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THE  
WORKS

OF

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

---

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONSISTING OF

TRAGEDIES.

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MDCCXLV.

**PLAYS** *contain'd in this Volume.*

**TIMON** of **ATHENS.**

**CORIO LANUS.**

**JULIUS CÆSAR.**

**ANTONY** and **CLEOPATRA.**

**TITUS ANDRONICUS.**

**MACBETH.**



T I M O N

O F

*A T H E N S.*



VOL. V.

A 2

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**TIMON**, *a noble Athenian.*

Lucius, }  
Lucullus, } *two flattering Lords.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius, }  
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*

Servilius, }

Caphis, }

Varro, }

Philotas, }

Titus, }

Lucius, }

Hortensius, }

Ifidore, }

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Cupid and Maskers.

Phrynia, }  
Timandra, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers Servants and Attendants.*

SCENE *Athens, and the Woods not far from it.*

*The hint of part of this play taken from Lucian's Dialogue of Timon.*

POPE.

TIMON



# TIMON of ATHENS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,  
at several doors.*

POET.



GOOD day, Sir.

*Pain.* I am glad ye 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 so strange,  
Which manifold Record not matches? see,  
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O'tis a worthy Lord!

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fixt.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were  
To an untirable and continueate goodness.

*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 recompence have prais'd the vile,  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form.

*Jew.* And rich; here is a water, look ye.

*Pain.* You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication  
To the great Lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipt idly from me.  
Our poesie is as a gum, which issues  
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i' th' flint  
Shews not 'till it be struck: our gentle flame  
Provokes it self, — and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it 'chafes.' What have you there? [forth?

*Pain.* A picture, Sir: — 'and when comes your book

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.  
Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis,  
This comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indiff'rent.

*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 th' 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.*

*Pain.* How this Lord is followed!

*Poet.* The senators of Athens! happy 'man!

*Pain.* Look, more!

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.  
I have,

1 chafes. . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*  
3 men! . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

2 when

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 it self  
In a wide sea of wax<sup>a</sup>; no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
'It' flies an eagle-flight, bold and forth on,  
Leaving no track 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 slipp'ry 'natures, as  
Of grave and austere quality, tender down  
Their service 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 glafs-fac'd flatterer  
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better  
Than to 'make himself abhorr'd; ev'n he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* I have upon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The base o' th' 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 sov'reign Lady fixt,  
One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,  
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wasts to her,  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd ' to th' scope:  
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man becken'd from the rest below

A 4

Bowing

(a) *Anciently they wrote upon waxes tables with an iron style.*

4 But 5 creatures, 6 abhor himself;

7 to . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*



## 8 TIMON of ATHENS.

Bowing his head against the steepy mount,  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition.

*Poet.* Nay, 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 whisp'rings 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 to the mountain's top,  
Ev'n on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well  
To shew Lord *Timon*, that 'men's' eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

### S C E N E II.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter *Timon* addressing himself courteously  
to every *Suitor*.

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you? [To a Messenger.]

*Mes.* Ay, my good Lord, five talents is his debt,  
His means most short, his creditors most straight :  
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 most needs me. I know him  
A gentleman that well deserves a help,

Which

Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Mef.* Your Lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him I will send his ransom,  
And being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;  
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after. Fare you well.

*Mef.* All happiness to your Honour.

[*Exit.*

*Enter an old Athenian:*

*O. Ath.* Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*O. Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

*Tim.* I have so: what of him?

*O. Ath.* Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here or no? *Lucilius!*

*Enter Lucilius.*

*Luc.* Here, at your Lordship's service.

*O. 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?

*O. Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o' th' 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 pray thee, noble Lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
My self have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*O. Ath.* Therefore he will 'obey' *Timon*.  
His honesty rewards him in it self,  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*O. Ath.*

*O. Ath.* She is young, and apt :  
Our precedent passions do instruct us,  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* Love you the maid ?

*Luc.* Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

*O. Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endowed,  
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

*O. Ath.* Three talents on the present, in future all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;  
To build his fortune I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*O. 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 'own'd' to you! [*Ex. Luc. and O. 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 'painted' is almost the natural man :  
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature  
He is but out-side : pencil'd figures are  
Ev'n 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 ye!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman ; Give me your hand,  
We

1 ow'd . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

2 painting

We must needs dine together : Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my Lord ? dispraise ?

*Tim.* A meer satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would undo me quite,

*Jew.* My Lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would give : but you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are by their masters priz'd ; Believe't, dear Lord  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

[tongue,

*Mer.* No, my good Lord, he speaks the common  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look who comes here.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Apemantus.*

Will you be chid ?

*Jew.* We'll bear it with your Lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good-morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus* !

*Apem.* 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good-morrow ;  
When 'I am' *Timon*'s dog, and these knaves honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st

*Apem.* Are they not *Athenians* ?

[them not.

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Thou know'st 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.*

3 thou art

*Apem.* The 'better,' 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.* Y'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.* If 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 'tis worth ?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking — How now, poet ?

*Poet.* How now, philosopher ?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art thou 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, when 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' th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a Lord !

*Tim.* What would'st do then, *Apemantus* ?

*Apem.* Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thy self ?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore ?

*Apem.*

*Apem.* That I had <sup>5</sup> 'so hungry a' wit to be a Lord.  
Art thou not a merchant ?

*Mer.* Ay, *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not !

*Mer.* If traffick do it, the Gods do it. [thee !]

*Apem.* Traffick's thy God, <sup>6</sup> 'and so thy' God confound

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that ?

*Mes.* 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse,  
All of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray entertain them, give them guide to us ;  
You must needs dine with me : go not you hence  
'Till I have thank't you ; and when dinner's done  
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your fights.

*Enter Alcibiades with the rest.*

Most welcome, Sir ! [Bowing and embracing.]

*Apem.* So, so ! Aches contract, and starve your supple  
joints ! that there should be small love amongst these sweet  
knaves, and all this courtesie ! the strain of man's bred out  
into baboon and monkey.

*Alc.* You <sup>7</sup> 'have even sav'd' my longing, and I feed  
Most hungerly on your fight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, Sir.

Ere we <sup>8</sup> 'do part,' we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.*

*Luc.* What time a day is't, *Apemantus* ?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*Luc.* 'Ay, that,' time serves still.

*Apem.* The <sup>9</sup> 'more' accursd thou that still omitt'st it.

*Lucul.*

5 no angry . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.* 6 and thy,

7 have sav'd 8 depart . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

9 That 1 most

14 TIMON OF ATHENS.

*Lucul.* Thou art going to Lord *Timon's* feast.

*Apem.* Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

*Lucul.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*Lucul.* Why, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Thou should'st have kept one to thy self, for I mean to give thee none.

*Luc.* Hang thy self.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend. [hence.

*Lucul.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or — I'll spurn thee

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' ass.

[Exit *Apem.*

*Luc.* He's opposite 'to all humanity.'

Come, shall we in, and taste Lord *Timon's* bounty?  
He sure outgoes the very heart of kindness.

*Lucul.* He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,  
Is but his stew'rd: no meed but he repays  
Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quitance.

