OTH.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man;

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us heartily, and when they are full,

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my hus-
band.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must
do 't;

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother:—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in 't, indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pry'thee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—

[*Exit IAGO.*]

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so:
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here-
about:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uppermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DES. and EMIL.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd;

But I shall, in a more convenient time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her DES.'s Handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous
now,

That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my
chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
 I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
 And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring
 you,
 For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
 To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
 An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
 It is hypocrisy against the devil:
 They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
 The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
 heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 't is a venial slip:
 But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then 't is hers, my lord; and, being
 hers,
 She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
 May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
 They have it very oft, that have it not:
 But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
 forgot it:—
 Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
 As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
 Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do
 you wrong?
 Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
 Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
 But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but he you well as-
 sur'd,
 No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what
 he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie
 on her, when they belie her: lie with her! that's
 fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handker-
 chief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.
 —First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I
 tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself
 in such shadowing passion, without some instruc-
 tion. It is not words, that shake me thus:—
 Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—
 Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—
 [Falls,—in a Trance.]
Iago. Work on,
 My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
 caught;
 And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
 All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord

Enter CASSIO.
 My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?
Cas. What is the matter?
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
 This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit CAS.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous
city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is
better.

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she
shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your
grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man,
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the flections, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.)

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*OTH. withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 't is the strumpet's
plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieu-
tenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addi-
tion,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
of 't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*]
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she
loves me.

Oth. Now he deuiés it faintly, and laughs it
out. [*Aside.*]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry
her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you tri-
umph? [*Aside.*]

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer!³⁵ I
pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not
think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win.

[*Aside.*]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry
her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she
is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love
and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. *[Aside.]*

Cas. She was nere even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. *[Aside.]*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. *[Aside.]*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew!³⁶ marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: where-soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! *[Aside.]*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *[Exit.]*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come: Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. *[Exit CAS.]*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he

prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet within.]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a Packet.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the Packet, and reads.*]

Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. "This fail you not to do, as you will"—
[*Reads.*]

Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in
Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'T is very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,³⁷
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight:

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her
turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep:
And she 's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice:—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Des.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and
monkies! [*Exit.*]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full
senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid
virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of
brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my
censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is
not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well: Yet 'would
I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall ob-
serve him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my 'speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Reunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way.

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest, lay down my soul at stake: if you think other, Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom. If any wretch hath put this in your head, Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse! For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true, There's no man happy; the purest of their wives Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[*Exit* EMIL.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd, That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore; A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets: And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress;

[*To* EMIL.]

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door; Cough, or cry—hem, if anybody come: Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit* EMIL.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words, But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself; Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

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Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;

Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep? Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect, An instrument of this your calling back, Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him, Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven To try me with affliction; had he rain'd All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head; Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips; Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes; I should have found in some part of my soul A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me A fixed figure, for the time of scorn To point his slow unmoving finger at,— O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: But there, where I have garner'd up my heart; Where either I must live, or bear no life; The fountain from the which my current runs, Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim; Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed, Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet, That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, Made to write whore upon? What committed! Committed!—O thou public commoner! I should make very forges of my cheeks, That would to cinders burn up modesty, Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed! Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks; The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets, Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell: You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your
pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her.
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his
drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep: Alas, the
day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one
weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fye, there is no such man; it is impos-
sible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw
his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her
company?

What place? what time? what form? what like-
lihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fye upon him! some such squire he
was,

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour;

The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
 And the great messengers of Venice stay:
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DES. and EMIL.*

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch him going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It

is now high supper-time and the night grows to waste : about it.

Rod. I will hear farther reason for this.

Iago. And you shall, be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returned forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTH., LOD., and Atten.]

Emil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent ; He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me !

Des. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu : We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him !

Des. So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one :—Good father ! how foolish are our minds !

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara ; She was in love ; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad, And did forsake her : she had a song of—willow, An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it : That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,

But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, Sing all a green willow ; [*Singing.*]

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;

Lay by these :

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Pr'ythee, hie thee ; he 'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark ! who is it that knocks ?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. I called my love, false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women, you 'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;

Doth that bode weeping ?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men !—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,— That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind ?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light !

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light :

I might do it as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. The world is a huge thing : 'T is a great price

For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should ; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do

such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults, If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties, And pour out treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us. Or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is: And doth affection breed it?

I think, it doth: Is't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well: else, let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us to,

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home; Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow: It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword. [*Retires to a little distance.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed; And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies. [*Goes to his stand.*]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense, And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution large

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Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,²⁶

As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life,

That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 't is he:—Villain, thou diest.

[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cas.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed, But that my coat is better than thou think'st: I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds Rod.*]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts Cas. behind in the Leg, and exit.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 't is even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'T is he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just, That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong! Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead, And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come: Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted; Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit Oth.*]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?³⁹ murder! murder!

Gra. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan;—'t is heavy night: These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who is there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!— What are you there? come in, and give some help. [*To Lod. and Gra.*]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain
[*IAGO stabs Rod*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder! What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: Here is Cassio hurt By villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!— Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is 't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair. To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.— Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come; Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no? Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman, Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners. That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he:—O, that's well said;—
the chair:— [A Chair brought in.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[To BIAN. Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.—

[CAS. and ROD. are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fye, fye upon the strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fye upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night,

[Aside.

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed
asleep. A Light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his Sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell thee on the
tree.— [Kissing her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one
more.—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the
last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by
that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,

When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for
loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and
gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets, then,—What, is he
dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to
my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.⁴⁰ [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho!
my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would
speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'t is Emilia: by and by.—She's
dead.

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't
good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak
with you,

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by and by,—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee
now? [*Unlocks the Door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder
done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out
of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's
voice:—

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell.

[*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the
truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

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Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I
say, thy husband.

Emil. O, mistress, villany hath made mocks
with love!—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help! ho!
help!

The Moor has kill'd my mistress: Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter!—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a
man:

He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know, thou didst not, thou art not such a vil-
lain;

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress: Go to, charm your
tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

Ali. O heavens forefend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany! — I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't;—O villany! I thought so then;⁴²—I'll kill myself for grief.—O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar; For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent, That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*]
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now, This sight would make him do a desperate turn, Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows, That she with Cassio hath the act of shame A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it: And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognizance and pledge of love Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand; It was a handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out;—I hold my peace, sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*IAGO offers to stab his Wife.*]

Gra. Fye!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband,
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:

O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife.

[*IAGO stabs EMIL., then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damned slave. [*Exeunt MON. and GRA.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither.
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, ean'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—"Willow, willow, willow."—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain
boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a
Chair, and Officers, with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate
man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain
forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that's
a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*OTH. wounds* IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench I is sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee
live;

For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

1532

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his vil-
lany:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus eusnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know,
you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a
letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vil-
lain;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber.

And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with
us;

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him
long,

It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,

Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it;

No more of that :—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Júdean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee :—No way
but this, [*Falling upon DES.*]
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To IAGO*]
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt*]

NOTES TO OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

¹ *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.*

This line has puzzled the commentators of Shakespeare; Cassio is unmarried, and not, therefore, damned by an unequal or improper alliance. Mr. Steevens ventures the suggestion that Iago alludes to a report that Cassio should marry Bianca, the courtesan, and infers that Cassio was almost drawn into and damned by such a connection. Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation, though it has been much objected to, is certainly ingenious. "I am inclined to believe," he says, "that the true reading here is,—

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair life;

And that Shakespeare alludes to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those of whom all men speak well. The character of Cassio is certainly such as would be very likely to draw upon him all the perils of this denunciation, literally understood. Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not sufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors. It may be observed, too, that Shakespeare has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival."

² *Whip me such honest knaves.*

Knave is here used for servant, but with a mixture of contempt.

³ *What a full fortune doth the thick-lips owe.*

This line is sometimes quoted to show that the poet gave Othello all the features of a negro; but this is not intended, Roderigo merely speaks of his successful rival thus, in contempt.

⁴ *My house is not a grange.*

Grange is commonly used to signify a lone house standing distant from other habitations, consequently, a place where outrage or robbery might easily be committed; but, strictly speaking, it is the farm of a monastery, where the religious deposited their corn.

⁵ *At this odd-even and dull watch of the night.*

An unusual expression, but *odd-even* probably meant between twelve at night and one in the morning. In *Macbeth* is a similar, though less ambiguous expression, when, in answer to the inquiry, "What is the night?" the lady answers:

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

1534

⁶ ———— *A voice potential,
As double as the duke's.*

From Thomas's *History of Italy*, 4to, 1560, it appears to have been a popular, though false opinion, that the Duke of Venice had two voices or two votes in the ballot, on state matters; but double and single, in some senses, signified strong and weak. When Macbeth speaks of his "single state of man," he means his weak and nervous state of mind. *As double as the duke's*, may, therefore, only mean, as influential as the duke's.

⁷ *May speak, unbonneted.*

To speak *unbonneted*, is to speak with the cap off. Mr. Theobald says:—"Othello means to say that his birth and services set him upon such a rank, that he may speak to a senator of Venice with his hat on: i. e., without showing any marks of deference or inequality. I am therefore of opinion that Shakespeare wrote:

"May speak, and, bonneted, &c."

⁸ *Unhoused*, i. e., free from domestic cares.

⁹ *Bond-slaves and pagans.*

Mr. Theobald substitutes *pageants for pagans*; but the word is, doubtless, correct as it stands. Brabantio uses the word in contempt of Othello and his complexion, and implies, that if such actions are permitted, the highest offices of the state will be usurped by slaves and heathens.

¹⁰ *Composition*, i. e., consistency, agreement.

¹¹ *But that it stands not in such war-like brace.*

That is, not in such a state of defence. To arm, was called to brace on the armour.

¹² *Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you.*

It may seem strange that the Venetians should have employed a foreigner, especially a Moor, to command their army; but it was part of the policy of that government never to entrust the command of an army to a native, for fear it might encourage him to an ambitious attempt on the sovereignty.

¹³ *Send for the lady to the Sagittary.*

The *Sagittary* means the fictitious creature so called—that is, an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver, which was probably sculptured upon the house in which Desdemona was.

¹⁴ *And portance in my travel's history.*

Pope adopted the reading of the old edition, which is—
And with it all my travel's history.

But all the others read—and portance—which appears to mean conduct. I told her of my being sold to slavery, and how I conducted myself while in that state.

¹⁵ *The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.*

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his *Description of Guiana*, published in 1596, a work which, from its being the topic of general conversation at the time, there is little doubt but that Shakespeare had read, thus alludes to these supposed monstrosities:—"Next unto the Arvi are two rivers, Atoica and Caora, and on that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which, though it may be thought a mere fable, yet, for my own part, I am resolved it is true, because every childe in the province of Arromaia and Canuri affirme the same. They are called Ewaipanoma: they were reported to have eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backward, betweene their shoulders."

¹⁶ *But not intently.*

This is the reading of the eldest quarto; the first folio has *instinctively*; the second, *distinctively*. The old word, which is significant with attentively, was sometimes used by contemporary authors.

¹⁷ *Let me speak like yourself.*

That is, let me speak to you as you would reason with yourself in your cooler moments, when judgment is not disturbed by passion.

¹⁸ *To slubber the gloss of your new fortunes.*

To *slubber* is an obsolete word, meaning, to do imperfectly, to neglect or obscure.

¹⁹ *Agnize*, i. e., acknowledge, or avow.

²⁰ *My downright violence and storm of fortune.*

That is, breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has—*scorn* of fortune.

²¹ *My speculative and active instruments.*

Speculative instruments are the eyes; and active instruments, the hands and feet.

²² *I have looked on the world for four times seven years.*

"From this passage," says Dr. Johnson, "Iago's age seems to be ascertained; and it corresponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is described as a *young*, handsome man. The French translator of Shakespeare is, however, of opinion, that Iago here only speaks of those years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of observation. But it would be difficult to assign a reason why he should mention the precise term of *twenty-eight* years, or to ac-

count for his knowing so accurately when his understanding arrived at maturity, and the operation of his sagacity, and his observations on mankind commenced."

²³ *Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.*

That is, change thy appearance, or disguise thyself, by putting on an artificial beard.

²⁴ *As luscious as locusts.*

At Tonquin locusts are considered a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich, and are sold in the market as larks and quails are in Europe. By the Levitical law, four sorts of them are permitted to be eaten. Mr. Steevens is, however, of opinion that it is the fruit of the locust-tree which is here alluded to, a long black pod, that contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice, of much the same consistency as fresh honey.

²⁵ *Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death.
Stand in bold cure.*

Dr. Johnson says he cannot understand these lines, and proposes to read,

Stand bold, not sure.

But the meaning is intelligible:—Cassio's hopes not being sick to death, he is bold in a belief of their recovery. His hopes are not destroyed by despondency.

²⁶ *A twiggen bottle.*

A *twiggen bottle* is a bottle covered with wicker-work. The quarto reads, a wickered bottle.

²⁷ *Lead him off.*

These words were, perhaps, originally but a marginal direction in the prompter's book, which, by negligence, have been incorporated with the text.

²⁸ *Probal*, a contraction of probable.

²⁹ *She's framed as fruitful
As the free elements.*

She is as liberal as the elements, out of which all things are produced.

³⁰ *To such exsufficate and blown surmises.*

Mr. Malone thinks *exsufficate* means swollen. The sense appears to be, I will not regard any such exaggerated and whispered rumours.

³¹ *If I do prove her haggard.*

A *haggard* is a species of wild hawk; but from a passage in Webster's *White Devil*, it appears that it was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton woman, "Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the stews."

³² *Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings.*

A comparison borrowed from falconry; *jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.

¹⁸ *Even then his forked plague is fated to us.*

An allusion to the supposed forked horns of the cuckold.

¹⁹ *'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.*

The old quarto gives this line, as well as the two following, to Iago.

²⁰ *What! a customer!*

A courtesan, one that invites custom.

²¹ *'Tis such another fitchew.*

A *fitchew* is a peccat, which is supposed to be a singularly lewd animal.

²² *If that the earth could teem with woman's tears.*

If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter.

1536

²³ *That I bob'd from him.*

That is, fooled or cheated him out of. A *bob* formerly signified a mock or jeer.

²⁴ *No passage, i. e., no passengers.*

²⁵ *It is too late.*

In the elder quarto, after this speech of Othello, Desdemona thrice repeats the name of the Almighty. "As this," says Mr. Steevens, "must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies."

²⁶ *Iterance, thus the folio; the quarto reads, iteration.*

²⁷ *I thought so then.*

That is, at the time when Iago had snatched the handkerchief from her hand.

Antony and Cleopatra.

THIS varied and gorgeous historical tragedy, though perfect in itself, may yet be regarded as a continuation of *Julius Cæsar*; in the commencement of that play absolute power is lodged in one man, a wide circle of terrible events roll on, every effort is made by the republican party, and much noble blood spilt, to preserve the political freedom of Rome; but the wheel comes round, and the conclusion of *Antony and Cleopatra* sees a second Cæsar in possession of that absolute power which the first met his death in attempting to consolidate, and the three divisions of the Roman world are at length united under one imperial ruler. In *Julius Cæsar* the character of Antony is but slightly sketched, but it is here elaborated with a truthful and powerful pen: there Antony is shown only as the orator, whose words have robbed their honey from the Hybla bees; here as the magnificent triumvir, the heroic soldier, and the imitator, in his dissipation, of his patron gods, Bacchus and Hercules.

Shakespeare has closely followed Plutarch in his gorgeous description of Cleopatra sailing to meet Antony down the river Cydnus, though he has certainly beautified that exquisite narrative, throwing a soft voluptuous languor into it, singularly consistent with the scene, and breathing the very soul of beauty. Cleopatra was the widow of King Ptolemy, and had been the paramour of Cæsar; the early spring of youth was therefore past, but she was still in the summer of her beauty; nay, she had not yet reached the full meridian of womanly maturity; her vivacity was even beyond her personal attractions, and her conversational powers were remarkably varied and brilliant, while her voice was singularly melodious, and had the softness of music. Her beauty, we are told, was not so remarkable as her manners were fascinating and irresistible. Her accomplishments also were very great, and she spoke most languages freely, giving audience herself, without the aid of interpreters, to the ambassadors of the Ethiopians, Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians. Besides, she had the gift of flattering in a very delicate and subtle manner: thus, in the famous anecdote of Antony's fishing excursion, when one of her divers placed a salt fish on his hook, and he drew it up amidst general merriment (an incident which Shakespeare makes use of in the play), her comment was an instance of consummate tact in this direction—"Go, general!" said she, "leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharus and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces."

Cleopatra completely enslaved the affections of Antony, and carried him in triumph with her to Alexandria, where they passed their time in feasts and revels, and established a society of their friends, whom they called the *Inimitable Livers*.

Antony's marriage with Octavia after the death of his first wife, Fulvia, was merely an act of political expediency; we feel that Enobarbus is right, when he says, Antony "will to his Egyptian dish again." In the play the incidents are drawn closely together, and Antony's desertion of Octavia seems immediately to follow his marriage, but this was not the case; he had lived with her long enough to become the father of three children, before he left her for the embraces of Cleopatra, to whom, on his return, he bestowed kingdoms for presents, and, in his inordinate vanity, gave the names of the sun and the moon to the twins she bore him. Octavius Cæsar was

glad of a pretext to quarrel with Antony; he had disposed of his colleague, Lepidus, and could he also dispose of Antony, the whole Roman empire would be under his authority; he therefore availed himself of the insult offered to his sister, and made war upon Cleopatra; the final result of which was the ruin and suicide both of her and her princely paramour. The superstition of the times heralded in this event with omens and prodigies, in the same manner as they did the assassination of Julius Cæsar; Pisanum, a colony of Antony's on the Adriatic, was swallowed by an earthquake, and his statue at Alba was said to have been covered with sweat for many days, although it was frequently wiped off; the statue thus showing a sympathy for the coming fall of its original.

Antony's power was sufficient to have made him conqueror of the civilized world; he had five hundred armed vessels, each with eight or ten banks of oars, a hundred thousand foot soldiers, and twelve thousand horse; and Shakespeare has in the play enumerated the kings and princes who fought under his banner. But his affection for Cleopatra had subdued both his judgment and his valour, and he fled disgracefully before Cæsar; for a time he was deeply dejected, and lived in melancholy retirement, but he soon returned to Alexandria, and again gave way to festivity and enjoyment. In conjunction with Cleopatra, he now established a society which they called *The Companions in Death*, into which they admitted their immediate adherents, and spent their time in continual feasting and diversions.

After Octavius had returned a haughty refusal to Antony's challenge to single combat, the latter determined to risk all on one last battle; he did so, and lost it, for his fleet and cavalry deserted him, while his infantry were defeated. The rest of the story is both faithfully and elaborately told in Shakespeare's tragedy.

In the play there are four characters which stand out prominently from the canvass—Cleopatra, Antony, Cæsar, and Enobarbus. Of Cleopatra, as painted by the pencil of history, I have already spoken; how exquisitely she is depicted by Shakespeare; what a soft glow of voluptuous languor is thrown around her, and with what irresistible fascinations she is invested, the reader of the tragedy can alone feel and appreciate. Great as her faults are, for her life is but a tissue of refined and poetical sensuality, such is her devotion to Antony, and so winning is the gigantic extravagance of her affection for him, that we not only forgive her errors, but admire and applaud the actor of them.

Antony and Cæsar are placed in strong contrast to each other; the one brave, reckless, and prodigal, the other cool, prudent, and avaricious. "Cæsar gets money," says Pompey, "where he loses hearts." Antony is a warrior and a prodigal, and Octavius a statesman, whose feelings are strictly under command. Something of predestination reigns through this play; every thing tends towards the downfall of Antony and the advancement of Cæsar.

This tragedy is attributed to the year 1608.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARK ANTONY, *a Triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 12; sc. 13.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a Triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 9; sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *a Triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS, *the Son of Pompey the Great.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DOMITIUS ENOBAREUS, *a Friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 9.

VENTIDIUS, *a Friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

EROS, *a Friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 9. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 12.

SCAURUS, *a Friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.

DERCETAS, *a Friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12. Act V. sc. 1.

DEMETRIUS, }
PHILO, } *Friends of Antony.*

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

MECLENAS, *a Friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

AGRIPPA, *a Friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1.

DOLABELLA, *a Friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PROCULEIUS, *a Friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

THYREUS, *a Friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10, sc. 11.

GALLUS, *a Friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MENAS, *a Friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

MENECRATES, }
VARRIUS, } *Friends of POMPEY.*

Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

CANADIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony*

Appears, Act III. sc. 7; sc. 8.

SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

ALEXAS, *an Attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.

MARDIAN, *an Attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 11; sc. 12.

DIOMEDES, *an Attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 11.

SELEUCUS, *Treasurer to Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

A SOOTHISAYER.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3.

CLOWN.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

OCTAVIA, *Sister of Cæsar and Wife of Antony*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

CHARMIAN, }
IRAS, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

Appear, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE,—*Dispersed; in several Parts of the ROMAN EMPIRE.*

Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A exandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's, O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes, That o'er the files and musters of the war Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, The office and devotion of their view Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, reneges' all temper; And is become the bellows, and the fan, To cool a gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony: Fulvia, perchance, is angry: Or, who knows If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this; Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

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Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like, You must not stay here longer, your dismissal Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony— Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would say?— Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen. Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame, When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space; Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[*Embracing*

And such a twain can do 't, in which, I bind On pain of punishment, the world to weep,² We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?— I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep; whose every passion fully strives

To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO., with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?
O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,
must change his horns with garlands!¹³

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that
know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARRUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine
enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more believing, than be-
loved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let

me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion
me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than
figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have ne
names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are
privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Irás. There's a palm presages chastity, if
nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth
famine.

Irás. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot
soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—
Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Irás. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Irás. Am I not an inch of fortune better than
she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune
better than I, where would you choose it?

Irás. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend!
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let
him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I
beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him
a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the
worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,
fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this
prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more
weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Irás. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer
of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to

see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEO., ENO., ALEX., IRAS, CHAR.,
Sooth., and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Caesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the
teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—
On:

Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'T is
thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienns

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook, from Syria

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To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome:

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds lie still;⁵ and our ills
told us,

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1st Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such
an one?

2nd Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2nd Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2nd Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more
serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter*

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Mess*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it
What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By repetition souring, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd
her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—Ho! Enobarbus.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they
suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women
die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing;

though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat;—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience^s to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people

(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw Pompey the Great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison.⁷ Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. I shall do't.

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad, Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEXAS]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not:

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter:

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
 'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
 Let her not say, 't is I that keep you here,
 I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
 So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
 I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine,
 and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
 Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
 To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
 Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
 going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
 Then was the time for words: No going then;—
 Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
 Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st
 know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services a while; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
 strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change: My more particular,
 And that which most with you should safe my
 going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
 me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read

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The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
 See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
 With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
 Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
 But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
 So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
 And give true credence to his love, which stands
 An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
 I pry'thee, turn aside, and weep for her;
 Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
 Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
 Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
 Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
 meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
 But this is not the best: Look, pry'thee, Char-
 mian,

How this Herculean Roman^o does become
 The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
 Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
 That you know well: Something it is I would,—
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
 And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
 Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
 For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
 To bear such idleness so near the heart
 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
 Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
 Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
 Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must
Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.
Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is below'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the fleets
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth
love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common
body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide.
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menebrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and
wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then
did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now.)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lack'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'T is time we twain

Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnis' d to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palæe.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
time,

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him

Too much.

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'T is well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

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The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
Nile?"

For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,"
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but
note him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;

So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers?
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Ex.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome
together,

Looking for Antony: But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrins?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver;
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his
helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between
themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up

The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of
 Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time
 For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give
 way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
 But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
 The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
 Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
 Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
 That which combin'd us was most great, and let
 not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard: When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
 Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
 Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well:
 Were we before our armies, and to fight,
 I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs.

Sit.

Ant.

Sit, sir.

Cæs.

Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are
 not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs.

I must be laugh'd at,

If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say myself offended; and with you

Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your
 name

It not concern'd me.

Ant.

My being in Egypt, Cæsar,

What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there

Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt

Might be my question.

Ant.

How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine
 intent,

By what did here befall me. Your wife, and
 brother,

Made wars upon me; and their contestation

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
 never

Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;

And have my learning from some true reports,

That drew their swords with you. Did he not
 rather

Discredit my authority with yours;

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having alike your cause?¹⁰ Of this, my letters

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it with,

It must not be with this.

Cæs.

You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgment to me; but

You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant.

Not so, not so;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,

Very necessity of this thought, that I,

Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars,

Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:

The third o' the world is yours; which with a
 snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar, Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, He fell upon me, ere admitted; then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day, I told him of myself; which was as much As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken The article of your oath; which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak; The honour's sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar; The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them; The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather; And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may, I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia, To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; For which myself, the ignorant motive, do So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefs between ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember that the present need Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.¹¹

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for it cannot be, We shall remain in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa; If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims No worse a husband than the best of men; Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,

Would, each to other, and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke; For 't is a studied, not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so," To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,

Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together: Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆS., ANT., and LEP.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me-
cænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters
are so well digested. You stayed well by it in
Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there: Is this
true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we
had much more monstrous matter of feast, which
worthily deserved noting.

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Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my re-
porter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold and tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The faucey out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpl'd boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air: which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:

And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes
hungry,

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.¹²

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square: but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆS. and OCTA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence,
nor you

Thither!¹³

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see 't in

My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hia you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or
mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but wher
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose! and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Sooth.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails even
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,

My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone: let us to billiards:¹⁴
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me,
sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it
come too short.

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ah! you're caught.

Char. 'T was merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah,
mark; we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

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Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with
snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friend with
Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,
free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such re-
port:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence.
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hates him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage:
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a Dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within your-
self;

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-
bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend
you:

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

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That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get
thee hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me: Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Mess.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint: O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[*To MAR*

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Near Misenum.*

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum
and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS,
ANTONY, ENOBRARDUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers
marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have
we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 't will tie up thy discontented sword;

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,

That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son, and friends: since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was 't,

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what

Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus,

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With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:¹⁵
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks
to you,

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change w^oon you.

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Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and
let us

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy band;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT., LEP., SOLD.,
and Attend.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have
known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me : though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here : Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir ?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity : Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so ; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again : then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar ; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is ; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard ? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir : we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come ; let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*On Board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or Three Servants with a Banquet.

1st Serv. Here they'll be, man : Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already,¹⁶ the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2nd Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1st Serv. They have made him drink 'alms-drink.'¹⁷

2nd Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "no more ;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1st Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2nd Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1st Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNUS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir : [To CÆS.] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or foizon, follow : The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred new of your mud by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept ; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolem'cs

pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word [*Aside.*]

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*]

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MEN. aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,

Although you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

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Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done, And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany; In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*]
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attend., who carries off LEP.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man: See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!¹⁸

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Profess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast

From all, four days, then drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANT.*]

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.¹⁹

[*Music plays. ENO. places them hand in hand.*]

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round.

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good
night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity:—Gentle lords, let's part.
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong *Eno-*
barbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath
almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,

You have my father's house,—But what? we are
friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT., and ATTEN.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,
sound out.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest, with SILIUS,
and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the
dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orides,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.²⁰

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;

Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: *Sossius*,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does in the wars more than his captain ear,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

En. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there: pass along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARDUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!²¹

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love

To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.²²
So,— [*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band

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Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant.

You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is lov'ly spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,

That stands upon the swell at th' full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to Agr.*]

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum:

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTA.*]

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the
Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her
long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue
and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, t' an a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,
or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what
colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is
as low

As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Mess.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian:—

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in Antony's
House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them : most narrow measure lent me :
When the best aunt was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts :
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband !"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother !" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it : If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself : better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us : The mean time,
lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother : Make your soonest haste
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
Choose your own company, and command what
cost

Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

Enter ENONANUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old : What is the success ?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars against Pompey, presently denied him rivalry ;²¹ would not let him partake in the glory of

the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him : So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,
no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns
The rush that lies before him ; cries, "Fool, Lepidus !"

And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.
Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;
My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught :
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this :
And more :

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change; for what I have
conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most
dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, east-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assem-
bled

Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Laeonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment²⁴ to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp, near the Promon-
tory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARDUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is 't not? Denounce against us, why should not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from
his time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Tradue'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:

Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentium, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Tornyne?—You have heard on 't,
sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people

Ingress'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey foul't:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impos-
sible;

Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We 'll to our
ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!²⁵—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANT., CLEO., and ENO.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on 't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justicius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;

But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,²⁶ as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and
throes forth,

Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land: keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBAREUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on you' side o' the
hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army
one Way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieu-
tenant of Cæsar, the other Way. After their
going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBAREUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer;

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle²⁷ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. You' ribald hag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake; i' the midst of the
fight,—

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,²⁸
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then,
good night

Indeed. [*Aside.*]

Can. Towards Peloponuesus are they fled.

Scar. 'T is easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more
upon't,

It is asham'd to bear me;—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes: He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,⁹⁹ and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnotable swerving.

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Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beek might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as
pleas'd,

Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so: Declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
 He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens: This for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there: This if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
 [Exit EUP.]
 To try thy eloquence, now 't is time: Despatch;
 From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [To THYR.]
 And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 From thine invention, offers: women are not,
 In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thy-
 reus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit CÆS.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What although you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mooted question: 'T was a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen
 Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
 Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—
 To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which, the world
 should note

Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[Exit ANT. and EUP.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
 Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
 His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my
 women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[Aside.]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has; O needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master will leap to be his friend: For us, you know, Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Eno.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyrens.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARDUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

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Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd,
“ho!”

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, “Your will?” Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Excunt Attend. with THYR*

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make
us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you wefe a frag-
ment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1st Att. Sonndly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1st Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYR.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so

Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!¹⁰⁰
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jest; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on,
my queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt ANT., CLEO., and Attend.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, MENCENAS, and Others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARDUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, "Take all."

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy l and,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou, and thou:—you have serv'd
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'T is one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots [Aside.

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:

Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onior-cy'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:

I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you

To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1st Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is
the day.

2nd Sold. It will determine one way: fare you
well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1st Sold. Nothing: What news?

2nd Sold. Belike, 't is but a rumour:

Good night to you.

1st Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2nd Sold. Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3rd Sold. And you: Good night, good night.

[*The first Two place themselves at their Posts.*]

4th Sold. Here we: [*They take their Posts.*]
and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3rd Sold. 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of Hautboys under the Stage.*]

4th Sold. Peace, what noise?

1st Sold. List, list!

2nd Sold. Hark:

1st Sold. Music i' the air.

3rd Sold. Under the earth.

4th Sold. It signs well,³¹

Does't not?

3rd Sold. No.

1st Sold. Peace, I say. What should
this mean?

2nd Sold. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony
lov'd,

Now leaves him.

1st Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another Post.*]

2nd Sold. How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[*Several speaking together.*]

1st Sold. Ay: Is't not strange?

3rd Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1st Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter;

Let's see how 't will give off.

Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'T is strange.³²
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN and
Others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine ar-
mour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee: wel-
come:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love, we rise betime,

And go to it with delight.

1st Offi. A thousand, sir,

Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2nd Offi. The morn is fair.—Good morrow
general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*]
And worthy shameful cheek it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT., EROS, Offi., and Sold.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
might

Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS;
a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to An-
tony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—despatch: Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENO-
BARBUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGR.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆS. and his Train*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill:
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Sold.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrikethought: but thought will do 't, I feel
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit*]

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far: Caesar himself has work, and our impression³³ Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed! Had we done so at first, we had driven them home With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T, But now 't is made an II.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs, And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind; 'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,

And let the queen know of our gests.—To-morrow, Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all: For doughty-handed are you; and have fought Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's. Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss The honoured gashes whole.—Give me thy hand: [*To SCAR.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all, Through proof of harness to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords! O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey Do something mingle with our younger brown yet have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man; Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;— Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day, As if a god, in hate of mankind, had Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend, An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled Like holy Phœbus' ear.—Give me thy hand; Through Alexandria make a jolly march; Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them;

Had our great palace the capacity To camp this host, we all would sup together; And drink carouses to the next day's fate, Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters, With brazen din blast you the city's ear; Make mingle with our rattling tabourines; That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,

Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Cæsar's Camp.*

Sentiels on their post. Enter ENOBARRUS.

1st Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,

We must return to the court of guard: The night is shiny; and they say we shall embattle By the second hour i' the morn.

2nd Sold. This last day was A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3rd Sold. What man is this?

2nd Sold. Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon, When men revolted shall upon record Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did Before thy face repent!—

1st Sold. Enobarbus!

3rd Sold. Peace;
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me:
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault:
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular:
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

2nd Sold. Let's speak
To him.

1st Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3rd Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1st Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as
his

Was never yet for sleeping.

2nd Sold. Go we to him.

3rd Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2nd Sold. Hear you, sir?

1st Sold. The hand of death hath raught him.

Hark, the drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note; our hour
Is fully out.

3rd Sold. Come on then:
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the
air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force

Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder
pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how't is like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They east their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 't is
thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit SCAR.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, to discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false spell of Egypt! this great charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'T is well
thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more
mad

Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pry'thee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—*The Same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen
these signs;
They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cesar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once.
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st
do,

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly: Go.—Off, pluck off,
[*Exit. MAR*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.

[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn,
Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,³⁴ bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his Sword.*]

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his Sword.*]
I learn'd of thee. How; not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1st Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2nd Guard. The star is fallen.

1st Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1st Guard. Not I.

2nd Guard. Nor I.

3rd Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there

Dio. Lives he!

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DER.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage,
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead :

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard,
I pry'thee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides ;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1st Guard. Woe are we, sir, you may not live
to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft : carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANT.*

SCENE XIII.—*The Same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not ;

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it,—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—Darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world !¹⁵—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help ; help, Iras!
Help, friends below ; let 's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying : only
I here imp'ortune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken :¹⁶ not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

Bebrooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport, indeed !—How heavy
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;
[*They draw ANT. up.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast
liv'd ;

Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust :
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,

Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen;³⁷ young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and com-
manded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it siu,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, wo-
men?

What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take
heart:— [To the Guard below.]

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S
Body.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECENAS,
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him that he mocks
The pauses he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Dol.]

Enter DERCEITAS, with the Sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou,
that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,

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To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack: The round world should have
shook

Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Caesar;

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,

Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit: never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our
stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meetèr season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monnment,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius: Go, and say,

We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Pro.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit GAL.*]

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the
Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of
Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you: but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of my own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience: and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
[*Here PROC., and two of the Guard, ascend the
Monument by a Ladder placed against a
Window, and having descended, come behind
CLEO. Some of the Guard unbar and open
the Gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PRO. and the Guard. Exit GAL.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. [*Drawing a Dagger.*
Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be châstis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,³²
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculcius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To CLEO.*

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PRO., and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of
me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or
known,

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor An-
tony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.³⁹

Dol. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Think you, there was or might be, such
 a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
 But, if there be, or ever were one such,
 It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
 Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight: 'Would I might
 never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
 By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
 My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you
 knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;

I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS,
 SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
 Of Egypt?