*Luc.* The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

*Lucul.* Long may he live in fortunes! shall we in?

*Luc.* I'll keep you company.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Another Room in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing, loud Musick. A great Banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the Gods  
To call my father's age unto long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.

z to humanity.

Then

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.

*Ves.* A noble spirit.

*Tim.* Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,  
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:  
But where there is true friendship, these needs none.  
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than they to me. [They sit down.]

*Luc.* We always have confest it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

*Tim.* O *Apemantus!* you are welcome.

*Apem.* No: you shall not make me welcome. I come  
to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fie, th'art a churl; ye have got a humour there  
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:  
They say, my Lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,  
But yonder man is ever angry. Go,  
And 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 thy peril, *Timon:* I come to  
observe, I give thee warning on't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, there-  
fore welcome; I my self would have no power, pr'ythee  
let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I  
should ne'er flatter thee. O you Gods! what a number  
of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 't' 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 th' readiest man to kill him ! 'T has been prov'd.  
 Were I a great man, I should fear to drink,  
 Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes ;  
 Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* My Lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

*Lucul.* Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way ! — a brave fellow ! he keeps his  
 tides well ; those healths will make thee and thy state  
 look ill, *Timon.* Here's that which is too weak to be a  
 sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire :  
 This and my food are equal, there's no odds ;  
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

#### *Apemantus's Grace.*

*Immortal Gods, I crave no self ;  
 I pray for no man but my self ;  
 Grant I may never prove so fond,  
 To trust man on his oath or bond ;  
 Or a barlot 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, Amen : So fall to't :  
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus !*

*Tim.* Captain *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

*Alc.* My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than  
 a dinner of friends,

*Alc.*

*Alc.* So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

*Luc.* Might we but have the happiness, my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think our selves for ever perfect.

*Tim.* Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that <sup>4</sup> 'character and' title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my self, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you; oh you Gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wisht my self poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made <sup>5</sup> 'a joy' ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* <sup>6</sup> Thou weepest but to make them drink thee,  
*Timon.*

*Lucul.* 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.

<sup>3</sup> *Lord.* I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much!

*Sound Tucket.*

*Tim.* What means that trump? how now?

<sup>4</sup> charitable

<sup>5</sup> away

<sup>6</sup> Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Please you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies? what are their wills?

*Ser.* There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray let them be admitted.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Cupid with a Mask of Ladies.*

*Cup.* Hail to the worthy *Timon*, and to all  
That of his bounties taste! the five best senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron, and do come  
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom.  
7 'Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise:  
These only now come but to feast thine eyes. [dances.]

*Tim.* They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.  
Let musick make their welcome.

*Lus.* You see, my Lord, how amply you're belov'd.

*Apem.* Hoyday! 8 'why, what a sweep of vanity  
Comes this way! 9 'And they dance, they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shews to a little oyl and root.  
We make our selves fools, to disport our selves;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spight and envy. Who lives, that's not  
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears  
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends gift?  
I should fear, those that dance before me now  
Would one day stamp upon me: 'T has been done;  
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

7 There taste, touch all, . . . old edit. Warb. amend.

8 what 9 They

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon, each singles out 'a Lady,' and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our 'pleasures very much' grace,  
fair Ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind :  
You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device.  
I am to thank you for it.

*Luc.* 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 your selves.

*All La.* Most thankfully, my Lord. [Exeunt.

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My Lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Fla.* Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet? there is no crossing him in's humour,

Else I should tell him — well — i' faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could!

'Tis pity bounty has not eyes behind,

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [Exit.

*Luc.* Where be our men?

*Ser.* Here, my Lord, in readiness.

*Lucul.* Our horses.

*Tim.* O my good friends!

I have one word to say to you: look, my Lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much

As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,

'Kind Lord!'

*Luc.* I am so far already in your gifts ———

*All.* So are we all. [Exe. Lucius and Lucullus.

B 2

SCENE

1 an Amazon

2 pleasures much

3 Kind my Lord!

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Re-enter Flavius.*

*Flav.* I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* + 'Me near?' why then another time I'll hear thee. I prythee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how.

*Enter another Servant.*

*2 Ser.* May it please your Honour, Lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses trapt in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly : let the presents Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third Servant.*

How now ? what news ?

*3 Ser.* 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 grey-hounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him ; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* What will this come to ?

'Here 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 shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no pow'r to make his wishes good ; His promises fly so beyond his state,

4 Near !

5 He

That

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes  
 For ev'ry word: he is so kind, that he  
 Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.  
 Well, would I were gently put out of <sup>6</sup> 'office!  
 Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
 Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.  
 I bleed inwardly for my Lord. [Exit.

*Tim.* You do your selves much wrong, you bate too  
 much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of  
 our love.

*1 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will re-  
 ceive it.

*3 Lord.* He has the very soul of bounty.

*Tim.* And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good  
 words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis  
 yours, because you lik'd it.

*2 Lord.* Oh, 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 friends affection with my own, 'T' tell you true:  
 I'll call on you.

*All Lords.* O, none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all, and your several visitations  
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give  
 'My thanks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
 And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades,*  
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
 'I'll' come in charity to thee; thy living  
 Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
 Lye in a pitch field.

*Alc.* I despise land, my Lord.

*1 Lord.* We are so virtuously bound ———

*Tim.* And so am I to you.

*2 Lord.* So infinitely endear'd ———

*Tim.* All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

B 3

3 Lord.

6 office! ere I were forc'd.  
 9 It

7 I'll

8 Methinks,

3 *Lord.* The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,  
Keep you, Lord *Timon* ———

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Apem.* What a coil's here,  
'Screwing of backs,<sup>1</sup> and jutting out of bums!  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the fums  
That are giv'n for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;  
Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'fies.

*Tim.* Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,  
I would 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  
wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, *Timon*, I  
fear me thou wilt give away thy self <sup>2</sup> 'in perpetuum'  
shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-  
glories?

*Tim.* Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I am  
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come  
with better musick. [*Exit.*]

*Apem.* So ——— thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt  
not then.

I'll lock <sup>3</sup> 'the' heaven from thee.

Oh, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*]

1. Serving of backs, . . . *old edit. Throb. emend.*

2 in paper                      3 thy



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A publick place in the City.*

*Enter a Senator.*

SENATOR.

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 roging 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 ten more  
 Better than he; why, give my horse to *Timon*;  
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight  
 'Ten 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.*

*Cap.* Here, Sir; what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord *Timon*;  
 Importune him for monies, 'be not ceast  
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd with  
 Commend me to your master ——— and the cap  
 'Play'ng' in the right hand, — thus — but tell him, firrah,  
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
 And my reliance on his fracted dates  
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;  
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.

B 4

Immediate

4 An able horse. . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

5 Phys



Immediate are my needs, and my relief  
 Must not be toft and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find fupply immediate. Get you gone.  
 Put on a moft importunate afpect,  
 A viſage of demand: for I do fear,  
 When every feather ſticks in his own wing,  
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,  
 Who flaſhes now a Phoenix — get you gone.

*Cap.* I go, Sir.

*Sen.* Ay, go, Sir: take the bonds along with you,  
 And have the dates <sup>6</sup>'in count.'

*Cap.* I will, Sir.

*Sen.* Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Timon's Hall.*

*Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* NO care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,  
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
 Nor ceaſe his flow of riot; takes no account  
 How things go from him, and reſumes no care  
 Of what is to continue: never mind  
 Was, to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.  
 What ſhall be done? — he will not hear, 'till feel:  
 I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
 Fie, fie, fie, fie.

*Enter Caphis, Ifidore, and Varro.*

*Cap.* Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for money?

*Var.* Is't not your buſineſs too?

*Cap.* It is; and yours too, *Ifidore*?

*Ifid.*

(a) *The two laſt are but ſervants to Ifidore and Varro, here call'd by their Maſters names as is uſual among ſervants with one another.*

6 in. Come . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*Ifid.* It is so.

*Cap.* Would we were all discharg'd!

*Var.* I fear it.

*Cap.* Here comes the Lord.

*Enter Timon, and his Train.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
*My Alcibiades.*—Well, what is your will?

*[They present their Bills.*

*Cap.* My Lord here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues? whence are you?

*Cap.* Of *Athens* here, my Lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Cap.* 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 prythee but repair to me next morning.

*Cap.* Nay, good my Lord.

*Tim.* Contain thy self, good friend.

*Var.* One *Varro's* servant, my good Lord ———

*Ifid.* From *Ifidore*, he prays your speedy payment —

*Cap.* If you did know, my Lord, my master's wants —

*Far.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six weeks, and  
past ———

*Ifid.* 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 Lords.*  
I'll wait upon you instantly. ——— Come hither:  
How goes the world that I am thus encountred  
With 'clamorous demands' of broken bonds,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*Flav.*

7 clam'rous claims of debt,

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business :  
Your importunity cease, 'till after dinner ;  
That I may make his Lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends ; see them well entertain'd.

[*Exit Timon.*

*Flav.* Pray draw near.

[*Exit Flav.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Apemantus and Fool.*

*Cap.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with *Apemantus*,  
let's have some sport with 'em.

*Var.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid.* A plague upon him, dog!

*Var.* How dost, fool ?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

*Var.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No, 'tis to thy self. Come away.

*Isid.* There's the fool hangs on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on 't yet.

*Cap.* Where's the fool now ?

*Apem.* He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and  
scurfers men ! bawds between gold and want !

*All.* What are we, *Apemantus* ?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All.* Why ?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not  
know your selves. Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen ?

*All.* Gramercy, 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 master's page.

*Page.*

§ him

*Page.* 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.* Pry'thee, *Apemantus*, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Can't it not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelp't a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.

*Apem.* Ev'n 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.* I would they serv'd us.

*Apem.* So would I ——— as good a trick as ever hang-man serv'd thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers men?

*All.* 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 merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

*Var.* I could render one.

*Fool.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

*Var.* What is a whore-master, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good cloaths, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometimes it appears like a Lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like

4 *Apem.*

28            **TIMON of ATHENS.**

like a knight ; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man ; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

*Apem.* That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

*All.* Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

*Enter Timon and Flavius.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman ; sometime the philosopher.

*Flav.* Pray you walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[*Excunt all but Timon and Flavius.*]

S C E N E IV.

*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 expence, As I had leave of means.

*Flav.* You would not hear me : At many leifures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to : Perchance some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back : And that unaptness made you minister Thus to excuse your self.

*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've shook my head, and wept ; Yea, 'gainst th' 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

Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,  
 And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,  
 Though you hear 'now, yet now's too late 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 'come' apace:  
 What shall defend the interim, and at length  
 'Make good' our reck'ning?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good Lord, the world is but a world,  
 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 falshood,  
 Call me before th' 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 minstrelsie;  
 I have retir'd me to a wastefull cock,<sup>a</sup>  
 And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee no more.

*Flav.* Heav'ns! have I said, the bounty of this Lord  
 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants  
 This night englutted! who now is not *Timon's*?  
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord *Timon's*?  
 Great *Timon's*; noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?  
 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 showres,

These

(a) By Cock here is meant a Cockloft, a Garret: and a wastefull cock signifies a Garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use.

5 now too late, yet now's a time.

6 comes

7 How goes or Hold good

These flies are caught.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further.  
 No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart ;  
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
 Why dost thou weep ? canst thou 'all' conscience lack  
 To think I shall lack friends ? secure thy heart ;  
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
 And try the arguments 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 ; in my friends I'm wealthy,  
 Within there, Ho ! *Flaminius, Servilius !*

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Tim.* I will dispatch you sev'rally.  
 You to Lord *Lucius* — to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted  
 with his Honour to-day — you to *Sempronius* — com-  
 mend me to their loves, and I am proud, say, that my  
 occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of  
 mony ; let the request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my Lord.

*Flav.* Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus* ? hum ———

*Tim.* Go you, Sir, to the Senators ; [To *Flavius*.  
 Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
 Deserv'd this hearing ; bid 'em send o' th' instant  
 A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I've been bold,  
 (For that I knew it the most gen'ral way,)  
 To them to use your signet and your name ;

But

But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Flav.* They answer in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry — You are honourable —  
But yet they could have wish'd — they know 'not — but  
Something hath been amiss ——— a noble nature  
May catch a wrench ——— would all were well — 'tis pity —  
And so intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half caps, 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 hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.  
Go to *Ventidius* ——— pr'ythee be not sad,  
Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately  
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate; When he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity 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, give't these fellows  
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* Would I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;  
Being free it self, it thinks all others so. [Exit.

9 not ———

1 ingratitude in them hereditary:

A C T





## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The House of Lucullus in the City.*

*Flaminius waiting, enter a Servant to him.*

SERVANT.

I Have told my Lord of you; he is coming down to you—  
*Flam.* I thank you, Sir.

*Enter Lucullus.*

*Ser.* Here's my Lord.

*Lucul.* One of Lord *Timon's* men? a gift, I warrant — Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, 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 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant, with wine.*

*Ser.* 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.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly 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, firrah. [*To the Servant 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 Lucullus.*]

*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 this hour has my Lord's meat in him :  
Why should it thrive, and come to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison ?  
O may diseases only work upon't :  
And when he's sick to death, let not that part  
Of a 'nurtur'd' my Lord paid for, be of power  
To expel sickness, or prolong his hour ! [*Exit.*]

z nature

VOL. V.

C

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*A publick Street.*

*Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* WHO, the Lord *Timon*? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*1 Stran.* We know him for no less, tho' we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord *Timon's* happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him. [mony.]

*Luc.* Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for

*2 Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow for many talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

*Luc.* How!

*2 Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindneses from him, as mony, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he <sup>3</sup> 'o'er-look'd' him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

*Enter Servilius.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap yonder's my Lord, I have sweat to see his Honour — My honour'd 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.*

*3* mistook . . . *old edit. Warb. amend. mislook'd*

*Luc.* Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that Lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He's only sent his present occasion now, my Lord; requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty talents.

*Luc.* I know his Lordship is but merry with me,  
 'He can't want fifty times 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 fervently.'