Dol. 'T is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleo.* kneels.

Cæs. Arise,
 You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
 Will have it thus; my master and my lord
 I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts;
 The record of what injuries you did us,
 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
 As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
 I cannot project mine own cause so well
 To make it clear; but do confess, I have
 Been laden with like frailties, which before
 Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
 We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,
 (Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
 A benefit in this change; but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 't is
 yours; and we
 Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
 lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
 jewels,

I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valued;
 Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my
 lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seel my lips, than, to my peril,
 Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
 known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
 Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
 How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
 And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does

Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
 Than love that's hid;—What, goest thou back?
 thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
 Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain,
 dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this
 That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say

Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites
me

Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[To SEL.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit
Through the ashes of mischance:—Wert thou a
man,

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[Exit SEL.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowl-
edg'd,

Pnt we i' the roll of conquest; still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.
[Exit CÆS., and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHAR.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hee thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit CHAR.]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-
mand,

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Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will be send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOL.] Now
Irás, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And fore'd to drink their vapour.

Irás. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Irás: Saucy
lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels; Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness

I' the posture of a whore.

Irás. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Irás. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way

To foil their preparation, and to conquer

Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch

My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Irás, go.—

Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:

And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave

To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRÁS. A Noise within.]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard.

Here is a rural fellow,

That will not be denied your highness' presence
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guard.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him, for
his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do
seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday:
a very honest woman, but something given to
lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way
of honesty: how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very
good report o' the worm: But he that will be-
lieve all that they say, shall never be saved by
half that they do: But this is most fallible, the
worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that
the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trust-
ed, but in the keeping of wise people! for, indeed,
there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you,
for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple,
but I know the devil himself will not eat a
woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these
same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in
their women; for in every ten that they make,
the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the
worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I
have

Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mor-
tal wretch,

[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*]
What should I stay— [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*]

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee
well.—

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparall'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phæbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown s awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1st Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1st Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1st Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well:

Cæsar's beguil'd.

2nd Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:
call him.

1st Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is
this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2nd Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

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Dol. Who was last with them?

1st Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1st Guard. O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on a sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1st Guard. This is an aspick's trail; and these
fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,

That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony;
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

* *Reverages*, i. e., disowes, casts off.

† *To weet*, i. e., know.

O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands.

Several emendations of this passage have been offered, but the following explanation by Mr. Steevens appears the most satisfactory:—"To change his horns *with* (i. e., for) garlands, signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. Thus, says Benedick, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, 'There is no staff more honourable than one tipped with horn.' We are not to look for serious argument in such a 'skipping dialogue' as that before us."

* *Extended Asia from Euphrates.*

Extended his dominions, by conquest, in Asia from Euphrates to, &c. Dr. Johnson, however, says that to extend is a term used for to *seize*, and he thinks that is the sense in which it is employed here.

6 ————— *O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still, &c.*

Dr. Warburton has proposed to read *minds* for winds; we bring forth weeds when our minds are idle; but the following elucidation by Mr. Henley is so happy, that we prefer it. Antony himself, "figuratively, is the idle soil; the malice that speaks home, the quick or cutting winds, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; whilst our ills (that is, the truth faithfully told us), are a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—is as our earring; serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enables it to produce a profitable crop. *When the quick winds lie still*, that is, in a mild winter, those weeds which 'the tyrannous breathings of the north' would have cut off, will continue to grow and feed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow."

* *Expedience*, erroneously used for expedition.

7 ————— *Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.*

This is in allusion to the idle notion still prevalent in some ignorant rural districts, that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water will turn to a worm or serpent. Mr. Coleridge says that this is true, so far as appearances go,

and that the hair "will become the supporter of seeming a one worm, though probably of an immense number of small slimy water-lice. The hair will twirl round a finger, and sensibly compress it. It is a common experiment with school-boys in Cumberland and Westmoreland." Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly called animated horsehairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. This old supposition is alluded to in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 224:—"A horsehaire laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c. Also in Churchyard's *Discourse of Rebellion*, &c., 1570:—

Hit is of kinde much worse than horses' heare
That lyes in donge, where on vile serpents breede.

8 *Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water?*

An allusion to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, said to be written by Fletcher and Shakespeare:—

Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials filled with tears.

9 *How this Herculean Roman.*

Antony was very proud of his supposed descent from Anteon, a son of Hercules. He sought to give a colouring to this report by his dress and manners. "Thus," says Plutarch, "when he appeared in public, he wore his vest girt on the hips, a large sword, and over all a coarse mantle. That kind of conduct which would seem disagreeable to others, rendered him the darling of the army. He talked with the soldiers in their own swaggering and ribald strain, ate and drank with them in public, and would stand to take his victuals at their common table."

10 *And made the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause.*

It must be remembered that Antony and Cæsar are joined in office as triumvirs; the wars which were made against Cæsar also set the authority of Antony at defiance. The sense is clear, if we read—*I having alike your cause*. Dr. Johnson proposes to read—*Having alike our cause* but the alteration is needless.

NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

¹¹ *Go to, then; your considerate stone.*

Mr. Steevens says, this passage, "I believe means only this:—If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. *As silent as a stone*, however, might have been once a common phrase."

¹² *Bless her, when she is riggish.*

Rigg is an ancient word, meaning a strumpet. So, in *Wharstone's Castle of Delight*, 1576:—

Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
Or else be sure such ryggs my cure shall prove.

Dryden, who has given an emulative imitation of this description of Cleopatra, expresses this idea thus:—

The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes.

¹³ *Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither.*

Mr. M. Mason very justly observes, that both sense and grammar require that we should read *hither* instead of *thither*.

¹⁴ *Let us to billiards.*

This is one of the numerous anachronisms to be found in our poet; this game was unknown in ancient times.

¹⁵ ——— *At land indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.*

O'er-count is here probably used equivocally to mean, you have over-reached me of my father's house; obtained it dishonestly, which was literally the truth. Plutarch tells us "Antony purchased Pompey's house; but, when he was required to make the payment, he expressed himself in very angry terms; and this he tells us was the reason why he would not go with Cæsar into Africa. His former services he thought insufficiently repaid." Again: "When Antony asked him (Sextus Pompey) where they should sup: 'There,' said he, pointing to the admiral-galley of six oars, 'that is the only patrimonial mansion-house that is left to Pompey;' and it implied, at the same time, a sarcasm on Antony, who was then in possession of his father's house."

¹⁶ *Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already.*

Plants is used metaphorically for feet; they stagger in their walk, are unsteady from the effects of intoxication.

¹⁷ *They have made him drink alms-drink.*

To drink *alms-drink*, is when one man at a feast will drink another's share, to relieve him of that which is not good for his health. He out of kindness will drink what his companion cannot. Antony and the rest were playing upon Lepidus, by making him, in his nearly intoxicated state, drink both his own wine and theirs also.

¹⁸ *Strike the vessels, ho!*

This is not an order relating to the ships, as they were under the command of Pompey, but an invitation to his fellow-revellers to chink the drinking vessels one against the other, as a mark of sociality and friendship. The custom is still common in modern society.

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¹⁹ *The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.*

That is, every man was to join in the burden or chorus of the song, which the poet styles the *holding*.

²⁰ *Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Cræsus.*

Pacorus was the son of Orodes, King of Parthia. *Cræsus* was a Roman general, who was defeated and treacherously murdered by the Parthians. Orodes grieved so much on account of the death of his son *Pacorus*, that he fell into a languishing illness; when his second son *Parzates*, anxious for his death, administered poison to him, but not finding it effectual, afterwards strangled him.

²¹ *O thou Arabian bird.*

That is, the phoenix. The immortal bird which was supposed to live single, and to rise again from its own ashes.

²² *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*

The wings of the beetle are called his *shards*, as they are hard and brittle, like a tile or shard, i. e., a fragment of an earthen vessel; thus, in *Macbeth*, we have, "the shard-borne beetle." *Enobarbus* likens *Lepidus* to a beetle, which is a dull, heavy insect, and Antony and Cæsar to the wings by which he is maintained in his elevated position.

²³ *Denied him rivalry.*

Rivalry, from the Latin *rivalitas*; an obsolete word meaning emulation, competition. Shakespeare here uses it for equal rank or glory in the action.

²⁴ *And gives his potent regiment.*

Regiment, is government, authority; he gives up his power into the hands of an abandoned woman.

²⁵ *Away, my Thetis!*

Antony probably addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she was about to assist in his naval expedition.

²⁶ *His power went out in such distractions.*

In such minute detachments, small separate companies

²⁷ *The greater cantle.*

A *cantle*, says Pope, is a piece or lump; on which Dr. Johnson exclaims, "Cantle is rather a corner. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the 'three-nook'd world.' Of this triangular world, every triumvir had a corner."

²⁸ *The brize upon her, like a cow in June.*

The *brize* is the gad-fly; the fly that stings cattle.

²⁹ ——— *He alone
Dealt on lieutenantry.*

On is probably used in the sense of *in*. Cæsar fought chiefly by proxy, in the persons of his lieutenants. Thus in a former scene, Ventidius says:—

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person.

³⁰ *The next Cæsarion smite.*

Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

²¹ *It signs well.*

It is good sign, a favorable omen.

²² *'Tis strange.*

This curious phenomenon, which was received as ominous of the defeat of Antony, is thus related by Plutarch: 'At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city, a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day, on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy, concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him.'

²³ *And our oppression.*

That is, our *opposition*; the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered.

²⁴ *Pleach'd arms*, i. e., folded arms.

²⁵ ——— *O thou sun,*

*Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world.*

"According to the philosophy," says Mr. Heath, "which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakespeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. If the sun, therefore, was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that

itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space: and in this case, the earth would be involved in endless night."

²⁶ *Dear my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken.*

Both metre and sense are here defective; she does not fear to kiss Antony, as he requests, but she is apprehensive that if she descends from her monument she may be made a prisoner. Mr. Malone thinks that the poet wrote—*I dare not descend*. Mr. Theobald amends the passage differently, and reads—*dare not come down*.

²⁷ *The soldiers' pole is fallen.*

That is, their standard, the object of their love and admiration.

²⁸ *My country's high pyramides my gibbet.*

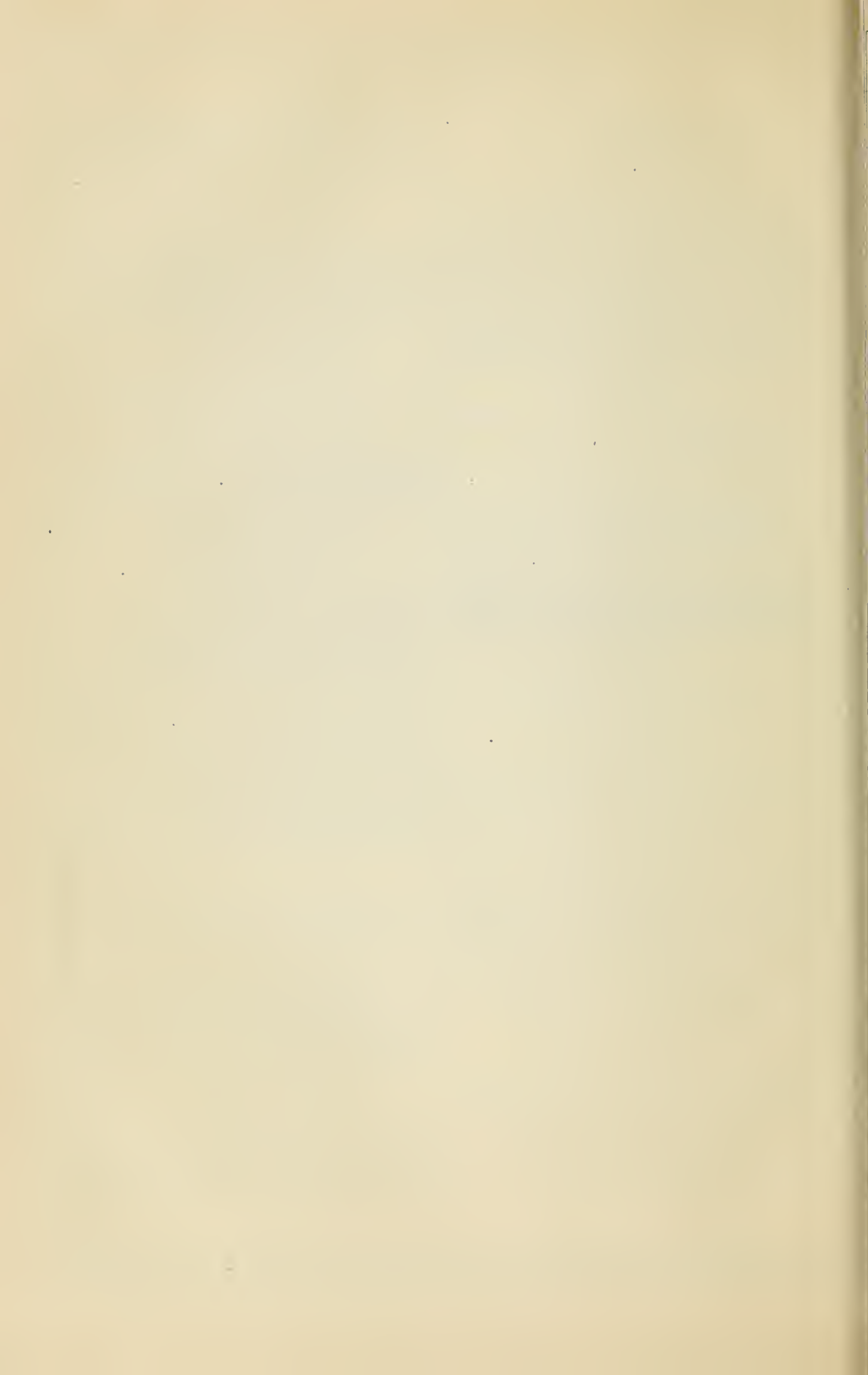
The poet intended we should read *pyramides*, Latin, instead of pyramids; the verse will otherwise be defective. There are several examples of the use of this word. Thus, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:—

Besides the gates and high *pyramides*,
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

²⁹ ——— *Realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.*

Plates, mean some kind of silver money. In *The Jew of Malta*:—

Bat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates.



Cymbeline.

CYMBELINE appears to have been written in the full strength of our poet's maturity; it is attributed to the year 1605, and supposed to have been composed immediately after *King Lear*, and just before *Macbeth*. At such a period of Shakespeare's life, he could scarcely give to the world any feeble production, and we consequently find this play to be full of exquisite poetry, and also to contain the sweetest and most tender female character ever drawn, even by his pen. Still there is, in *Cymbeline*, a singular confusion of times and customs, and the play is full of anachronisms. The rude ancient Britons of the time of Augustus Cæsar are pictured as possessing the manners and luxuries of the Elizabethan period. The polished court of Cymbeline is altogether out of place in Britain at such a time—it is an incredibility; so also is the description of Imogen's chamber, with its tapestry of silk and silver so "rarely and exactly wrought;" and the chimney-piece, with its carving of "chaste Diana bathing," its ornaments of silver, and the golden cherubins with which the roof is fretted. Such things were seen in England in Shakespeare's time; but were never dreamed of in Augustus Cæsar's. In the fifth act also, Posthumus, when condemned to death, is told by his gaoler that "he shall fear no more tavern bills." Schlegel makes a graceful apology for these errors; but it does not greatly mend the matter to argue the poet's faults into beauties. In Shakespeare, as a poet and philosopher, we have implicit faith; as an antiquarian or historian he does not address us.

That part of the plot which relates to the adventures of Imogen was suggested to Shakespeare by "the tale told by the fishwife of Stand on the Green," in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*, in which the story is given in an English dress, and the original of Imogen is a Mrs. Dorrill, who in the language of the author, was "a creature most beautiful, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, (none at all that excelled her,) so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body she was not only so rare, and unparalleled, but also in her gifts of mende; so that this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her." This story was in its turn taken from the *Decameron* of the Italian novelist Boccacio.

According to Holinshed, Cymbeline, or Kimbeline, began his reign in the nineteenth year of that of Augustus Cæsar, and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second of that of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman of Britain,
Husband to Imogen.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V.
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the
name of Morgan.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V.
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

GUIDERIUS, { *Sons of Cymbeline, disguised under*
ARVIRAGUS, { *the names of Polydore and Cad-*
well, supposed Sons to Belarius.

Appear, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

PHILARIO, *a Roman Gentleman and Friend to
Posthumus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4.

IACHIMO, *an Italian Gentleman and Friend to
Philario.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V.
sc. 2; sc. 5.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN, *Friend to Philario.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5.

CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome, after-
wards General of the Roman forces.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V.
sc. 2; sc. 5.

A SOOTHSAFER, *attending on Lucius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 5.

A ROMAN CAPTAIN.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS.

Appear, Act V. sc. 3.

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 3. 8
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 3.

TWO GENTLEMEN.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

TWO LORDS, *Companions to Cloten.*

Appear, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

ANOTHER LORD.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

TWO ROMAN SENATORS and TRIBUNES.

Appear, Act III. sc. 7.

TWO GAOLERS.

Appear, Act V. sc. 4.

JUPITER, *and other Apparitions.*

Appear, Act V. sc. 4.

QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III.
sc. 1; sc. 5.

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former
Queen.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

HELEN, *an Attendant on Imogen.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Lords, Ladies, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Sol-
diers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in BRITAIN, sometimes in
ITALY.*

Cymbeline.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind
Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1st Gent. You do not meet a man, but frowns :
our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;
Still seem, as does the king.¹

2nd Gent. But what's the matter?