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

*Ser.* Upon my soul 'tis true, Sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn my self honourable! how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before a little 'dirt,' and undo a great deal of honour! *Servilius*, now before the Gods, I am not able to do — (the more beast I, say) — I was sending to use Lord *Timon* my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had done't 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, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir, I shall. [Exit *Servilius*.]

*Luc.* I'll look you out 'as good a turn, *Servilius*. True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed, And he that's once deny'd will hardly speed. [Exit.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe 'this now, *Hofilius*?'

2 *Stran.* 'Ay, ay, too well.

C 2

1 *Stran.*

4 He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

6 part, . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

8 this, *Hofilius*?

9 Ay, too

5 faithfully

7 a good

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul ;  
 Of the same piece is every flatterer's 'spirit :<sup>1</sup>  
 Who can call him his friend that <sup>2</sup> 'dips with him  
 In<sup>3</sup> the same dish? <sup>3</sup> 'for even in<sup>3</sup> my knowing,  
*Timon* has been to this Lord as a father,  
 And kept his credit with his bounteous purse :  
 Supported his estate ; nay, *Timon's* mony  
 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,  
 But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip ;  
 And yet, oh see the monstrousness of man  
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !  
 He does deny him in respect of his  
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part  
 I never tasted *Timon* in my life,  
 Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,  
 To mark me for his friend. Yet I protest,  
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
 '4 Most generous and<sup>4</sup> honourable carriage,  
 Had his necessity made use of me,  
 I would have put my wealth into <sup>5</sup> 'partition,<sup>5</sup>  
 And the best half should have <sup>6</sup> 'attorn'd<sup>6</sup> to him,  
 So much I love his heart : but I perceive,  
 Men must learn now with pity to dispence,  
 For policy fits above conscience. [ *Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.*

*Sem.* **M**Ust he needs trouble me in't ? '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.

*Ser.* Oh my Lord,

They've

1 sport : ... *old edit. Theob. emend.*

2 dips in

3 for in

4 and

5 donation,

6 return'd

They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal,  
For they have all deny'd him.

*Ser.* How? deny'd him.

7 'Have *Lucius* and *Ventidius* and *Lucullus*

Deny'd him all? and does he send 8 'to me? 9

It shews but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? 9 'friends, like physicians,

1 'Fried give him over, and must I take the cure

On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.

He might have known my place; I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have wooed me first:

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er 2 'received any gift from him.

And does he think so backwardly of me,

That I'll requite it 3 'last? so it may prove

An argument of laughter to the rest,

And 4 'amongst Lords I shall be thought a fool:

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:

I'd such a courage to have done him good.

But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*]

*Ser.* Excellent! your Lordship's a goodly villain.

The devil knew not what he did, when he made man po-

litick; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think,

but in the end the 5 'policy of man will set him clear.

How fairly this Lord 6 'strives not 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 politick 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.

C 3

And

7 *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* both deny'd him? 8 to me? three | hum--

9 his friends, 1 Thriv'd, 2 received gift 3 last? no fo

4 'mongst lords I be 5 villanies 6 strives to

And this is all a liberal course allows ;  
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Timon's Hall.*

*Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other Servants of Timon's Creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

*Var.* WELL met, good-morrow, *Titus* and *Hortensius*.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind *Varro*.

*Hor.* *Lucius*, why do we meet together ?

*Luc.* I think one business does command us all,  
 For mine is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter Philotas.*

*Luc.* And Sir *Philotas's* too.

*Pbi.* Good day at once.

*Luc.* Welcome, good brother. What d' you think the [hour ?

*Pbi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc.* So much ?

*Pbi.* Is not my Lord  
 Seen yet ?

*Luc.* Not yet.

*Pbi.* I wonder : he was wont  
 To shine at seven.

*Luc.* Ay, ' but now the ` days  
 Are waxed shorter with him : you must consider  
 ' That such a ` prodigal course is like the sun's,  
 But not like his recoverable, I fear :  
 'Tis deepest winter in Lord *Timon's* purse ;  
 That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
 Find little.

*Pbi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll shew you how t' observe a strange event :

Your

7 but the

8 that a

Your Lord sends now for mony.

*Hor.* True, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift,  
For which I wait for mony.

*Hor.* Against my heart.

*Tu.* How strange it shews, *Timon* in this should pay  
More than he owes! and e'en as if your Lord  
Should wear rich jewels and send for mony for 'em.

*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness:  
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth,  
Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth,

*Var.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

*Luc.* Five thousand. [th' sum,

*Var.* 'Tis 'much too' deep, and it should seem by  
Your master's confidence was above mine,  
Else surely his had equall'd.

*Enter Flaminus.*

*Tit.* One of Lord *Timon's* men.

*Luc.* *Flaminus!* Sir, a word: pray is my Lord  
Ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his Lordship; pray signifie so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that, he knows you are  
Too diligent.

*Enter Flavius in a cloak muffled.*

*Luc.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?  
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, Sir ———

*Var.* By your leave, Sir.

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain mony here, Sir.

*Flav.* If mony were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,  
When your false masters eat of my Lord's meat?

C 4

Then

9 too much



Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,  
 And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws.  
 You do your felves 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.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,  
 For you serve knaves. [Exit.]

*Var.* How! what does his cashier'd Worship mutter?

*Tit.* No matter what — he's poor, and that's revenge  
 enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no  
 house to put his head in? such may rail against great  
 buildings.

*Enter Servilius.*

*Ser.* Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some  
 answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some  
 other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it  
 of 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.* Many do keep their chambers, are not sick :  
 And if he 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.

*Flam.* [Within.] *Servilius*, help! — my Lord, my Lord!

S C E N E V.

*Enter Timon in a rage.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?  
 Have I been ever free, and must my house  
 Be my retentive enemy, my goal?

The

The place which I have feasted, does it now  
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

*Luc.* Put in now, *Titus*.

*Tit.* My Lord, here's my bill.

*Luc.* Here's mine.

*Var.* And mine, my Lord.

*Cap.* And ours, my Lord.

*Pbi.* And our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em—cleave me to the girdle.

*Luc.* Alas, my Lord.

*Tim.* Cut out my heart in fums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc.* Five thousand crowns, my Lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pay that.

'What's' yours — and yours?

*Var.* My Lord —

*Cap.* My Lord —

*Tim.* Here, tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you!

[*Exit.*

*Hor.* 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their  
caps at their mony; these debts may be well call'd despe-  
rate ones, for a mad man 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 dear 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's not so much left as to furnish out

1 What

A

A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be it not thy care:

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide

Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*The Senate-house.*

*Senators, and Alcibiades.*

*1 Sen.* MY Lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's  
 'Tis necessary he should die: [bloody;  
 Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*2 Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise <sup>2</sup> 'him.'

*Alc.* Health, honour, and compassion to the senate!

*1 Sen.* Now, captain.

*Alc.* 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 lye heavy  
 Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood  
 Hath stept into the law, which is past depth  
 To those that without heed do plunge into't.  
 He is a man, setting <sup>3</sup> 'this fact' aside,  
 Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;  
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,  
 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 <sup>4</sup> 'in's' anger ere 'twas spent,  
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

*1 Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,  
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:  
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To

<sup>2</sup> 'em

<sup>3</sup> his fault

<sup>4</sup> his

To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling  
 Upon the head of valour; which indeed  
 Is valour mis-begot, and came into th' world  
 When sects and factions were but newly born.  
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs  
 His out-sides, wear them like his rayment, carelessly,  
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
 To bring it into danger.  
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

*Alc.* My Lord! —

*1 Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear,  
 It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

*Alc.* My Lords, then under favour, pardon me,  
 If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battel,  
 And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,  
 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 sure women are more valiant  
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
 The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow  
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
 If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh my Lords,  
 As you are great, be pitifully good:  
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust.  
 But in defence, by mercy 'tis most just.  
 To be in anger, is impiety:  
 But who is man, that is not angry?  
 Weigh but the crime with this.

*2 Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alc.* In vain? his service done  
 At Lacedæmon, and Bizantium,  
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*1 Sen.* What's that?

*Alc.*

*Alc.* I say, my Lords, h'as done fair service ; <sup>5</sup> 'slain'  
 In battle many of your enemies ;  
 How full of valour did he bear himself  
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds ?

<sup>2</sup> *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he  
 Is a sworn rioter ; he has a sin

<sup>6</sup> 'Oft' drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.

Were there no foes, that were enough alone  
 To overcome him. In that beastly fury  
 He has been known to commit outrages,  
 And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* He dies.

*Alc.* Hard fate! he might have dy'd 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 'em both.  
 And for I know, your reverend ages love  
 Security, I'll pawn my victories,  
 My honours to you, on his good returns.  
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;  
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

<sup>1</sup> *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.

*Alc.* Must it be so? it must not be :  
 My Lords, I do beseech you, know me.

<sup>2</sup> *Sen.* How!

*Alc.* Call me to your remembrances.

<sup>3</sup> *Sen.* 'What, Sir!'

*Alc.* I cannot think but your age hath forgot me,  
 It could not else be I should prove so base,  
 To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.  
 My wounds ake at you.

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?

'Tis

<sup>5</sup> and slain

<sup>6</sup> That often

<sup>7</sup> What!

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:  
We banish thee for ever.

*Alc.* Banish me!

Banish your dotage, banish usury,  
That make the senate ugly.

*1 Sen.* If, after two days shine, *Athens* contains thee;  
Attend our weightier judgment.

*'2 Sen.* And, (not to swell our spirit,) he<sup>9</sup> shall then  
Be executed presently. [Exeunt.]

*Alc.* Gods keep you old enough, that you may live  
Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money and let out  
Their coin upon large interest; I my self,  
Rich only in large hurts. — All those, 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.  
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [Exit.]

## S C E N E VII.

## Timon's House.

*Enter divers Senators at several Doors.*

*1 Sen.* THE good time of the day to you, Sir!

*2 Sen.* I also wish it to you: I think this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

*1 Sen.* 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 tryal of his several friends.

*2 Sen.*

*8* This speech to *1 Sen.* in former editions. *9* shall be

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* 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 conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir — here he comes.

*Enter Timon and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both — and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 *Sen.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your Lordship.

*Tim.* Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: feast your ears with the musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpeter's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble Lord, —

*Tim.* Ah my good friend, what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*  
2 *Sen.* My most honourable Lord, I'm e'en sick of shame, that when your Lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Think not on't, Sir.

*2 Sen.* If you had sent but two hours before ———

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come, bring in all together.

*2 Sen.* All cover'd dishes.

*1 Sen.* Royal choer, I warrant you:

*3 Sen.* Doubt not that, if mony and the season can yield it.

*1 Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

*3 Sen.* Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

*Both.* Alcibiades banish'd!

*3 Sen.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

*1 Sen.* How? how?

*2 Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

*3 Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

*2 Sen.* This is the old man still.

*3 Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

*2 Sen.* It does, but time will, and so ———

*3 Sen.* 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.

*You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make your selves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis'd. 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 beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of willains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are — The rest of your 'foes,' 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 friends — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.* Un-

*1 sees, . . . old edit. Warb. emend.*



Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*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 lukewarm water  
 Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last,  
 Who stuck and spangled<sup>2</sup> 'with your' flatteries  
 Washes<sup>3</sup> 'them' off, and sprinkles in your faces  
 Your reaking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,  
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks;<sup>4</sup>  
 Of man and beast the infinite<sup>4</sup> 'maladies'  
 Crust you quite o'er! ——— What, dost thou go?  
 Soft, take thy physick first — thou too — and thou——

*[Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em 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 Senators.*

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of Lord *Timon's* fury?

3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour  
 sways him. He gave me a jewel th'other day, and now  
 he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.*

(a) *Meaning probably the ignis fatuus often call'd Jack with a lantern, appearing and vanishing in a minute.*

2 you with . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.* 3 it 4 malady

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Without the walls of Athens.*

*Enter TIMON.*

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 'filth'  
 Convert o' th' 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 'i' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,  
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
 And with it beat his brains out. Fear and piety,  
 Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding contraries!  
 And 'let' confusion live! plagues incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

VOL. V.

D

As

5 filths

6 o' th'

7 yet.

50 TIMON of ATHENS.

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 leprosie! breath infect breath,  
 That their society (as their friendship) may  
 Be meerly poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou <sup>8</sup> 'town detestable!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns :  
*Timon* will to the woods, where he shall find  
 Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.  
 The Gods confound (hear me, you good Gods all)  
 Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall ;  
 And grant as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,  
 To the whole race of mankind high and low !

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

*Timon's House.*

*Enter Flavius with two or three Servants.*

1 *Ser.* HEAR you, good master steward, where's our  
 master ?

Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining ?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you ?

Let it be recorded by the righteous Gods,

I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a house broke !

So noble a Master fall'n ! all gone ! and not

One friend to take his fortune by the arm,

And go along with him !

2 *Ser.* As <sup>9</sup> we turn` our backs

From our companion thrown into his grave,

So his familiars <sup>1</sup> 'from` his buried fortunes

Slink all away, leave their false vows with him

Like

<sup>8</sup> detestable town !

<sup>9</sup> we do turn

<sup>1</sup> to

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!

*3 Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,  
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows,  
 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 the sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
 Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,  
 Let's yet be fellows: shake our heads, and say,  
 (As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)  
*We have seen better days.* Let each take some;  
 Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more,  
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*[He gives them money, they embrace and part several ways.]*  
 Oh 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, as 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, blest 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 <sup>2</sup> follow after and enquire him out.  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.]

## S C E N E 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 <sup>3</sup> divided, touch with several fortunes,  
 The greater scorns the lesser : Not ev'n nature,  
 To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune  
 But <sup>4</sup> with contempt of nature.  
 Raise me this beggar, and <sup>5</sup> degrade that Lord,  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour :  
 It is the pasture lards the <sup>6</sup> weather's sides,  
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,  
 In purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,  
 So are they all, for every greeze 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 villainy. Then be abhorr'd,  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His semblable, yea, himself, *Timon* disdains.  
 Destruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging the earth.]