1st Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his
kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded ;
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2nd Gent. None but the king?

1st Gent. He, that hath lost her, too : so is the
queen,
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2nd Gent. And why so?

1st Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is
a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man !—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2nd Gent. You speak him far.

1st Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself ;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2nd Gent. What's his name, and birth ?

1st Gent. I cannot delve him to the root : His
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success :
So gain'd the sur-addition, Læonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand ; for which their
father

(Then old and fond of issue.) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection ; calls him Posthumus Leouatus ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was ministered ;
And in 's spring became a harvest : Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd :
A sample to the youngest : to the more mature
A glass that feated them ; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue :
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2nd Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1st Gent. His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing, Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old, I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery

Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge

Which way they went.

2nd Gent. How long is this ago?

1st Gent. Some twenty years.

2nd Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow, That could not trace them!

1st Gent. Howsoe'er 't is strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at, Yet is it true, sir.

2nd Gent. I do well believe you.

1st Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers, Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, So soon as I can win the offended king, I will be known your advocate: marry, yet The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good, You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience

Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness, will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:— I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

Imo. O

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing, (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what His rage can do on me: You must be gone; And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,

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But that there is this jewel in the world, That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress! O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man! I will remain The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth. My residence in Rome at one Philario's; Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter: thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*]

To walk this way: I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little: Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?— You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And sear up my embracements from a next With bonds of death!—Remain thou here [*Putting on the Ring.*]

While sense can keep it on? And sweetest, fairest, As I my poor self did exchange for you, To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles I still win of you: For my sake, wear this; It is a manacle of love; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*]

Imo. O, the gods! When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. *[Exit.]*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O, disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!³

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more
rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an
eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.⁴

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have
made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would
I were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done

[To the QUEEN.]

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! *[Exit.]*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fye!—you must give way:

Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been.
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes
his part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—

I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

1st Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a
shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek
as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in:
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you
vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2nd Lord. No, faith; not so much as his pa-
tience. *[Aside.]*

1st Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable car-
cass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for
steel, if it be not hurt.

2nd Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the
backside the town. *[Aside.]*

Clo. The villain world not stand me.

2nd Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face. *[Aside.]*

1st Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2nd Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2nd Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2nd Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*]

1st Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2nd Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2nd Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1st Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2nd Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is.^s What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'T was, "his queen, his queen!"

Imo. Then waw'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings
crack'd them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,—
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
I have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pi-
sanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next 'vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them des-
patch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a
Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain:
he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove
so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name
of: but I could then have looked on him without
the help of admiration; though the catalogue of
his endowments had been tabled by his side, and
I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less fur-
nished, than now he is, with that which makes
him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had
very many there, could behold the sun with as
firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atoue my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise

of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress;⁶ if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signor, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make

her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.' If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and

my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unswayed, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Post. and IACH.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'm. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

1st Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam; [*Presenting a small Box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none ha man,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
[*To Pis.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs;

Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,^s
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be dependor on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[*The QUEEN drops a Box; PISA. takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry'thee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preference, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*]—A sly and
constant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master:
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that hus-
band!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam!

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a Letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—He is one of the noblest note, to
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon
him accordingly, as you value your truest,

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judg-
ment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you,
sir, desire

[To Pis.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.⁹

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit Pis.

Imo. Continnes well my lord? His health, 'be-
seech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: He is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean.) laughs from 's free lungs,
cries, "O!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who
knows

By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, it is much;
In you,—which I count his, beynd all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I onc, sir?
You look on me: What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: 'Pray
you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.¹⁰

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,¹¹
Would make the great'st king double! to be
partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ven-
tures,

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears

Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should ne make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender ou your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that
have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,

Unlike all others, chailless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir : Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot To entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor ; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France : 'T is plate, of rare device ; and jewels, Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ; And I am something curious, being strange, To have them in safe stowage : May it please you To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety : since

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk, Attended by my men : I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night ; I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word By length'ning my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ; But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam : Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night : I have outstood my time ; which is material To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on 't : And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1st Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2nd Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2nd Lord. No, my lord ; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ? Would, he had been one of my rank !

2nd Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at anything in the earth.—A pox on 't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2nd Lord. You are a cock and capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou ?

1st Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2nd Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1st Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that 's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger ! and I not know on 't !

2nd Lord. He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1st Lord. There 's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1st Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1st Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2nd Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2nd Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLO. and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pi'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.* IACH., from the Trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'ei-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the
taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct,—But my design!
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—
Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her Bracelet*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
'T the bottom of a cowslip: Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end?

Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes*]

SCENE III.—*An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.**Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

1st Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1st Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship: You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1st Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On challic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaid eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.*

2nd Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;

1600

She hath not yet forgot him: some more time must wear the print of his remembrance out, and then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king; Who lets go by no vantages, that may prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself to orderly solicits; and be friended With aptness of the season: make denials Increase your services: so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: We must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself his goodness forespent on us We must extend our notice.—Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt CYM., QUEEN, Lords, and Mess.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave ho!—

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her: What If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 't is gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave. [*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesies
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had
rather

you felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their
souls

(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues,¹⁶ to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the airs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pi
sanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;¹⁷
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

Clo. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :
She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be reveng'd :—
His meanest garment ?—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come : In these fear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly : And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist, though I am none, nor like to be,¹⁸)
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make
known

To their approvers,¹⁹ they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo ?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
land :

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady

Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not : but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winged Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*]
Be pale;²⁰ I beg but leave to air this jewel:
See!—

And now 't is up again: It must be married
To that your diamound; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and
said,

She priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 't is true. Here, take this
too; [Gives the Ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance,
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring,—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears.

'T is true;—nay, keep the ring—'t is true: I am
sure,

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*]

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience! You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,

And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords,
at one Door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS,
and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar
with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance
yet

lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less,
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,

1604

Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee
lately

is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;

With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his ship-
ping,

(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,¹¹
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars:
other of them may have crooked noses; but, to
owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but
I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we
pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us
with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket,
we will pay him tribute for light: else, sir, no
more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am-
bition,

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-
chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than

Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance; I am perfect,²²
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find
us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of
it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our
crowns shall fare the better for you; and there's
an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you
not

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,²³) hath pre-
vail'd

On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? "Do't: The
letter [Reading.

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity?"—O, damn'd paper:

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act,²⁴ and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes:

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of
them,

For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—
Bless'd be

You bees, that make these locks of counsel!
Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You elasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news,
gods! *[Reads.]*

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in
his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the
dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your
eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-
Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you,
follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains
loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st,—

O, let me 'bate,—bnt not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-
going,

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And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twi'x hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is
foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, pre-
sently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.²⁵

Pis. Madam, you're best consider

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country,
with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This
gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and
bows you

To morning's holy office: The gates of monarch.
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on,²⁶ without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to you
hill,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;²⁷
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his look uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor
know not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best: sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.²⁸

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art of the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
F' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the
search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's marked
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shock down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told
you oft,)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
tains;

This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys. [*Exeunt GUI. and ARV*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the
king:

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd
up thus meanly

F' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do
hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to pruce it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—“Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;” even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words. The younger brother
Cadwal,

(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou resist'st me of my lands. Euriphile,

Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; from
proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my
revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy
faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine
own hands take away her life: I shall give thee oppor-
tunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the pur-
pose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me cer-
tain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and
equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile: whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,

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Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, ma-
dam?

• *Imo.* False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false!—Thy conscience witness:—Iach-
imo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,²⁹ hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-
ing,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's
weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthu-
mus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjurd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou
honest:

Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st
him,

A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 't is empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my
heart ;

Something's afore't :—Soft, soft ; we'll no de-
fence ;

Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,

All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,

Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools

Believe false teachers : Though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up

My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,

And make me put into contempt the suits

Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

It is no act of common passage, but

A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,

To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her

That now thou tir'st on,³⁰ how thy memory

Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch :

The lamb entreats the butcher : Where 's thy
knife ?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd

So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?

Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labour ?

The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,

For my being absent ; whereunto I never

Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,

To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,

The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment : in the which

I have consider'd of a course : Good lady,

Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :

I have heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,

Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,

Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :

But if I were as wise as honest, then

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,

But that my master is abns'd :

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezán.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody sign of it ; for 't is commanded

I should do so : You shall be miss'd at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How
live ?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am

Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing :

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me

As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,

Are they not but in Britain ? 't the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;

In a great pool, a swan's nest : Pr'ythee, think

There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad

You think of other place. The ambassador,

Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven

To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is ;³¹ and but disguise

That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,

But by self-danger ; you should tread a course

Privy, and full of view : yea, haply, near

The residence of Posthumus : so nigh, at least,

That though his actions were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear,

As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !

Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,

I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here 's the point

You must forget to be a woman ; change

Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness,

(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,

Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage :

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(T is in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,³² (which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well;

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;

And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office;

The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Luc. and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours
us,

That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'T is all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attend*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I
fear,

Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—[*Exit CLO.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!³⁹

[*Exit QUEEN.*

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and
royal;

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Thau lady, ladies, woman;⁴⁰ from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore: But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither: Ah, you, precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer.
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish. }
She's far enough; and what he learns by } *Aside.*
this, }

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again. [*Aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true
service; undergo those employments, wherein I
should have cause to use thee, with a serious in-
dustry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do,
to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think
thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want
my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy
preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon:—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath din'd, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preference shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [Exit.]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,

I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 't is A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fullness

Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to it: 'T is some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardness is mother.—Ho, who's here? If anything that's civil, speak; if savage, Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter. Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.

Such a foe, good heavens!

[She goes into the Cave.]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match: The sweat of industry would dry, and die, But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here, Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary

Arr. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:
[*Looking in.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
had found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my
meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In
honesty,

I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—

And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours:—Most wel-
come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends:
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.³⁵ } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free 't!

Arr. Or I; whate'er it be.
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying
by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes.)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.³⁶

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come
in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have suppd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl, and morn to the
lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1st Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's
writ;

That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.³⁷ Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2nd Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1st Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: The words of your commission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lincs of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing³³ loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Post-humus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:³⁹ and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Cave.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: [*To Imo.*] remain here
in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

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Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To Imo.*]
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be a sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*]
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. Your health.—So please you, sir

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, here-
after

I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And so shalt be ever. [*Exit Imo.*]
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots
in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's
there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some am-
bush.

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he:—We are held as outlaws:—
Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother
search

What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt BEL. and ARV.*]
Clo. Soft! What are you

That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
"A slave" without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were 't toad, or adder,
spider,

'T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know

I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; tho
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,

And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour

Whi h then he wore; the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,

'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse, There was no money in 't: not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report; Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore, With his own single hand he'd take us in, Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow, And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But, that he swore, to take our lives? The law Protects not us: Then why should we be tender, To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us; Play judge, and executioner, all himself; For we do fear the law? What company Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason, He must have some attendants. Though his humour

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,

To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps, It may be heard at court, that such as we Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable To come alone, either he so undertaking, Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er, My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword, Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en

His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek Behind our rock; and let it to the sea, And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten: That's all I reckon. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear, 't will be reveng'd: 'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done 't! though valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't, So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore, I love thee brotherly; but envy much, Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges, That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done:— We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock; You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele! I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour, I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood, And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess, Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys! They are as gentle As zephyrs, blowing below the violet, Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys;
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in
his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms.
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;

but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

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Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;

His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and
put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rud-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not
lack

The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose;
nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock
would,

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-guard thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;

And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember

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He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely:

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a princee.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Erit BEL.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east;

My father hath a reason for 't.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arr. Thou hast finished joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come lay
him down.

Bel. Here s a few flowers; but about midnight,
more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the
night,
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Are strewings fit'tst for graves.—Upon their
faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BEL., GUI., and ARR.*

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thi
ther?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the Body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope, I dream;
For, lo, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 't is not so;
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—'The garments of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Heracles; but his Jovial face,⁴⁰—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthúmus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me!
where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be?
Pisanio?

'T is he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, preg-
nant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stir'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now,
sir,

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision:

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,

(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that some-
time

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—
Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my
master,

A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.⁴¹ If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[*Aside*

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say.
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less below'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the
gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild-wood leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him.⁴²—Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.**Cym.* Again ; and bring me word, how 't is with her.A fever with the absence of her son ;
A madness, of which her life 's in danger :—Heavens,How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen
Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your
highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.*1st Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here :
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.*Cym.* The time 's troublesome :
We 'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
Does yet depend. [*To Pis.*]*1st Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son, and
queen !—
I am amaz'd with matter.*1st Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more
you 're ready :The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.*Cym.* I thank you : Let 's withdraw :
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*]*Pis.* I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'T is strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be
true.These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in
them.All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd[*Exit*]SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.**Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.**Gui.* The noise is round about us.*Bel.* Let us from it.*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us ; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.*Bel.* Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mus-
ter'dAmong the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us
That which we 've done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.*Arv.* It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyesAnd ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.*Bel.* O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the countesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrieking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veni-
son?

Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you -
boys:

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside*

Till it fly out, and show them princes born.
[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A field between the British and
Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody Handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee;⁴³ for I
wish'd

Thou should'st be coloured thus. You married
ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit

To second ills with ills, each later worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'T is enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress! peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other Side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Souldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish. IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady, The princess of this country, and the air on't, Revengingly enfeeble me; Or could this earl, A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me, In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne, As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentry, Britain, go before This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[*Exit.*

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUINERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground; The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself: For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'T is their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did: Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost, But that the heavens fought: The king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damn'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditel'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,— An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane, He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run The country base, than to commit such slaughter; With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation eas'd, or shame,)

Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled, "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand; Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand."—These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many, (For three performers are the file, when all The rest do nothing,) with this word "stand, stand,"

Accommodated by the place, more charming, With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks, Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon, A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,

The strides they victors made: And now our cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became The life o' the need; having found the back-door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!

Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends

O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman's bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.
[*Exit.*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O, noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel 'him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'T is strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words: or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1st Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:

'T is thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2nd Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,⁴⁵

That gave the affront with them.

1st Cap. So 't is reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2nd Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags
his service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAOUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS and Two Gaolers.

1st Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2nd Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tweem man and man, they weigh not every
 stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great
 powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphans' father art,)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.
1st Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exil'd, and thrown

From Leonati' seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy;
 And to become the geek and scorn
 O' the other's villany?
2nd Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,⁴⁶
 With honour to maintain.
1st Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due;
 Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries:
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.
2nd Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.
JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt
The Ghosts fall on their Knees.
Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;
 And so, away : no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]
Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
 More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
 sire, and begot

A father to me : and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers : But (O scorn !)
 Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare
 one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
 known, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece
 of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped
 branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
 be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall
 Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
 flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready
 for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spec-
 tators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir : But the
 comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
 fear no more tavern bills ; which are often the sad-
 ness of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you
 come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with
 too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too
 much, and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse
 and brain both empty : the brain the heavier for
 being too light, the purse too light, being drawn
 of heaviness : O ! of this contradiction you shall
 now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord ! it
 sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true
 debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and
 to come, the discharge :—Your neck, sir, is pen,
 book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
 tooth-ache : But a man that were to sleep your
 sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think,
 he would change places with his officer : for, look
 you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then : I
 have not seen him so pictured : you must either be
 directed by some that take upon them to know ;
 or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you
 do not know ; or jump the after-inquiry on your
 own peril : and how you shall speed in your
 journey's end, I think you'll never return to
 tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want
 eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such
 as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
 should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of
 blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of wink-
 ing.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles ; bring your pri-
 soner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news ;—I am called
 to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ;
 no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Post. and Mess.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and
 beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.
 Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves
 desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there

be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, [To BEL., GUID., and ARV. By whom, I grant, she lives: 'T is now the time To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees; Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd, I will report, so please you: These her women Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks, Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only

Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place; Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this: And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring, By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show; yes, and in time, (When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown. But failing of her end by his strange absence, Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so, Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women? *Lady.* We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart, That thought her like her seeming; it bad been vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter! That it was folly in me, thou may'st say, And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute : that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made
suit,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war ; the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the
gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will entreat : My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your
highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me.—

Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor where-
fore,

To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no : alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wou'd'st thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
on? speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[*Cym. and Imo. converse apart*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele :—What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us
not ; forbear :

Creatures may be alike : were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress ;
[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [*Cym. and Imo. come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*] step
you forth ;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him. [*Aside*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken
that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym.

How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which

Torments me to conceal. By villany I got this ring; 't was Leonatus' jewel: Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits

Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will, Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd The mansion where!) 't was at a feast, (O, 'would Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least, Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,

(What should I say? he was too good to be Where ill men were; and was the best of all Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly, Hearing us praise our loves of Italy For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva Postures beyond brief nature: for condition, A shop of all the qualities that man Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving, Fairness which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire: Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall, Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one That had a royal lover,) took his hint; And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein He was as calm as virtue) he began His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams, And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch! Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore Upon his honour'd finger, to attain In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight, No lesser of her honour confident Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring; And would so, had it been a carbuncle Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it Been all the worth of his ear. Away to Britain Post I in this design: Well may you, sir, Remember me at court, where I was taught Of your chaste daughter the wide difference 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain 'Gan in your duller Britain operate Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent; And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd, That I return'd with singular proof enough To make the noble Leonatus mad, By wounding his belief in her renown With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet, (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks Of secret on her person, that he could not But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,— Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*Coming forward.* Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool, Egregious murderer, thief, any thing That's due to all the villians past, in being, To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison, Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out For torturers ingenious: it is I That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend, By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus, That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie; That caus'd a lesser villain than myself, A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself. Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and Be villany less than 't was!—O Imogen! My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen! Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page.

There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike
me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius.