Who

<sup>2</sup> follow, and    <sup>3</sup> dividant, . . . <sup>4</sup> by  
<sup>6</sup> beggar's . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

<sup>5</sup> deny't or denude

Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison! — What is here?  
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, Gods!  
 I am no idle votarist. 7 'Roots, clear` heav`ns!  
 Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;  
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.  
 You Gods! why this? — 8 'why` this? you Gods! — why,  
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides: [this  
 Pluck 9 'sick` mens pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless th' accur'd;  
 Make the hoar leprosie ador'd; place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation  
 With senators on the bench: 1 'this, this is it,  
 That makes the 2 'waped` widow wed again;  
 3 'Her,` whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'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.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner,  
 and Phrynia and Timandra.*

*Alc.* What art thou there? speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart  
 For shewing me again the eyes of man!

*Alc.* What is thy name? is man so hateful to thee,  
 That art thy self a man?

*Tim.* I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

D 3

For

7 Roots, you clear    8 what    9 stout  
 2 wappen'd . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

1 this is it  
 3 She,

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*Alc.* I know thee well :

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too, and more than as I know thee  
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,  
4 'And with man's blood paint all 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.

*Pbry.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alc.* 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.

*Alc.* Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion.

*Alc.* What is it, *Timon*?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none. If  
thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou  
art a man : if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou  
art a man !

*Alc.* I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

*Alc.* I see them now, then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this th' *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 the rose-cheek'd youth

5 'To

4 With man's blood paint the

5 'To th' tub-fast, and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alc.* 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 did daily make revolt

In my penurious band. 6 'I have heard and griev'd,

How cursed 7 ' *Athens* is mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states

But for thy sword and fortune 8 'had trod on them.

*Tim.* I prythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alc.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I'd rather be alone.

*Alc.* Why, fare thee well,

Here's gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it.

*Alc.* When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap —

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

*Alc.* Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

*Tim.* The Gods confound them all then in thy conquest,  
And after, Thee, when thou hast conquered!

*Alc.* 9 'But why me, *Timon*?

*Tim.* That by 1 'killing villains'

Thou wast born to 2 'make conquest of 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 is an usurer. Strike me the matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Her self's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps

That through the 3 'window-lawn bore at mens eyes,

D 4

Are

5 To th' sub-fast, . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

6 I heard

7 *Athens*, mindless

8 trod upon

9 Why me,

1 killing of villains

2 conquer my

3 window-bam . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*



Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
 Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe  
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools <sup>4</sup> extort their mercy;  
 Think it a bastard, <sup>5</sup> who, the oracle  
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd, thy throat shall cut,  
 And mince it fans remorse. Swear <sup>6</sup> gainst all 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 foldiers.  
 Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,  
 Confounded be thy self! Speak not, be gone.

*Alc.* Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel. [thee!]

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse upon

*Both.* Give us some gold, good *Timon*: hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
 And to make <sup>7</sup> whores abundant. Hold up, you sluts,  
 Your aprons mountant; you're not oathable,  
 Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear  
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues  
 Th' 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 smoak,  
 And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains <sup>8</sup> exterior  
 Be quite contrary; make false hair, and thatch  
 Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,  
 Some that were hang'd, no matter:  
 Wear them, betray with them; and whore on still.  
 Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face;  
 A pox of wrinkles!

*Both.* Well, more gold ——— what then?  
 Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow  
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,

And

<sup>4</sup> exhaust   <sup>5</sup> whom   <sup>6</sup> against   <sup>7</sup> whole a bawd or whore a bawd  
<sup>8</sup> six months

And mar mens <sup>9</sup> 'sparring.' 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 gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate <sup>1</sup> 'ruffians  
 Quite 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!

*Botb.* More counsel with more mony, bounteous *Timon*.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first ; I've given you  
 earnest.

*Alc.* Strike up the drum tow'rds *Athens* ; farewell, *Timon* :  
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alc.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alc.* Call'st thou that harm ?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee hence away,  
 And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alc.* We but offend him : strike.

[*Exeunt Alcib. Phrynia and Timandra.*]

## S C E N E . V.

*Tim.* That Nature being sick of man's unkindness  
 Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou  
 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast  
 Teems, and feeds all : oh thou ! whose self-same mettle  
 Whereof thy proud child arrogant man is puffed,  
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm ;  
 With all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n  
 Whereon *Hyperion's* quickning fire doth shine ;

Yield

9 sparring.      1 ruffians bald,

Yield him, who all thy human sons do's hate,  
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
 'Ther' fear<sup>2</sup> thy fertile and conceitious womb;  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.  
 Go great with tygers, 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, vineyards, plough-torn leas,  
 Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts,  
 And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,  
 That from it all consideration slips —

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Apemantus.*

More man? plague, plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither. Men report  
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis 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 flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lye soft,  
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these<sup>4</sup> 'weeds,<sup>3</sup>  
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
 Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive  
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,  
 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 welcome  
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just

That

<sup>2</sup> Enscar                    <sup>3</sup> marrows, veins, and  
<sup>4</sup> woods, . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

That thou turn rascal : hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likenes.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away my self.

*Apem.* Thou'ast cast away thy self, being like thy self,  
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'st thou  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these <sup>s</sup> 'mofs'd' trees  
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures  
Whose naked natures live in all the spight  
Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhousted trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;  
Oh! thou shall find ———

*Tim.* A fool of thee; depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

<sup>6</sup> *Tim.* I hate thee worse: thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not, but say thou art a caytiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* <sup>7</sup> 'Only to vex thee.'

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.  
Dost please thy self in't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What a knave <sup>s</sup> 'thou!'

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sovre cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou  
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
<sup>'</sup> 'Out-strips' incertain pomp, is crown'd <sup>'</sup> 'before it :'  
The one is filling still, never compleat;  
The other, at high wish: Best states, contentless,  
Have a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse

5 moist

6 *Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatt'rest misery.

7 To vex thee.

8 too!

9 Out-lives

1 before :

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst 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't; <sup>2</sup> bred but a dog.  
 Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded  
 Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
 To such as may the passive drugs of it  
 Freely command; thou wouldst 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 followed  
 The sugar'd game before thee. But my self,  
 Who had the world as my confectionary,  
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men  
 At duty more than I could frame employments;  
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 Do on the oak; <sup>3</sup> yet with one winter's brush  
 Fall'n from their boughs, <sup>4</sup> have left me open, bare  
 For every storm that blows; I to bear this,  
 That never knew but better, is some burthen.  
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, 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 spight put stuff  
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee  
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone —  
 If thou had'st not been born the worst of men,  
 Thou hadst been 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

2 but bred      3 have      4 and

Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.]

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,  
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st a-nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a-days, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Where

My stomach finds meat, <sup>5</sup> 'rather' where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient, <sup>6</sup> 'knew' my mind!

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou <sup>7</sup> 'send it then'?

*Tim.* To sawce 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 mockt thee, for too much  
<sup>8</sup> 'courtesy'; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art de-  
spis'd for the contrary. <sup>b</sup> What things in the world canst  
thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

*Tim.*

(a) Thus would I eat it.

*Apem.* Here will I mend thy feast.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thy self.

*Apem.* So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but bought;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou, &c.

(b) — the contrary. 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 th' hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst have loved  
thy self better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that  
was beloved after his means?

*Tim.* Who without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever  
know beloved?

*Apem.* My self.

*Tim.* I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things, &c.

5 or rather    6 and knew    7 send it?    8 curiosity;

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, *Ape-mantus*, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thy self 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 t'attain to! If thou wert a 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 accus'd by the as; if thou wert the as, thy dulness would torment thee; and still 'thou'dst live but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst 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 absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and see'st not thy loss in transformation!

*Apem.* If thou couldst 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 as broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.*

(a) *The account given of the Unicorn is this: that he and the Lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the Lion sees the Unicorn he be-takes 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 falls upon him and kills him. Gesner Hist. Animal.*

9 or

1 thou liv'dst

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon,  
A plague on thee!

*Apem.* Thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee, are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosie but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* <sup>2</sup> 'I'd' 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.* <sup>3</sup> 'I would' thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I  
Shall lose a stone by thee.

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* <sup>4</sup> 'Rogue!'

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought  
But ev'n the meer necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;  
Lye 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 fire! 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 lyes on *Dian's* lap! thou visible God,  
That souldrest close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue  
To every purpose! Oh, 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.

*Apem.* Would 'twere so,  
But not 'till I am dead! I'll say th' hast gold;

Thou

<sup>2</sup> I'll    <sup>3</sup> Would    <sup>4</sup> Rogue! rogue! rogue!



Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee: live and love thy misery: Long live so or so die, so I am quit.

Mo things like men? eat, *Timon*, and abhor them.

[*Seeing the Thieves.*

*Apem.* 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 beggar's dog than *Apemantus*.

[*Exit Apemantus.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Thieves.*

*1 Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

*2 Thief.* It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.

*3 Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

*2 Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

*1 Thief.* Is not this he?

*All.* Where?

*2 Thief.* 'Tis his description.

*3 Thief.* He; I know him.

*All.* Save thee, *Timon*!

*Tim.* Now, thieves!

*All.* Soldiers; not thieves.

*Tim.* 'Both, both, and womens sons.

*All.*

*5 Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee ———

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

*Apem.* Mo things like men — Eat *Timon*, and abhor them, &c.

*6 Both too,*

*All.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of 'men.'  
 Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots;  
 Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;  
 The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips.  
 The bounteous huswife nature on each bush  
 Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *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,  
 That you are thieves profess; that you work not  
 In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft  
 In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,  
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' th' grape  
 'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
 And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician,  
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
 More than you 'rob, takes wealth, and life 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 'mounds' into salt tears. The earth's a thief,  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln  
 From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief.  
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,  
 Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;  
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,  
 Break open shops, for nothing can you steal  
 But thieves do lose it: steal not less for what  
 I give, and gold confound you howsoever! *Amen.* [Exit.

VOL. V.

E

3 *Thief.*

7 meat or meet.

8 rob. Take wealth, and live together.

9 moon . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

66 TIMON OF ATHENS.

3 *Thief*. H'as almost charm'd me from my profession,  
by perswading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in 'his malice to' mankind, that he thus  
advifes us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over  
my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in *Athens*.

2 *Thief*. There is no time so miserable but a man may  
be true. [*Exeunt*.



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

*The Woods and Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Flavius to Timon.*

FLAVIUS.

OH you Gods!  
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?  
Full of decay and failing? oh monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
What change of honour desp'rate want has 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't to love his enemies!  
Grant I may ever love and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me, than those that do.  
H'as caught me in his eye, I will present  
My honest grief to him; and, as my Lord,  
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

*Tim*. Away! what art thou?

*Flav*. Have you forgot me, Sir?

*Tim*.

1 the malice of

2 this speech to 1 *Thief* in old edit. *Warb. emend.*

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men.  
Then if thou grantest that thou art a man  
I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest servant.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not :  
I ne'er had honest man about me, all  
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The Gods are witnesses,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you. [thee,

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love  
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,  
But or through lust, or laughter. \*

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,  
T'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 <sup>3</sup> 'mild.<sup>4</sup>  
Let me behold thy face: surely, this man  
Was born of woman.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,  
Perpetual-sober Gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man: mistake me not, but one.  
No more I pray, and he's <sup>4</sup> 'a steward too.<sup>5</sup>  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thy self: 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,

E 2

(For

(\*) — or laughter. Pity's sleeping;  
strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

*Flav.* I beg of —

3 wild.

4 a steward.

(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
'An' usuring kindness, 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 plac'd too late,)  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;  
Suspect still comes when an estate is least.  
That which I shew, heav'n knows, is merely love,  
Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,  
For any benefit that points to me  
Either in hope, or present, 'I'd exchange it'  
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth  
To requite me by making rich your self.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis 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, shew 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 'em,  
Debts wither 'em; 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, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free;  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Poet and Painter.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it can't be far  
where he abides.

5 A

6 I'd exchange

*Poet,*

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Pbrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him; he likewise enrich'd poor stragling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal 'of his friends?

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in *Athens* again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly 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'th' 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 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.

*Re-enter Timon from his Cave, unseen, but overbearing him.*

*Tim.* Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thy self.

*Poet.* I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satyr 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.

7 for

E 3

'*Pain.*

*Pain.* Nay, let's seek him.

Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Poet.* True :

While the day serves, before 'black-corneted' 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 baser temples, than where swine do feed?  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam,  
Settlest admir'd rev'rence in a slave;  
To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
'Tis fit I meet them.

*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 bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
'For whose most thankless natures (abhorr'd spirits!)  
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough:  
'What! ev'n to you! Whose star-like nobleness  
Gave life and influence to 'their 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 my self,  
Have travell'd in 'the shower' of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you're honest men.

*Pain.* We're hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.*

8 *Poet.*

9 *Pain.*

1 black-corner'd . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

2 Whose thankless natures, oh abhorred spirits!

3 What! to you! 4 their whole being! 5 the great shower

*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.* Y'are honest men; you've heard that I have gold,  
I'm sure you have; speak truth, y'are honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble Lord, but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest man! thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Best in all *Athens*, thou'rt indeed the best,  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So so, my Lord.

*Tim.* E'en 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,  
I must needs say you have a little fault;  
Marry, 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 cogg, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, and 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; 'not' 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* wouldst 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 work'd for me; there's your payment, hence!  
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:  
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit beating and driving 'em out.*

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Flavius and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*:  
For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself which looks like man  
Is friendly with him.

*1 Sen.* Bring us to his cave.  
It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*  
To speak with *Timon*.

*2 Sen.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same; 'twas 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: th' *Athenians*  
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee;  
Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

*Enter*

*Enter Timon out of his Cave.*

*Tim.* Thou Sun that comfort'st, burn! ——— speak  
and be hang'd;  
For each true word a blister, and each false  
Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

*1 Sen.* Worthy *Timon* ———

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon*.