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame
ye not;

You had a motive for't. [*To GUI. and ARV*]

Cym. My tears, that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it
was,

That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pry'thee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most unevill one: The wrongs he did
me

Were nothing prince-like: for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
must

Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king;

This man is better than the man he slew,

As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[To the Guard.]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my
knee;

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old
Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I

Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

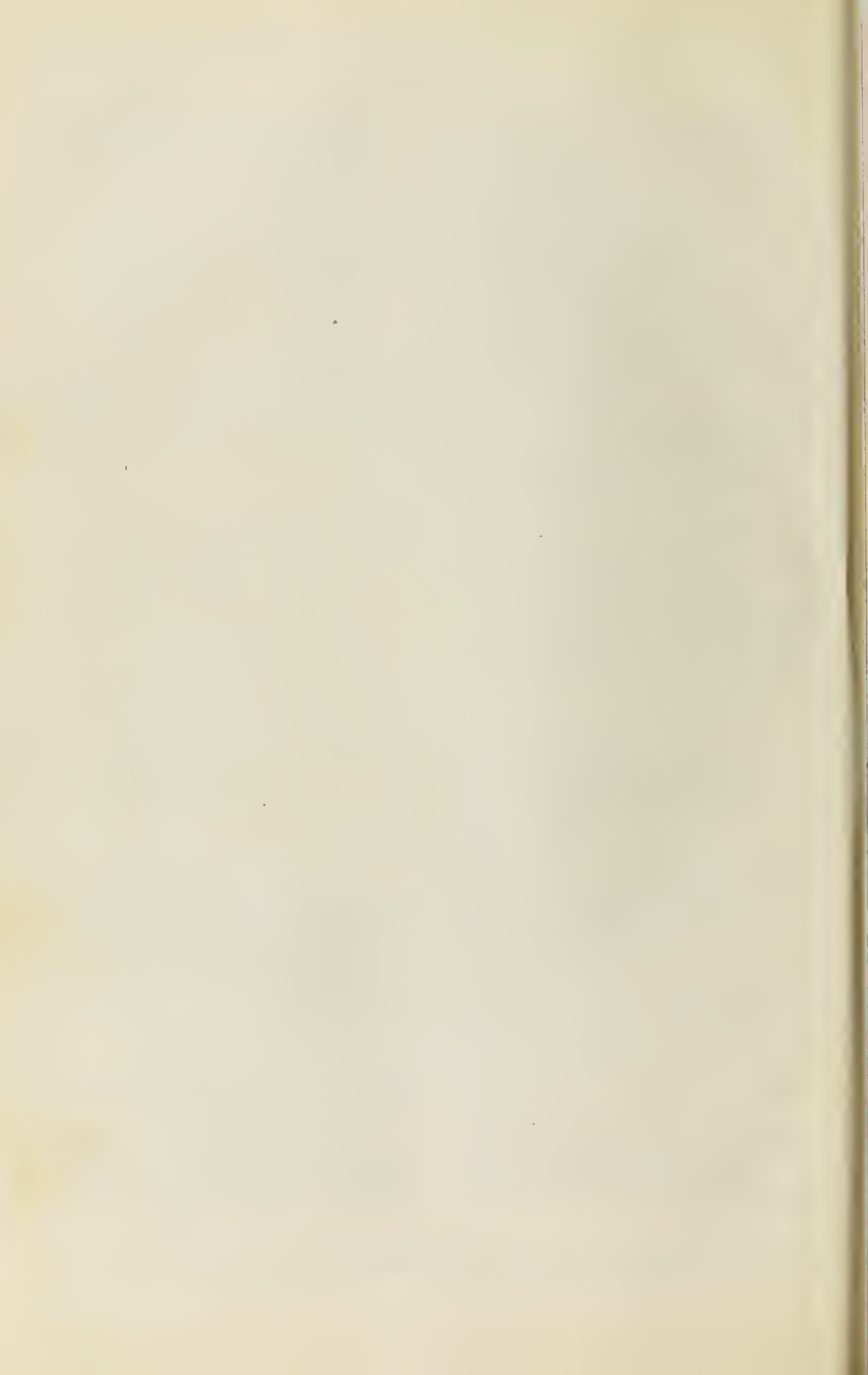
Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!







Mr. Edward Eddy as Posthumus.



When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;

And all the other by-dependencies.

From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long intergatories. See,

Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,

And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—

Thou art my brother: So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BEL.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve
me,

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,

Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and
grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:

[Kneeling.

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, me-
thought,

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced
by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years,
shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly
grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To Cym.

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,
Is th's most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd.
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising

To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and
hers,)

Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,

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The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym.

Laud we the gods

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt*]

NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

¹ *You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.*

This passage is somewhat obscure; the sense appears to be, our bloods and dispositions no longer are influenced by the seasons, but, like our courtiers, take their cue from the temper of the king.

² *And sear up my emoracements from a next
With bonds of death!*

To sear up, is strictly to close up with burning, and may here mean to solder up in a lead coffin; some of the commentators are, however, of opinion that it merely meant to close up in grave-clothes, or otherwise.

³ ——— *O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth: thou heapest
A year's age on me!*

This passage is probably corrupt; for Cymbeline to say that his daughter's conduct had made him exactly one year older would be ludicrous. Sir T. Hamner reads:—

Thou heapest *many*
A year's age on me!

And Dr. Johnson alters the last line thus:—

Years, agea on me.

⁴ *And did avoid a puttock.*

A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.

⁵ ——— *'T were a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is.*

The meaning appears to be, that the paper is to the speaker as valuable as offered mercy to a condemned criminal, and that the loss of it would be as much to be regretted as the loss of such a pardon.

⁶ *To convince the honour of my mistress.*

To convince is used for to overcome.

⁷ *You are a friend, and therein the wiser.*

Dr. Warburton reads—you are *afraid*, &c. Dr. Johnson interprets it thus—you are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard.

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⁸ *To shift his being.*

That is, to change his abode.

⁹ ——— *He
Is strange and peevish.*

Strange is shy, or backward; *peevish* may be used in its modern acceptation as irritable, but it anciently meant silly.

¹⁰ *What both you spur and stop.*

What is it that at once incites you to speak and restrains you from it? what is it that you seem anxious to utter and yet withhold.

¹¹ *And fastened to an empery.*

That is, allied to royalty; *emperry* is an obsolete word, which signified sovereign command.

¹² *Being strange, i. e., being a stranger.*

¹³ *When I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away!*

He is describing a game at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed; he who throws the nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is an expression denoting a state of great advantage in the game.

¹⁴ *And you crow, cock, with your comb on.*

The intention of the speaker is to call Cloten a cockcomb; the allusion is to the cap worn by a fool or jester having on it a comb like a cock's.

¹⁵ ——— *She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus.*

Tereus and Progne is the second tale in *A Petite Paluc of Pettie his Pleasure*, printed in quarto, 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's poem, *De Confessione Amantis*, and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

¹⁶ ——— *If 't were made
Comparative for your virtues.*

If it were to be considered as a compensation adequate to your deserving; a reward for merit.

¹⁷ *I am sprighted with a fool.*

That is, haunted by a fool as by a spright.

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¹⁸ *Statist*, i. e., statesman.

¹⁹ *To their approvers*, i. e., to those who try them.

²⁰ *Then, if you can,
Be pale.*

That is, if you can be patient; forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

²¹ *The fun'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, goglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword.*

Shakespeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The same historic," says Holinshead, "also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died within fifteen dayes after the batel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt he slew Labiennus, one of the Roman tribunes."

²² *I am perfect*, i. e., I am well informed.

²³ ——— *What false Italian.
As poisonous tongu'd, as hardel.*

In the time of Shakespeare, the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the art carried to great perfection by certain villanous physicians.

²⁴ *Art thou a feodary for this art.*

That is, art thou a confederate or accomplice. So in *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes says of Hermione:—

More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A feoderary with her.

²⁵ *A franklin's housewife.*

A franklin is, literally, a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal.

²⁶ ——— *That giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on.*

The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

²⁷ *Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.*

This is evidently a corruption. Sir T. Hanmer substitutes the word *bribe* for that of *babe*, and Dr. Warburton reads *bauble*, that is, vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. Dr. Johnson proposes to read *brabe*, and says that *Brabium* is a badge of honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity.

²⁸ *To stride a limit*, i. e., to overpass his bound.

²⁹ ——— *Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting.*

Some abandoned woman made by art, the creature not of nature, but of painting. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we have a similar expression:—

——— Whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments.

Mr. Collier's emended folio of 1632 reads:—

"Who smothers her with painting."

³⁰ ——— *When thou shalt be discolg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on.*

That is, when you shall be satiated by her who now attracts you. A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she peeks; from *tirer*, French.

³¹ ——— *Now, if you could bear a mind
Dark as your fortune is.*

To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. Darkness, applied to the mind, is *secrecy*; applied to the fortune, is obscurity.

³² *Wherein you are happy.*

That is, in what you are accomplished.

³³ ——— *May
This night forestall him of the coming day.*

May his grief to-night urge him to some act of premature destruction, so that he may never see the morrow.

³⁴ *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman.*

The passage is rendered obscure by its brevity; but Cloten means to say that, she has all accomplishments more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

³⁵ ——— *Then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal bdlasting
To thee, Posthumus.*

If these youths had been my brothers, I should not be heir to the throne, not so great a prize as I now am, but more the equal of my husband.

³⁶ *I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.*

Mr. Mason would read—*is false*; but this addition clogs the metre. Shakespeare, who takes many freedoms in his way, doubtless used the word *false* for *falsehood*, or want of faith.

³⁷ ——— *And to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.*

That is, he commands the commission to be given to the tribunes, arms them with his authority to raise the levy

³⁸ *This imperseverant thing.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads *ill-perseverant*; but *imperseverant* may mean no more than *perseverant*; like *imbosomed*, *impassioned*, *immasked*.

³⁹ *Thy garments cut to pieces before thy face.*

We should perhaps read *before her face*, i. e., Imogen's.

NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

⁴⁰ *But his jovial face.*

Jovial face here signifies not a merry but a noble face, such a one as belongs to Jove.

⁴¹ *Richard du Champ.*

The use of this name to denominate an ancient Briton is one of the numerous anachronisms which occur in this play. In the fifth act Cymbeline is made to knight Belarius and his sons on the field of battle by dubbing them according to the fashion of the middle ages.

⁴² *Come arm him.*

That is, raise him in your arms.

⁴³ *Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee.*

This *bloody cloth* is the token of Imogen's death, which in the foregoing act Pisanio had determined to send.

⁴⁴ *The country base.*

A rustic game called *prison-base*, or *prisoners-base*.

⁴⁵ *In a silly habit.*

Silly is simple or rustic.

⁴⁶ *Our fealty, and Tenantius' right.*

Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline. According to some authorities Tenantius paid to Rome the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; but other accounts say that he refused it, and warred against the Romans.



Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

ALL the editors of Shakespeare have expressed a doubt that he was the author of the whole of this romantic drama, but most of them have admitted that his hand is occasionally to be traced throughout it, and especially in the last three acts. The doubt respecting its authenticity is based upon two reasons; the first, that it was omitted by Heminge and Condell, the fellow-actors and friends of Shakespeare, in the folio edition of his works; and the second, because it is a play of so unequal and rambling a character. The first of these objections is fairly refuted by the host of *external* evidence which points out Shakespeare as the author, and the second is even more satisfactorily disposed of by an examination of the *internal* evidence afforded by the play itself.

With reference to the first point; no argument can be fairly drawn from the omission of the drama in the players' edition of our poet's works, for Heminge and Condell were so careless of their editorial duties that they also forgot *Troilus and Cressida*, until the entire folio, and the table of contents, had been printed. This carelessness, and perhaps a fear of rendering the work too bulky and costly for an extensive sale, also led to the exclusion of *Pericles*; for, although the dramas of our poet were much admired, the anxiety now manifested to obtain every play and scrap of writing produced by his pen had then no existence. Although not contained in the first collected edition of Shakespeare's works, it was published during his life with his name upon the title-page. It was entered in the Stationers' books on the 20th of May, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of our poet's plays, but not published until the following year, when it was issued by Henry Gosson, who, it is probable, had anticipated Blount by surreptitiously obtaining a playhouse copy, and publishing it hastily without correction. This supposition will account for its numerous metrical errors and corruptions, of which Malone says, "There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in every page." To the industry and acuteness of Mr. Steevens, is the reader indebted for the restoration of sense to many passages which, in the old copy, seemed to defy apprehension, and to glory in an absolute want of meaning.

Pericles, also, was performed at the Globe, one of the theatres of which Shakespeare was a proprietor, and appears to have been highly popular with the audiences of his time. It is ascribed to him, and also highly commended, in a poem entitled *The Times Displayed, in Six Sestiyads*, by S. Sheppard, published in 1646, and dedicated to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. The obscure poet, Sheppard, thus honourably speaks of the performance of the illustrious one, Shakespeare:--

See him, whose tragic scenes Euripides'
Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
Compare great Shakespear; Aristophanes
Never like him his fancy could display :

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Witness *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*:
His sweet and his to be admired lay
He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows ho
Did understand the depth of poesie.

Again, in a metrical pamphlet, published in 1609, entitled *Pymlico, or Run Redcap*, there is the following testimony in favour of its being a popular play:—

Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd
Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:
As at a new play, all the rooms
Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms:
So that I truly thought all these
Came to see *Shore* or *PERICLES*.

And in the prologue to an old comedy, called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, we have still further evidence of the favour with which this drama was received. In speaking of his play, the author says:—

— If it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say, 'tis fortunate, like *PERICLES*.

From this couplet it is probable that the mere mention of *Pericles* in a laudatory way elicited the applause of a theatrical audience. There still remains another allusion to this play, in the literature of a time not distantly removed from that of its publication, which states it to have been a failure. It is contained in some verses by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Broome's *Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, published in 1652, and runs thus,—

But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
Flounder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.

These lines, which it will be observed attribute the drama to Shakespeare, were probably the result not of a critical judgment, but of spleen and ill-nature; for the author not only asserts that the play was condemned, a statement in direct contradiction to the others, but abuses the poet, superciliously calling him *the plebeian driller*, by which phrase Mr. Steevens supposes he means *droller*, or vulgar player.

To the preceding evidences may be added the testimony of the poet Dryden, who, in a preface written to introduce to the stage the first play of Mr. Charles D'Avenant, son of Sir William, tells us that *Pericles* was also the first dramatic production of Shakespeare. This prologue was written in 1675, fifty-nine years after the death of Shakespeare, a period not sufficiently remote to have involved the fact of the authorship in much doubt or obscurity. Dryden's lines possess considerable interest, and account for the partial inferiority of *Pericles* to others of our poet's productions, on the reasonable ground of his youth and inexperience:—

Your Ben and Fletcher in their first young flight,
Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write:
But hopp'd about, and short exursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid;
And each were guilty of some *Slighted Maid*.
SHAKESPEARE'S OWN MUSE HIS *PERICLES* FIRST BORE;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than *The Moor*:
'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish, as his brothers do:
Who still looks lean sure with some pox is eurst,
But no man can be Falstaff fat at first.

Here is, I think, sufficient external evidence to warrant us in attributing the authorship of this drama to Shakespeare; still, if upon perusal it turned out to be utterly worthless, we should be justly entitled to doubt its parentage. An inferior play he might produce, but certainly not an irredeemably bad one. The second point then to consider is, to what conclusion does a careful

study of the drama lead us? To this, that with all its faults it contains so much strength and beauty, and so many striking coincidences of style, phraseology, and imagery, with our bard's unquestioned works, as to leave no doubt that it was, not in part, but entirely the production of Shakespeare.

I have no desire to palliate its faults; let them be paraded with all the art of the most splenetic criticism, its beauties still remain. Shakespeare does not suffer in reputation from a close and searching view of his writings. *Pericles*, then, is a desultory, disjointed drama, consisting of detached scenes, held together by a chorus, who describes the action of the various intervals. In the second act its hero is married, in the third his child Marina is born, and in the fourth she is introduced as a young woman. The drama is extended over two generations, and is terribly at war with the unities; the scene is laid first in Antioch, the metropolis of Syria; then successively in Tyre, a city of Phœnicia, in Tarsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; in a supposed imaginary city called Pentapolis; in Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and in Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

The story, too, is complicated and tangled, involving a number of characters, who successively appear and disappear before we can make an acquaintance with them. Most of them are very slight sketches indeed, but still such as a young author, who trusted more to incident than to the exhibition of character to enlist the attention of his audiences, and who was apprehensive of amplifying his subject, would be likely to write. *Pericles* and Marina are the only fully drawn characters, and around them cluster sensations of interest and sympathy. But the rest generally are brief and sketchy, though it would seem more from the defective nature of the plot than from a want of capability in the author. That admirable constructive skill which appears in many of Shakespeare's later dramas he had yet to learn; a practical acquaintance with the requirements and capabilities of the stage only would give him that; accordingly we find that in *Pericles* he chose his subject without the judgment which waits upon experience, and unfortunately chose a fable, the dramatic difficulties of which nearly defeated his unpractised talents. The opening incident respecting the criminal association of King Antiochus and his daughter, is not calculated to please the taste of a modern audience. Incest is a crime not to be recorded by the poet; it is as it were an unhallowed and unlawful subject; our literature should not be associated with an offence so repugnant to humanity. Let the dramatist and novelist treat it with disgust and silence; the sooner the recollection of it sinks in the dusky stream of oblivion the better. The brief but beautiful description of the sinful daughter of Antiochus, beginning,—

See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,

creates in the mind a pleasing and favourable impression, and attracts us to this revolting beauty. A dazzling picture of womanly grace and loveliness is drawn in a few lines, and immediately afterwards we are told that she is vile, degraded, and unnatural; the clear fountain which allured us is poisoned in its source; the golden vase is filled with dry bones and ashes. But the story works better towards its close, and the last act is grandly conceived, and executed in a powerful and touching manner.

Mr. Steevens started an hypothesis in which other critics have concurred, that the very name of this drama is a corruption,—that it is not *Pericles*, but *Pyrocles*, the name of the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*. The wandering prince of Tyre bears no resemblance to his great historical namesake, and, as Steevens observes:—"Pericles was tied down to Athens, and could not be removed to a throne in Phœnicia. No poetic licence will permit a unique, classical, and conspicuous name to be thus unwarrantably transferred. A prince of Madagascar must not be called Æneas, nor a duke of Florence Mithridates; for such peculiar appellations would unseasonably remind us of their great original possessors. * * * It is remarkable, that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus (his companion), Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c., furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like

distinction." Mr. Drake adds, that "the probability of this happy conjecture will amount to certainty, if we diligently compare Pericles with the Pyrocles of the *Arcadia*; the same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage; while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced."

The story upon which the poet founded this drama is of great antiquity; it is to be found in a collection of tales entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, supposed to have been written or collected by Peter Bercheur, a French monk, during the fourteenth century. It is also contained in the *Confessio Amantis* of Gower, a poet or moral rhymist of the time of Chaucer. From this work Shakespeare borrowed his story, and resuscitated the old bard to superintend its dramatic representation. Gower, in his turn, confesses to have taken it from the *Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle*, of Godfrey of Viterbo, written about the end of the twelfth century, who is supposed to have had it, directly or indirectly, from the Greek. Truly Solomon had some reason to say that there was no new thing beneath the sun.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1, sc. 2;
sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1;
sc. 3. sc. 2;*

HELICANUS, *a Lord of Tyre.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3.*

ESCANES, *another Lord of Tyre.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.

THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.

PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

A PANDAR.

BOULT, *his Servant.*

Appear, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.

THREE FISHERMEN.

Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

*Enters before each Act, also, between the Second and Third
Scenes in the Fifth Act, and at the end of the play.*

THE DAUGHTER OF ANTIOCHUS.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.

THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4
Act V. sc. 3.*

MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act V
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

THE GODDESS DIANA.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pi-
rates, Messengers, &c.*

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various Countries*

1641

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of ANTIOCH.

To sing a song of old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales ;¹
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
'Purpose to make men glorious ;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefest seat ;
The fairest in all Syria ;
(I tell you what mine authors say :)
This king unto him took a pheere,²
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke :
Bad father ! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom, what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,

1642

In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)³
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your
eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre,⁴ you have at large
receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself :
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence.
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men !
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
You sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
pale,

That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of Ant.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove
prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[*He reads the Riddle.*

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:

I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts

Copp'd hills^s towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
wrong'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
for 't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their
will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has
found the meaning;—
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince
of Tyre,

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune as otherwise;
For y days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Ereunt ANT., his Daughter, and Attendants.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasplings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke,
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shafte:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you 're of our chamber, and our
mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
him;

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'T is done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Mess.*]

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness.
[*Exit*]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit*]

SCENE II.—Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this change of
thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me
quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 (Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
 them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1st Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred
 breast!

2nd Lord. And keep your mind, till you return
 to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give expe-
 rience tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
 To which that breath gives heat and stronger
 glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'er-
 look

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
 And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Heli-
 canus, thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
 from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
 To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
 Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise;
 Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
 I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults
 hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,

Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
 What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
 Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
 Who minister'st a potion unto me,
 That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
 Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
 From whence an issue I might propagate,
 Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
 The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st
 this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might suc-
 ceed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
 And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
 That I should open to the listening air,
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done
 him;

When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprov'st me for it)—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from
 my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
 leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who either by public war, or private treason,
 Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou shoud'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the
Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I
am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous.—
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had
good discretion, that being bid to ask what he
would of the king, desired he might know none of
his secrets.⁶ Now do I see he had some reason
for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is
bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of
Tyre,

Further to question of your king's departure.

His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,

Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,

Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch?

[*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know
not,)

Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,

To show his sorrow, would correct himself;

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So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*]

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;

But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,

He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—

But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;

But, since my landing, as I have understood,

Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since

Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's
House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,

And by relating tales of other's griefs,

See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to
quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire,

Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;

Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes

Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs

Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,

If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,

And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have govern-
ment,

(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)

For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;

Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;

Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,

Like one another's glass to trim them by :
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on, as delight ;
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our
 change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and
 air,

Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise :
 Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;
 Those mothers who, to nourse up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life :
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in
 haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbour-
 ing shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
 That may succeed as his inheritor ;
 And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,
 Taking advantage of our misery,
 Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
 To beat us down, the which are down already ;

And make a conquest of unhappy me,
 Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the sem-
 blance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
 And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
 repeat,

Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
 But bring they what they will, what need we fear ?
 The ground's the lowest, and we are half way
 there.

Go tell their general, we attend him here,
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
 And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
 Let not our ships and number of our men,
 Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
 And seen the desolation of your streets :
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
 But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
 And these our ships you happily may think
 Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
 With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
 Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
 And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half
 dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
 And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise ;
 We do not look for reverence, but for love,
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
 Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here
 a while,

Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring ;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can :⁹
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ;
all the Train with them. Enter at another door,
a Gentleman, with a Letter to PERICLES ; PE-
RICLES shows the Letter to CLEON ; then gives
the Messenger a reward, and knights him.
Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c., severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours ; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive ;
And, to fulfil his prince desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him ;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest :
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost ;

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All perishen of men, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
And here he comes : what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower ; this long's the text. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. *An open Place by the
Sea Side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of
heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you ;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1st Fish. What, ho, Pilche !
2nd Fish. Ho ! come, and bring away the nets
1st Fish. What Patch-breech, I say !
3rd Fish. What say you, master ?
1st Fish. Look how thou stirrest now ! come
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.
3rd Fish. 'Faith, master, I'm thinking of the
poor men that were cast away before us, even
now.
1st Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart
to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help
them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help
ourselves.
3rd Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much,
when I saw the porpoise, how he bounced and
tumbled ?⁹ they say, they are half fish, half flesh :
a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to

be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1st Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3rd Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2nd Fish. Why, man?

3rd Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3rd Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men:
And from their wat'ry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2nd Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.¹⁰

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2nd Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1st Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2nd Fish. Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2nd Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice

To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1st Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2nd Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2nd Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2nd Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1st Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1st Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1st Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1st Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.

1st Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may, and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.¹¹

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.

2nd Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bot's on't,¹² 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it,

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heri-
tage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his
life,)

"Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
"Twixt me and death;" (and pointed to this brace:)
"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend
thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
'Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give 't again:
I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck 's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1st Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of
worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's
court,

Where with 't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1st Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1st Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give
thee good on 't!

2nd Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was
we that made up this garment through the rough
seams of the waters: there are certain condole-
ments, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive,
you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.¹³

2nd Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have
my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring
thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Public Way, or Plat-
form, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the
side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess,
Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the tri-
umph? .

1st Lord. They are, my liege:

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. 'T is fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.

'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll
perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the Stage, and
his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer him-
self?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, "*Lux tua vita mihi.*"

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of
you.

[*The Second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, "*Piu per dulçura que
per fuerça.*"¹⁴

[*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what 's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch,
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, "*Me pompe provexit apex.*"

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;

The word, "*Quod me alit, me extinguit.*"

Sim. Which shows, that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds; Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried: The motto thus, "*Sic spectanda fides.*"

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, "*In hac spe vivo.*"

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1st Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock,¹⁵ than the lance.

2nd Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3rd Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Great shouts, and all cry, "The mean knight."*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest:

To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place: Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1st Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,

Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, she not thought upon.¹⁶

Thai. By Juno, that is queen

Of marriage, all the viands that I eat

Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!

Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman;

He has done no more than other knights have done;

Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,

Which tells me, in that glory once he was;

Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,

Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;

Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,

For he's their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1st Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them: and princes, not doing so,

Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here
say,

We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.¹⁷

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please
me better. [Aside.]

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to
you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge
him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Peri-
cles;

My education being in arts and arms;—

Who looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,

And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been berett

Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

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Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for other revels

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,

Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this

Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;

Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The Knights dance.]

So, tis was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my
lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

[The Knights and Ladies dance.]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

But you the best. [To PER.] Pages and lights,
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours,
sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

For that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's
House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;

For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous capital offence;

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

When he was seated, and his daughter with him,

In a chariot of inestimable value,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up

Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,

That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,

Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though

This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To his heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'T is very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1st Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2nd Lord. It shall no longer grieve without
reproof.

3rd Lord. And curs'd be he that will not
second it.

1st Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a
word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day,
my lords.

1st Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to
the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the
prince you love.

1st Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble
Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2nd Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strong-
est in our censure:¹⁸
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suf-
frages:

If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice if the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1st Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
yield;

And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter; the Knights
meet him.*

1st Knight. Good morrow to good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2nd Knight. May we not get access to her, my
lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3rd Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we
take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*

Sim. So
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's
letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 't is well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in 't,
No minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides.

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to
you,

For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing What do you think, sir, of

My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you; Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master, And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*]

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter, But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [*Aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts, That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll
tame you;

I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow

Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,

Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*]

Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to
mine,—

And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.

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The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,

A babe is moulded!—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche,¹⁹
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.²⁰ Then enter THAISIA, with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c., retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,²¹
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,²²
Is made, with all due diligence,
That, horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest.²³ At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:—
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none;
The mutiny there he hastes t' appease;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He, obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps, 'gan sound,
"Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe);
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut;²⁴ but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives,

The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near!²⁵
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I will relate,²⁶ action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost prince appears to speak. [*Exit*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these
surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy
deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! ven-
omously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen.—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning³⁴ were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which
give me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.³⁵

2nd Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus
pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look on it.

2nd Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2nd Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2nd Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corpse!

1st Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and
entreasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[*Unfolds a scroll*

Here I give to understand, [*Reads.*
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

2nd Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too
rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—

The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.

The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou
block!—

The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1st Gent. The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
this?

2nd Gent. Is not this strange?

1st Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your *THAIS*: to the next chamber bear
her.

Get linen; now *THAIS* must be look'd to,
For her relief is mortal. Come, come, come
And *Æsculapion* guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying THAIS away.*]

SCENE III.—*Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stauds
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes.

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation.

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Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unseissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.³⁶ So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge
o' the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,³⁷ and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid,
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she wear'd the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she wou'd with sharp needl wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan: or when
She wou'd with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian:³⁹ still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina:³⁹ so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;

And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit*]

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn
to do it:

'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
science,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her
Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,⁴⁰
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,
blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do
not

Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your savour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come:
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea
mar it.

Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.— [*Exit DION.*]
Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, "good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-
tackle

Wash'd off a canvas-climber: "Ha!" says one,
"Wilt out?" and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain
whistles,

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never were waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I
hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1st Pirate. Hold, villain! [*LEON. runs away.*]

2nd Pirate. A prize! a prize!

3rd Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come,
let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MAR.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pi-
rate Valdes;⁴²
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's
dead,

And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, what-e'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 't is not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. *[Exit BOULT.]*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger;⁴³ therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched.⁴⁴ Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boul't.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in
MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. *[To MAR.]*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1st Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul't?

Boult. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exit PAND. and Pirates.]

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *[Exit BOULT.]*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling; I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. *Boult's* returned.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.⁴⁵

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House*

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I the justice of compare! O villain Leonine, Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness

Becoming well thy feat: what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the' impious innocent, And for an honest attribute, cry out, "She died by foul play."

Cle. O, go to. Well, well, Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,

And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then :
Yet none does know, but you, how she came
dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day.⁶⁶ It pierc'd me
thorough ;

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well-loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn : her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 't is done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the
flies ;

But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA
at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short ;
Sail seas in cockles,⁶⁷ have, and wish but for 't ;
Making, (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
you,

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you

The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,

(Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.)

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
brought

This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought ;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

*Enter at one door, PERICLES with his Train ;
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON
shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA ; whereat
PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth,
and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON
and DIONYZA retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er
show'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's Monument.*]

The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth ;
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
Wherefore she does, (and swears she 'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune ; while our scenes display
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1st Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2nd Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1st Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2nd Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1st Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus,⁴⁹ and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozeu of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thow would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.⁴⁹

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To MAR. whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PAND. and BOULT.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gambeter at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.⁵⁹

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome sty,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Perséver still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If 'thou hear'st
from me,

It shall be for thy good.

[As *Lys.* is putting up his Purse, *BOULT*
enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all Away!

[Exit *Lys.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,⁶¹ shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult*, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!⁶²

[Exit *Bawd.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change :
 Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel
 That hither comes inquiring for his tib ;
 To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
 Is liable ; thy very food is such
 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth ; Serve by indenture to the common hangman ; Any of these ways are better yet than this : For that which thou professest, a baboon, Could he but speak, would own a name too dear. O that the gods would safely from this place Deliver me ! Here, here is gold for thee. If that thy master would gain ought by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again
 And prostitute me to the basest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee :
 if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women ?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent ; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can ; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays ;
 Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her needl
 composes
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
 berry ;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry :⁵⁸
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain
 She gives the curs'd bawd. Here we her place ;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
 lost ;
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this
 coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

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God Neptune's annual feast to keep :⁵⁴ from
 whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight ;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene.*

A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it ; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge ; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus ? he
 can resolve you.

[*To the Sail. of Mitylene*

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1st Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,

To greet them fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.*]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.⁵⁵

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [*PER. discovered.*] this
was a goodly person,

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail,

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1st Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I
durst wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,⁵⁶
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—*

Exit Lord, in the Barge of Lys.]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll
omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kind-
ness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you fur-
ther,

That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so indict our province.⁵⁷—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, LORD, MARINA, and a young
Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?⁵⁸

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she
came

Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MAR. sings.*⁵⁹

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties⁶⁰
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What country-
woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her statue to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you
live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
'And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

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Mar. Should I tell my history
'T would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou
cam'st

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me
But, not to be a trouble of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy
motion?⁶¹

Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,⁶²
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where
were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 't were best I
did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither.

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of
kingdoms,

And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PER. is
closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.⁶³

[*Exeunt LYS., HEL., MAR., and attendant Lady*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

PERICLES *on the Deck asleep* ; DIANA *appearing to him as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe :
Do 't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIA. disappears.*]
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee !—Helicanus !

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
For other service first : toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
[*To HEL.*

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need ?

Lys. With all my heart, sir ; and when you
come ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at*
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina ; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,

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As Dian bade : whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*The Temple of* DIANA *at* Ephe-
sus ; THAISA *standing near the Altar, as High*
Priestess ; a number of Virgins of each side ;
CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus at-
tending.

Enter PERICLES, *with his Train* ; LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery.⁶⁴ She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon ; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder : but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour !—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles !—

[*She Faints.*]

Per. What means the woman ? she dies ! help,
gentlemen !

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no ;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady ;—O, she's but oer-
joy'd.

Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and plac'd
her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a Ring.*]

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAI.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power;
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have
heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at
last.

In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity eye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has
ending.

[*Exit Gow.*]

NOTES TO PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

¹ *Holy-ales*, i. e., church ales.

² *Pheere*, i. e., mate or companion.

³ *To keep her still, and men in awe.*

That is, to keep men in awe from demanding her in marriage, and to retain her for himself.

⁴ *Young prince of Tyre.*

As it does not appear that the father of Pericles is living, we are to regard him as the reigning prince or sovereign of Tyre.

⁵ *Copp'd hills.*

Hills rising to a top or head.

⁶ *Desired that he might know none of his secrets.*

This wise man, who wished to avoid the secrets of princes, is thus alluded to by Barnabie Riche:—"I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might do unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the king, that your majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets."

⁷ *Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist.*

That is, if he stands on peace. A Latin sense.

⁸ *Thinks all is writ he spoken can.*

That is, the people of Tharsus so much respect Pericles, that they receive all his sayings with as much reverence as if they were holy writ. The reader must remember that the poet makes the chorus speak the language of nearly two centuries before his time, which partially accounts for its ambiguity. *He spoken can*, was a mode, then obsolete, of saying, *that he can speak*.

⁹ *When I saw the porpoise, how he bounced and tumbled.*

Alluding to a superstition among sailors, that the appearance of porpoises at sea predicated an approaching storm.

¹⁰ *Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.*

The old copy reads—"if it be a day fits you, search out

of the calendar, and nobody will look after it." This is evidently a corruption, and the sentence, as it stands in the text, neither conveys a meaning nor seems in any way to arise out of the previous speech of Pericles. Mr Stevens says:—"Either something is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation. It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:—

Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.

2nd Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be not a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it."

¹¹ *O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.*

This passage appears unintelligible, and conjecture alone can help us to a meaning. Perhaps the sentence may be paraphrased thus:—Events can occur only in accordance with divine permission; you may lawfully attempt to obtain the soul, or love, of the princess, and so win her for your wife, though the accomplishment of your desire is impossible."

¹² *Bots an't.*

Bots are the worms that breed in horses. "This comic execration," says Mr. Malone, "was formerly used in the room of one less decent."

¹³ *Of a pair of bases.*

Dr. Johnson says *bases* are part of any ornament that hangs down as housings. The bases here meant are a sort of frock or loose breeches. In the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, we have them thus spoken of:—"His *bases* (which he wore so long, as they came almost to his ancle,) were embroidered only with blacke worms, which seemed to crawl up and downe, as alreadie to devour him."

¹⁴ *Piu per dulçura que per fuersa.*

That is, more by sweetness than by force. It should be, *Mas per duleura*, &c. *Piu* is Italian for "more," while the rest of the sentence is Spanish.

¹⁵ *The whipstock*, i. e., the carter's whip.

NOTES TO PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

¹⁶ *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These eates resist me, she not thought upon.*

In the old copies these lines are given to Simonides, and read, "he not thought upon." Malone has, with the concurrence of other critics, transferred them to Pericles, a mutual affection having arisen in his mind and in that of the princess Thaisa. There is still some confusion in the second line; the visanda, he says, resist him—that is, he loses his appetite when he ceases to think of the lady; the opposite meaning seems to be intended, namely, that his appetite fails him when he thinks of and gazes upon her. The absence of thought would encourage appetite, not spoil it.

¹⁷ *We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.*

A *standing-bowl* was a bowl resting on one foot.

¹⁸ *Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure.*

That is, the most probable in our judgment or opinion.

¹⁹ *With your fine fancies quaintly eke.*

That is, artfully *eke* out our story in your own mind; supply the gaps by your imagination.

²⁰ *The lords kneel to the former.*

The lords kneel to Pericles as an acknowledgment of his rank, because they are now, for the first time, informed by the letter that he is king of Tyre.

²¹ *By many a dearn and painful perch.*

Dearn is a north-country word, signifying lonely, solitary, obscure, melancholy. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half.

²² *By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins.*

That is, by the four corner-stones that bind together the great fabric of the world, which is here likened to a stupendous temple, in every corner of which messengers from Tyre have searched for Pericles.

²³ *Can stead the quest, i. e., help or assist the search.*

²⁴ ——— *Half the flood
Hath their keel cut.*

That is, they had accomplished half their voyage.

²⁵ *Well-a-neighbor!*

An exclamation of sadness or condolence, equivalent to *well-a-day! lack-a-day!* or, *alas!* Reed says it is still in use in Yorkshire.

²⁶ *I will relate.*

Will, a negative; I will not relate.

²⁷ *Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit.*

Thy loss, in the death of thy mother, is greater than the value of thy entrance into the world.

²⁸ *I do not fear the flaw, i. e., the storm.*

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²⁹ *Slack the bolins there.*

Bowlines are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is rough.

³⁰ *Till the ship be cleared of the dead.*

It was a common superstition among sailors that a ship carrying a corpse would be exposed to storms and the danger of wreck; they interpreted the agitation of the sea into a demand for the interment of the body. Thus in Fuller's *Historie of the Holy Warre*, Book IV., c. 27—"His body was carried into France, there to be buried, and was most miserably tossed; it being observed, that the sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth; and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of."

³¹ *And we are strong in earnest.*

Boswell reads, strong in *custom*; the old copy has strong in *eastern*—evidently a corruption.

³² *Alter thy course for Tyre.*

That is, *from* Tyre; change thy course which is now for Tyre, and go to Tharsus.

³³ *The very principals did seem to rend.*

By the *principals* are meant the strong rafters which upheld the building; its main support.

³⁴ *Virtue and cunning.*

Cunning here is not used to imply deceit or subtlety, but knowledge or wisdom. The word is frequently so employed in our translation of the Scriptures.

³⁵ *To please the fool and death.*

Alluding to the old serio-comic dance between Death and the fool which afforded so much amusement to our ancestors. Steevens says—"I have seen an old Flemish print in which Death is exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the fool is standing behind, and grinning at the process."

³⁶ *Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.*

The meaning may be—"Though I appear wilful and perverse by such conduct." But Mr. Malone suggests with much acuteness that we might read—

Though I show *ill* in 't.

³⁷ *To the mask'd Neptune.*

To the sea, the insidious waves that wear an appearance of safety and yet are full of danger.

³⁸ *Vail to her mistress Dian.*

To *vail* is to bow or do homage; to vail with her pen has not a very clear signification, but it may mean that she wrote hymns or prayers to Diana. Steevens says—"We might indeed read—*Hail* to her mistress Dian; i. e., salute her in verse."

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NOTES TO PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

³⁹ With absolute Marina.

That is, highly accomplished, perfect. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*—

————— At sea
He is an absolute master.

⁴⁰ No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed.

Tellus, the goddess or spirit of the earth. She was usually represented as a woman with many breasts distended with milk, to express fertility. She also appeared crowned with turrets, holding a sceptro in one hand and a key in the other; while at her feet was lying a tame lion without chains, to intimate that every part of the earth can be made fruitful by means of cultivation.

⁴¹ A canvas-climber, i. e., a sailor, one who climbs the mast to lurl or unfurl the sails.

⁴² These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes.

Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral of distinction in the Spanish Armada, and the making of one of his ancestors a pirate was probably much enjoyed by an audience of the poet's time.

⁴³ The commodity waxes not with the danger.

That is, the profit is not equal to the risk.

⁴⁴ 'T were not amiss to keep our door hatched.

A *hatch* is a half-door usually placed a little within the outer door of a building. Brothels in the time of our poet were distinguished by a row of spikes placed upon the hatch, thus preventing any one from reaching over and unfastening the bolt, which was placed near the bottom. The spikes having been adopted as a precaution against the constable, became at last a sign of the character of the house. Perhaps by keeping his door *hatched*, the Pander may mean closed against company; he is expressing a wish to retire from his disgraceful occupation.

⁴⁵ A mere profit, i. e., an absolute, certain profit.

————— A malkin
Not worth the time of day.

That is, a coarse wench not worth a passing salute.

⁴⁷ Sail seas in cockles.

The exploits of witches, who were vulgarly supposed capable of crossing seas in an egg-shell, cockle, or mussel-shell, perhaps ran in our author's mind. The rapidity with which the imagination of his audience went from country to country, or passed over long periods of time, not unnaturally reminded him of witchcraft.

⁴⁸ She is able to freeze the god Priapus.

Priapus, the god who was supposed to preside over licentiousness. He was the son of Venus by Bacchus, and was singularly deformed. He was also the presiding spirit of gardens. The sacrifice usually offered to him was an ass, because that animal, by its braying, awoke the nymph Lotis, to whom he was about to offer violence.

⁴⁹ That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

This obscure passage doubtless is corrupt, though it is rendered clearer by reading—"to a number of the chaste." Mr. Steevens says—"The intended meaning of the passage should seem to be this—"The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons. It palliates grossness of profession in the former, while it exempts a multitude of the latter from suspicion of being what they are. 'T is politic for each to assume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality possess it.'"

⁵⁰ How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Lysimachus is struck with surprise at the language of Marina, and speaks sneeringly at what he deems her hypocrisy. "Be wise, and give over this assumed moral tone."

⁵¹ In the cheapest country under the cope.

Under the sky, the cope or vault of heaven.

⁵² Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

That is, my piece of prudish ostentatious chastity. Some dishes were anciently sent to table garnished with rosemary, or bays.

⁵³ Her incle, silk, twin with the rabied cherry.

Incle was a kind of worsted with which ladies worked flowers.

⁵⁴ ————— The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep.

This is a very harsh and graceless expression; its meaning appears to be, that the citizens vied with each other in their celebration of the festival. Steevens surmises that the author wrote—"the city *hiv'd*," &c., i. e., the citizens are collected like bees in a hive.

⁵⁵ But to prorogue his grief.

Prorogue is here used in the meaning of to protract or prolong; Dryden also has employed it in the same sense.

⁵⁶ His deafen'd parts.

That is, his deadened senses, senses impaired by grief, which rendering him silent and averse to conversation make him seem as one deaf.

⁵⁷ And so inflict our province.

All the copies read thus, but it should surely be *afflict*.

⁵⁸ Is't not a goodly presence?

That is, has she not a graceful and attractive manner? Presence is port, art, mien, demeanour.

⁵⁹ Marina sings.

In Twine's translation of the story of *Appollonius King of Tyre*, from the *Gesta Romanorum*, is the following song, which Mr. Steevens supposes might have been the one

NOTES TO PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

here sung by Marina. It is thus introduced—"Then began she to record in verses, and therewithal to sing so sweetly, that Appollonius, notwithstanding his great sorrow, wondred at her. And these were the verses which she soong so pleasantly unto the instrument—

Amongst the harlots foul I walk,
Yet harlot none am I:
The rose among the thorns it grows,
And is not hurt thereby.

The thief that stole me, sure I think,
Is slain before this time:
A bawd me bought, yet am I not
Defil'd by fleshly crime.

Were nothing pleasanter to me
Than parents mine to know:
I am the issue of a king,
My blood from kings doth flow.

I hope that God will mend my state,
And send a better day:
Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,
And banish care away.

Show gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerful eyes;
That God remains that once of nought
Created earth and skies;
He will not let, in care and thought,
You still to live, and all for nought."

⁶⁰ *Awkward casualties.*

That is, *adverse*. So in *Henry the Sixth*, Part II.—

And twice by *awkward* wind from England's bank
Drove back again.

⁶¹ *No fairy motion*, i. e., no puppet dressed up to deceive me.

⁶² *My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born.*

Mr. Steevens very justly remarks—"Either the construction is—My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter of a king,—or we ought to read—

She died the very minute, &c.

otherwise it is the *king*, not the *queen*, that died at the instant of Marina's birth."

⁶³ ———— *Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.*

Matone thinks these lines should be given to Marina, as he says there is no reason why Lysimachus should be liberal to his friends because Pericles has found his daughter. But Lysimachus has an interest in the discovery, he loves Marina, and if her birth is proved to be royal, can gratify his love by marrying her. In his joy at this anticipated confirmation of his hopes, he promises that his friends shall share his happiness.

⁶⁴ *Wears yet thy silver livery.*

That is, the pure white robe typical of innocence, the livery of the goddess of chastity.



Poems.

Venus and Adonis.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-check'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

“Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began,)
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.”

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm.
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged hough,
Nimble she fastens (O how quick is love!);
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
“If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.”

He burns with bashful shame: she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He says, she is immodest, blames her 'mis;
What follows more, she smothereth with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone:
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers.
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him tret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes;
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
"Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
"Oh pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unmask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him that over-ru'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mas'tring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain,
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whercon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whercon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left!
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty
Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou do'st survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus's side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ah me, (quoth Venus) young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears

VENUS AND ADONIS

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, finny, hard as steel,
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth ?
O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou should'st condemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute.
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred ;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause :
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

" Fondling, she saith, since I have humm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer :
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale ;
Graze on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain ;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking :
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing :
" Pity—(she cries) some favour—some remorse—"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resonates like heaven's thunder
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo ! this my strength is try'd ;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his " Stand, I say ?"
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur ?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he sends far off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And wh'er he run, or fly, they knew not whether ;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind :
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent ;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume :
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there ;
As they were, mad, unto the wood they fly them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Fanning his boisterous and unruly beast ;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy !
To note the fighting conflict of her hue !
How white and red each other did destroy !
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels :
His tender cheeks receive her soft hands' print,
As apt as new fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them !
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gale of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like to silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
" O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Tho' nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it ?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it ;
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go ;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so ;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies : " Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight ?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy ;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee
O learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

I know not love, (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it :
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath,

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What ! canst thou talk, (quoth she) hast thou a tongue !
O would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing !
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong ;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :
Melodious discord, heav'nly tune harsh-sounding, [ing
Earth's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wound]

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible ;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible :
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid suspicion double lock the door ?
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdman and to herds,

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth.
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
 The silly boy believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ,

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth.
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd ;
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O where am I, quoth she ? in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
 What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire ?
 But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O thou didst kill me ; —kill me once again :
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !
 Oh never let their crimson liveries wear !
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous year !
 That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
 To sell myself I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
 Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
 And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
 What is ten hundred kisses unto thee ?
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?
 Nay, for non-payment that the debt should double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years ;
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me :
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
 Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west :
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'tis very late ;"
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
 The coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say "good night," and so say you ;
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
 "Good night," quoth she ; and, ere he says "adieu,"
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is :
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;
 Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought :
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 (Their lips together glew'd) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught her yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willett ;
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blind-fold fury she begins to forage ;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much Landling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tired with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with temp'ring,
 And yields at last to every light impression ?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is froward

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
 What though the rose have pricks ? yet is it pluck'd :
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?
 Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?
 He tells her, no : to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawp being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw:
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
O be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never-sheat'h'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wond'rous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou did'st name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boddy heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel:
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, "kill, kill;"
Distemp'ring gentle love with his des'p',
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This sour informer, this hate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissensious jealousy,
That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chasing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtily,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hands.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out:
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anou their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyself,—thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent. Why, what of that? quoth she.
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.—
In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make rich men thieves ; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances and much misery ;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's sight brings beauty under
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity ?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away ;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme ;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's fowl nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there ;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove ?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger ;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase : O strange excuse :
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name ;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :
Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen ;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace :
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend ;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beat her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :
" Ah me ! " she cries, and twenty times, " woe, woe ! "
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote ;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short ;
If pleas'd themselves, others, they, think, delight,
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?
She said, 'tis so : they answer all, 'tis so ;
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow :
O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright.
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprisè her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;
Till, cheering up her senses sore disuay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more ;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepaintèd all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the paths that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is matèd with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks ; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd d' mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollied out his voice ;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazèd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazèd
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death,

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But latefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spokè,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping
What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd ;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions through her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief ;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best ; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman lollo ;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous;
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught;
Now she adds honour to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commiserator;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, toms; and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Fridles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

O, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign'd their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's mind confound:
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes:

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank: whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth:
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she dotheth:
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lark'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and archin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first ;
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My youth with his ; the more I am accurst.
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale,
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
 She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
 As if he heard the woeful words she told :
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies :

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect :
 Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,
 That you, being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end ;
 Ne'er settled equally, too high or low ;
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 And shall be blasted in a breathing-while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
 With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile :
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepid age to tread the measures :
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
 It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving, when it seems most just ;
 Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire ;
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white ;
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is left from her by death :
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire)
 For every little grief to wet his eyes :
 To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
 Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night
 There shall not be one minute of an hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid
 Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

The Rape of Lucrece.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater : meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom ; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife ; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids ; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravisheth her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
And, if possess'd, as soon decayed and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun !
An expired date, cancel'd ere well begun :
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator ;
What needeth then apology be made
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king ;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be ;
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
The golden hap which their superiors want.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those ;
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame :
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;
When beauty boasted blishes, in despite
Virtue would stain that or with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assuil'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right :
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, aZored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil ;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ;
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulted prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
Now headen slumber with life's strength doth fight ;
And every one to rest himself betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining
Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure is the need proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not (that which they possess)
They scatter and unlose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage ;
Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect ;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have : so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
And for himself, himself he must forsake :
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm ;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Wherewith a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The langers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise :
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine !
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine !
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
O impious act, including all foul harms !
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave !
True valour still a true respect should have ;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote,
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy :
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wait a week ?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy ?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife :
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
I'll beg her love ;—*but she is not her own* :
The worst is but denial, and reproving :
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing :
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise !
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear !
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear avaunt ! debating die !
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age !
My heart shall never countermand mine eye :
Sad pause and deep regard besem the sage ;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine :
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits ;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline ;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worsen part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jound show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward ;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
Night-wand'ring weels shriek to see him there ;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch,

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle stieks ;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies ;
And griping it, the needl his finger pricks :
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial ;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing ; [sands,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lauds.

Now is he come unto the chamber door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Hav'ing solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts :—quoth he, I must deflower ;
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act ?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide !
My will is back'd with resolution :
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution ;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide :
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch ;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head :
By their high treason is his heart misled ;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed ;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill !
Then Collatiue again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have repos'd still :
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;
Between whose hills her head intomb'd is :
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was.
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?
What did he note, but strongly he desired ?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;
Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting ;
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries :
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;
What terror 'tis ! but she, in worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting anties, ugly in her eyes :
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

His hand that yet remains upon her breast,
 (Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
 May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
 This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
 But she with vehement prayers ureth still,
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face
 (That even for anger makes the lily pale,
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,)
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
 Under that cover am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide,
 My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
 I think the honey guarded with a sting;
 All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
 But nothing can affection's course control,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
 Concheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
 Whose crooked beak threats if he mouut he dies:
 So under the insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee:
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
 A little harm, done to a great good end,
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband's and thy children's sake
 Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot;
 Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot
 For marks descried in men's nativity
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right:
 Nor aught obeys hut his foul appetite.

But, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
 So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally.
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place,
 And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath;
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
 By holy human law, and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended:
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:
 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
 Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
 Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee,
 If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion;
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me,
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
 For kings like gods should govern every thing.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such an outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
Put happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove:
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living land,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

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This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannise.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again.
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure chastity is riled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he stealth
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless castaway :
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day :
For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay ;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mine.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of hell !
Dim register and notary of shame !
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
Blind muffled bawl ! dark harbour for defame !
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my careless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time !
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick.
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)
The silver-shining queen he would disdain ;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again ;
So should I have copartners in my pain :
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace !
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade !

Make me not object to the tell-tale day !
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow :
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame :
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows !

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him :
Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue :—O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil !

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless burns the harvest of his wits ;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young ;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers :
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours :
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season ;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth ;
 Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a public fast ;
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name :
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
 Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?
 When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end ?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;
 They buy thy help : but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes ; and thou art well appay'd
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation ;
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;
 Guilty of incest, that abomination :
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;
 Thou nurstest all, and murderest all that are !
 O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?
 Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes ?
 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes ;
 To eat up error by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right ;
 To rinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And snear with dust their glittering golden towers :

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books, and alter their contents.
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs ;
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
 And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel ;

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To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild ;
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd ;
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou could'st return to make amends ?
 One poor retiring minute in an age
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends :
 O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come back
 I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack !

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight ;
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil

Disturb his hours of rest wish restless trances
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
 To make him moan, but pity not his moans :
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones ;
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
 Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of time's help to despair,
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave ;
 And time to see one that by alms doth live,
 Disdain to him disdain'd scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort :
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly and his time of sport :
 And ever let his unrecalling crime
 Have time to wall the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill !
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill
 For who so base would such an office have
 As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
 The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
 And unpereiv'd fly with the filth away ;
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stave.
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day
 Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
 But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out idle words, servants to shallow fools !
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;
 To trembling clients be you mediators :
 For me, I force not argument a straw,
 Since that my case 's past the help of law.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame :
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death.
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that from which discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife ;
So am I now :—O no, that cannot be ;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery ;
A dying life to living infamy :
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth ;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringing oath ;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaind,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell ; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;
To whom she sobbing speaks : O eye of eyes, [ing ;
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peep-
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping :
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees :
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;
No object but her passion's strength renews ;
And as one shifts, another straight esnes :
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words,
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society :
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food ;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows :
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts !
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb !
(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests ;)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears

Come Philomel that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear :
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin's ill,
While thou on Terens descant'st better still.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye ;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, scated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds :
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better
When life is sham'd, and Death reproaches debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack ! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
 When the one pure, the other made divine.
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
 Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
 Then let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
 And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonour'd.
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
 The one will live, the other being dead:
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
 My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
 My soul and body to the skies and ground;
 My resolution, husband, do you take;
 Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
 My shame be his that did my fame confound;
 And all my fame that lives, disburied be
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will;
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, "so be it."
 Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

His plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 (For why? her face wore sorrow's livery.)
 But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
 Her circl'd eye, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
 Who in a salt-way'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night

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A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
 One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
 Then call them not the authors of their ill.
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O let it not be hid
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong
 Such danger to resistance did belong,
 That dying fear through all her body spread:
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
 My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd
 Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?
 Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
 The more to blame my sluggish negligence:
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness.
 O peace! quoth Lucrece; if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it less;
 For more it is than I can well express:
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
 What should I say?—One of my husband's men,
 Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
 What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Through her inventions, which shall go before.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
Some present speed, to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood bath stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She boards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold.
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste:"
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curt'sies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no.
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
'The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there.
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife:
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy thrills,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver-white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all blown and red
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand: himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strand of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till meeting greater runs
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To this well-painted piece if Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stèl'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had dotting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell,
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilt's instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill,
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile
(She would have said) can lurk in such a look,
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk from cannot took.
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

For even as subtle Sinon here's painted
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguill'd
With outward honesty, but yet devil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes.
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell:
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company ;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretel new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares ;
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins : What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand ?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending :
In me more woes than words are now depending :
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say :—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed : this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word :
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And fir the weaker with so strong a fear :
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own excuse !
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so :
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste ;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms :
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me ?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance ?
May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
The poisoned fountain clears itself again ;
And why not I from this compelled stain ?

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, curv'd in it with tears.
No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name : " He, he," she says,
But more than " he" her poor tongue could not speak :
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this : " He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed.
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew:
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase:

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-suck'd island vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congeal'd face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be, that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place:
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine: O mine she is,
Replies her husband: Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter and my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings.
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatine's eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For this foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations.
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country's rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did him words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

Sonnets.

I.

How fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own hud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer—" *This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—*"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another ;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disclains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel ;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where :
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show ; their substance still lives sweet

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee :
Then, what could death do if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair:
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir

VII.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage :
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore dutious, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way :
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly ?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, " thou single wilt prove none "

SONNETS.

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the waste of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer your's, than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifits:—Dear my love, you know,
You had a father; let your son say so.

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XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom in date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheer'd and check'd even by the self-same sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night.
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme.
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts:
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SONNETS.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men,
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created ;
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muse,
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
 Making a complement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well ;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
 As I not for myself but for thee will ;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might
 O let my books be then the cloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ ;
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For, at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
 Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit.
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it.
 'Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee, [me
 Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired :
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new
 Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd ?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night :
 When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer, [stronger
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem

SONNETS.

XXXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep atresh love's long-since-cancel'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
That due of many now is thine alone :
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me."

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time ;
And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
" Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ; [eth.
Sons of the world may stain, when heaven's sun stain-

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss ;
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewail'd guilt should do thee shame ;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
Or give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight,
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke ;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
Yet his slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise

SONNETS.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou ushest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
 Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy, my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespect'd;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay
 All nights are nights to see, till I see thee, [me.
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee

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XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way,
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
 For limble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life being made of four, with two alone,
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recur'd
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assur'd
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes),
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impanelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other;
 When that mine eye is furnish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That, to my use, it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

1705

SONNETS

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects,
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity,
 Against that time do I ensconce me here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee ;
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love exense the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed ;
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow !
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know :
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
 Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you ;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

1706

LIV.

O how much more doth beautyauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Marsis' sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpened in his former might :
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view :
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
 Make's summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, mo'r

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are, how happy you make those :
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time :
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

SONNETS.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child?
O that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this compos'd wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere;
From me afar off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud-cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

SONNETS

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend :
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as loes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ; [kind,
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this,—that thou dost common grow

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that lies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assai'd, or victor being charg'd ;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you weep.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;
But let your love even with my life decay :
Lest the wise world should look into your mean,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

1708

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due :
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is bad or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument ;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent :
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste banks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so soft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy dispense.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the style
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

SONNETS.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,) [men.
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attain't o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beautous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hind-most, holds his rank before
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attain'd:
That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

SONNETS.

LXXXIX.

Say that then didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence:
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Ah! do not, when my heart bath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd wee;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
 And other strains of wee, which now seem wee
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

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XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee!
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd:
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grow
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all these.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

SONNETS.

xcix.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;— [smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

e.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

ci.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd !
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,
" Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
But best is best, if never intermix'd ?—"
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so ; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

cii.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of ripper days :
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bow,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

ciii.

Alack ! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write !
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

civ.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

cv.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, and varying to other words,
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

cvi.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise

cvii.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul,
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent

cviii.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit ?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same ;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name,
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page ;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

SONNETS.

CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie :
 That is my home of love : if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again ;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 'That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 God's mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best.
 Even to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

CXI.

O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection ;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abyss I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack.
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

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CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
 O 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things ;
 Alas ! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, " now I love you best,"
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
 Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken !
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hour and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate ;
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge :
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needings.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

SONNETS.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Distill'd from lymbecks foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by your's, you have pass'd a hell of time;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms your's, and your's must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No.—I am that I am; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change;
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might,
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange:
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

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CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd
 No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thralled discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with showers
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or lay'd great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control!

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still wilt pluck thee back:
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure;
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
 At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

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SONNETS.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason bated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun!
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say, that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well bescem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear Beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt: for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast both bind.
The statute, of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose, through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And wilt to boot, and wilt in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted here;
Thus far for love, my lovesuit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number, one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee, hold
That nothing-me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore says not I, that I am old?
O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

SONNETS.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'lide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know):
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied, [wide.
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view, is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLIH.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And then shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds revenges of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be denied.

CXLIH.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay:
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray, that thou may'st have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worse spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's bell.
The truth shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

These lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying *not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Starved by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dress;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no.
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

SONNETS.

CXLIX.

Earst thou, O cruel, say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself all-tyrant, for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason:
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

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CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee
 When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a scething bath which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast:
 I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

I.
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth doth shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.
Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah fool too froward!

III.
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,

Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

IV.
Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longer tarrance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
He spying her, bound'd in, whereas he stood:
Oh Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood!

V.
Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A little pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none fals'er to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.
If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd.
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain

VII.
Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.
Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded.
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
For why ? thou left'st me nothing in thy Will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;
For why ? I craved nothing of thee still :
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee ;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me ;
And then she clip'd Adonis in her arms :
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;
And as she fetch'd breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away !

X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame :
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee ;
O, my love, my love is young ;
Age, I do defy thee ;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently :
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physick, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah ! neither be my share :
She bade good night, that kept my rest away ;
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow ;
Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :
May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile.
May be, again to make me wander thither :
Wander, a word for shadows like myself.
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tun'd like the lark ;
For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty :
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow :
For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow
Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;
But now are minutes added to the hours ;
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour ;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !
Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now borrow ;
Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be, [see,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could
Her fancy fell a turning. [bight,
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight :
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with dis
Alas she could not help it ! [dain :
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away ;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay :
For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day !)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath :
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But alas ! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Yow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee ;
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is a miss :
Love is dying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss ;
O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle damo !
For now I see,
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall:
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 (O cruel speeding!)
 Fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
 My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
 My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
 With sighs so deep,
 Procures to weep,
 In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth; they die:
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully.
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet love,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy, partial might:
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwead.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
 Lest she some subtle practice smell;
 (A cripple soon can find a halt:)
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
 And then too late she will repent,
 That thus dissembled her delight;
 And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
 Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say:—
 "Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
 Spare not to spend,—and chiefly spare
 Where thy desert may merit praise,
 By ringing in thy lady's ear:
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
 And in thy suit be humble, true;
 Unless thy lady prove unjust,
 Press never thou to choose anew:

When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
 Dissembled with an outward show,
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
 The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to thrive with men,
 To sin, and never for to saint:
 There is no heaven, by holy then,
 When time with age shall them attain.
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

But soft: enough,—too much I fear,
 Lest that my mistress hear my song;
 She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
 To teach my tongue to be so long:
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone:
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity:
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
 Tern, Tern, by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs, so lively shown,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
 None take pity on thy pain:
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee:
 King Pandion, he is dead;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
 All thy fellow birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee
 None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
 Thou and I were both beguil'd.
 Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call:
 And with such like flattering,
 "Pity but he were a king."

If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have him at commandment.
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown:
 They that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his company no more

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow,
 Are of those that April wears.
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
 Angur of the fever's end,
 To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,
 Save the eagle, feather'd king ;
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :—
 Love and constancy is dead ;
 Phoenix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence.

1720

So they lov'd, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one ;
 Two distincts, division none :
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
 But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right
 Flaming in the phoenix' sight ;
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
 That the self was not the same ;
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together ;
 To themselves yet either-neither,
 Simple were so well compounded ;

That it cried, how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one !
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love ;
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
 Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair ;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A Lover's Complaint.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sisting vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale :
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Of't did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears ;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth ; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;
Fou'd yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear ;
Cry'd, O false blood ! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear !
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here.
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Eg'd discontent to breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffie knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours,) observed as they flew ;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew ;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know,
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side ;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide :
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me ! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place,
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly defied.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear ;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear ;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, [makes !"
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manag' by the well-doing steed.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

But quickly on this side the verdict went ;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To uppartainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case ;
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions ; yet their purpos'd trim
Tie'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted ;
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of huyls and mansions, their's in thought assign'd ;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desir'd, yielded ;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded :
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah ! who ever shun'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay ?
Or fore'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way ?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry " it is thy last."

For further I could say, " this man's untrue,"
And new the patterns of his foul beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me : " Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said ;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind :
Love made them not ; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd :
Harm I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd.
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond ; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold ; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan

Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender :
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise
What me your minister, for you obeyes,
Works under you ; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note ;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives ?
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves :
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might

O pardon me, in that my boast is true ;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly :
Religious love put out religion's eye,
Not to be tempted, would she be enmur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among ;
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love ! vow, bound, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine,

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ? [shame,
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
Aud sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The alices of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face ;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
O how the channel to the stream gave grace !
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear ?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath !

For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears ;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting : though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows ;

That not a heart which in his level came,
Should scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;
And veil'd in them, would win whom he would maim
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;
When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd.
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubim, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?
Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid !

COMMENDATORY VERSES ON SHAKESPEARE.

ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
WHO DIED IN APRIL, 1616.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare, in your three-fold, four-fold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doomsday; for hardly will a fist
Betwixt this day and that by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
But if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone.
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave,
Possess, as lord, not tenant of thy grave;
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be hid by thee.

WILLIAM BASSE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED THE AUTHOR,
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For scilicet ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need:
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
And tell—how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pæcuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stag; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone; for the comparison

1724

Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come,
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:—
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:—
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like
And despair's day, but for thy volume's light! [night

BEN JONSON

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR,
MASTER W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age,—as Naso said
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade;
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miss'd, until our bankrupt stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain to out-do
Passions "of Juliet, and her Romeo:"

COMMENDATORY VERSES ON SHAKESPEARE.

Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake :
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MASTER W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room :
We thought thee dead ; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause : an actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part :
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

J. M.

ON WORTHY MASTER SHAKESPEARE, AND HIS POEMS.

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent :
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron Gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality :
In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern
A royal ghost from churls ; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how off they live ;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shews : To give a stage, —
Ample, and true with life, — voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd :
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their horse,
Make kings his subjects ; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage ;
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile ; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd ; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd : by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport : —
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines ; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire ;
To steer the affections ; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves : —

This, — and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast, —
Was Shakespeare's freehold ; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train ; —
The buskin'd muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants,
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another ; —
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother ; —

And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright :
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring ;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk : there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun,
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice :
Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled : not the air,
Not clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn
Nor out of common tiffauy or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent, — death may destroy,
They say, his body ; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hand shall give
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel
crown'd,

Which never fades ; fed with ambrosian meat
In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat :
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it ;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,
J. M. S.

AN EPIIAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMA/TIC POET,
W. SHAKESPEARE.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones ;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointed pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name !
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument :
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

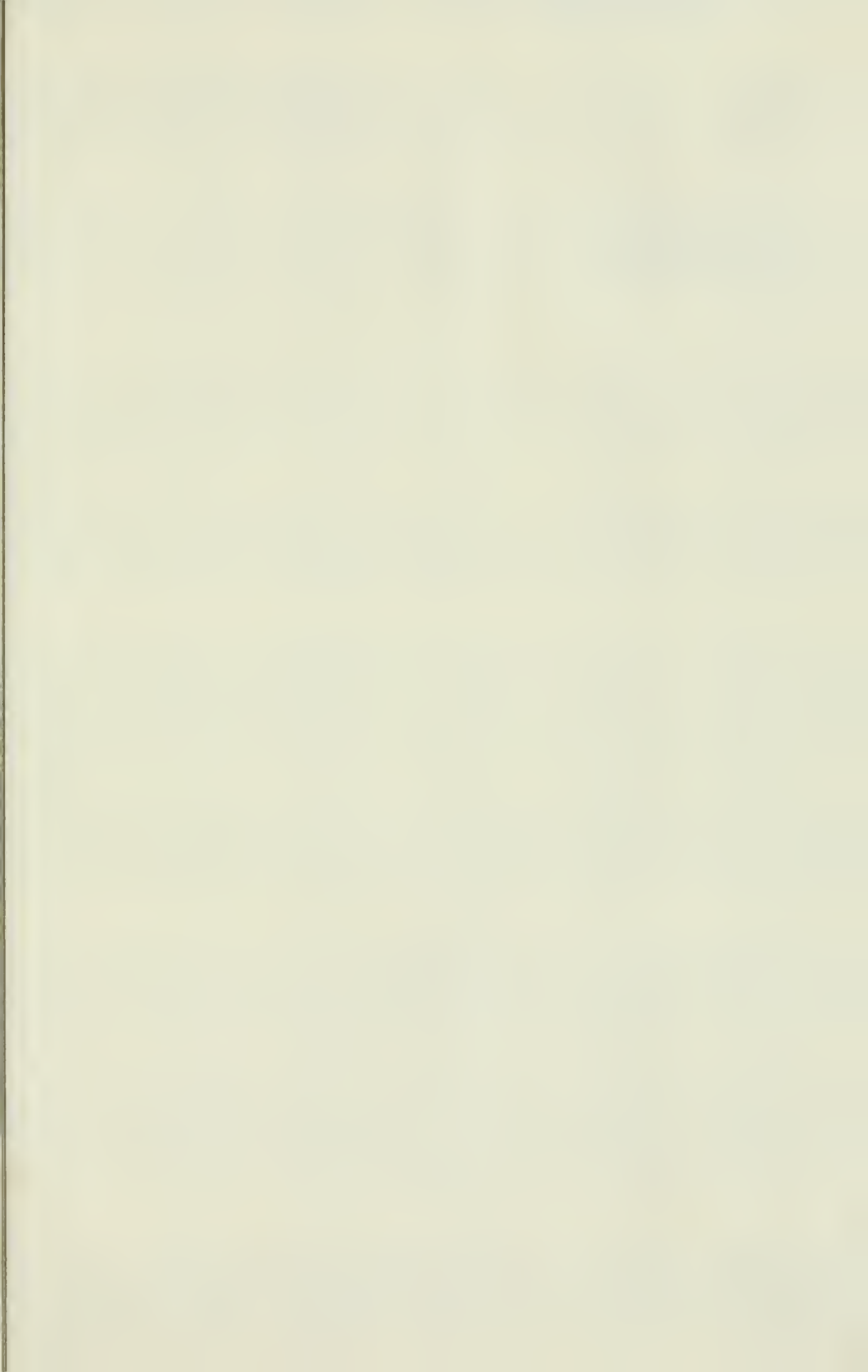
JOHN MILTON.

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

JOHNSON

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face : The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy ;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

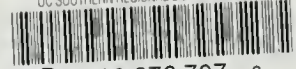
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