*2 Sen.* The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them back the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

*1 Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for our selves, in thee:  
The senators, with one consent of love,  
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought  
On special dignities, which vacant lye  
For thy best use and wearing.

*2 Sen.* They confess

Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;  
'And now the publick body (which doth seldom  
Play the recanter) feeling in it self  
A lack of *Timon's* aid, hath sense withal  
Of its own 'fault,' restraining aid to *Timon*;  
And sends forth us to make their 'sorrow's' tender,  
Together with a recompence more fruitful  
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
Ay, ev'n such heaps and fums 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,  
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

*1 Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,  
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take

The

'7 Which

8 fall,

9 sorrowed

The captainship: thou shalt be met with thanks,  
 'Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
 Live with authority: soon we shall drive back  
 Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,  
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
 His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword  
 Against the walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* ———

*Tim.* Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir, thus —  
 If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,  
 Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,  
 That *Timon* cares not. If he sack fair *Athens*,  
 And take our goodly aged men by th' 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 chuse but tell him, — that I care not.  
 And let them take't at worst; for their knives care not,  
 While you have throats to answer. For my self,  
 There's not a whistle in th' unruly camp,  
 But I do prize it 'in' my love, before  
 The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you  
 To the protection of the prosp'rous 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!

1 *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.

1 Hallow'd . . . old edit. *Warb, emend.*

2 at

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen. [them.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass thro'

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers

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 do  
Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent  
Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* 'I like this well.'

*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 frequency 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 ax,  
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Vex 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 four words go by, and language end:  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be mens works, and death their gain!  
Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his reign.

[Exit *Timon*.

1 *Sen.* His discontents are coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us

In

3 I like this well, he will return again.

## 76. TIMON of ATHENS.

In our <sup>4</sup>'dread<sup>\</sup> peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*The Walls of Athens.**Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.*1 Sen. **T**Hou hast painfully discover'd; are his files  
As full as they report?*Mes.* I have spoke the least.Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.*Mes.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,  
And, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love <sup>5</sup>'had<sup>\</sup> a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding  
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* cave,  
With letters of intreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' th' cause against your city  
In part for his sake mov'd.*Enter the other Senators.*

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect:  
The enemies drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare,  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. <sup>a</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

(a) — our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter a soldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.**Sol.* By all description this should be the place.  
Who's here? speak, ho — No answer? — What is this? —  
*Timon* is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,  
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.  
Dead sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?

4 dear or dead

5 made

## S C E N E V.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.*

*Alc.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon 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 my self, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travest arms and breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,  
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong  
Cries, of it self, *No more*: now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,  
And purfy insolence shall break his wind  
With fear and horrid flight.

*1 Sen.* Noble and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;  
We sent to thee, to give thy <sup>6</sup>'rage its' balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above <sup>7</sup>'its' quantity.

*2 Sen.* So did we woo  
Trasformed *Timon* to our city's love  
By humble message, and by promis'd <sup>8</sup>'mends:  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.

*1 Sen.* These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom

You

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;  
Our captain hath in every figure skill,  
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:  
Before proud *Athen*; he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E, &c.

6 rages

7 their

8 means: . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

a

You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they such  
That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should fall  
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living  
Who were the motives that you first went out :  
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh noble Lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread ;  
By decimation and a tithed death,  
(If thy revenges hunger for that food  
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth. <sup>a</sup>

1 *Sen.* <sup>9</sup> 'We all' have not offended :  
For those that were, it is not square to take,  
On those that are, revenge : crimes, like to 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 th' infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope :  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
And not as our confusion : all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

(a) — take thou the destin'd tenth,  
And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* We all have, &c.

9 All

*Alc.* Then there's my glove ;  
 Descend and open your uncharged ports,  
 Those enemies of 'Timon,' 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 by publick laws  
 At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alc.* Descend, and keep your words.

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble General, *Timon* is dead,  
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' th' sea,  
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which  
 With wax I brought away ; whose soft impressi'on  
 Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lies a wretched coarfe, of wretched soul bereft :  
 Seek not my name : a plague consume you caitiffs left !  
 Here lye I Timon, who all living men did hate,  
 Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy gate.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :  
 Tho' thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
 Scorn'dst our 'brine'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 our faults—forgiv'n, since 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 leach,  
 Let our drums strike.—

[*Exeunt.*

CORIQ

1 *Timon's*, 2 brains 3 grave.—On : faults forgiven.—Dead





FRANCIS & TAYLOR

# CORIO LANUS.

FRANCIS & TAYLOR

VOL. V.

F

*DRA*

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**CAIUS Martius Coriolanus**, *a noble Roman, hated by the common People:*

**Titus Lartius**, } *Generals against the Volscians, and*  
**Cominius**, } *friends to Coriolanus.*

**Menenius Agrippa**, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

**Sicinius Velutus**, } *Tribunes of the People, and enemies to*  
**Junius Brutus**, } *Coriolanus.*

**Tullus Aufidius**, *General of the Volscians.*

*Lieutenant to Aufidius.*

*Young Martius, Son to Coriolanus.*

*Conspirators with Aufidius.*

**Volumnia**, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

**Virgilia**, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

**Valeria**, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome and partly in the Territory of the Volscians, and Antiaties.*

*The whole History exactly follow'd, and many of the principal speeches copy'd from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch.*

POPE,

CORIO-



# C O R I O L A N U S.

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

*A Street in R O M E.*

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

I C I T I Z E N.

**B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*All.* Speak, speak.

*1 Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to furnish?

*All.* Resolv'd, resolv'd.

*1 Cit.* First, you know, *Caius Martius* is the chief enemy to the people.

*All.* We know't.

*1 Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*All.* No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away!

*2 Cit.* One word, good citizens.

*1 Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the Patricians good: what authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they reliev'd us humanely: but they think we are too dear; the leanness that afflicts us, the

object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our 'pitchforks,' ere we become rakes: for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against *Caius Martius*?

*All.* Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well: and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*All.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *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 'partly to be' proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no ways say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? the other side o' th' city is risen; why stay we prating here? to th' Capitol —

*All.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft — who comes here?

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Menenius Agrippa.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

*Men.*

1 pikes,

2 to be partly

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you with your bats and clubs? the matter — speak, I pray you.

*2 Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do; which now we'll shew 'em indeeds: 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 your selves?

*2 Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you: For your wants, Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the *Roman* state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong links 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' th' state, who care for you, like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

*2 Cit.* Care for us? — true indeed! they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain: make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more 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 your selves 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 'stale't' a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,

4 'We'll' hear it, Sir, but yet you must not think  
To fob off our disgraces 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' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest ; where th' other instruments  
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And mutually participate, did minister  
Unto the appetite, and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd ———

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly ?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you : with a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus ———  
(For look you, I may make the belly smile,  
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly,  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you ———

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer — what ?

The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart, the arm our foldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter ;  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabrick, if that they ———

*Men.* What then ? — for me this fellow speaks.  
What then ? what then ?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o' th' body ———

*Men.* Well, ——— what then ?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
What could the belly answer ?

*Men.*

3 scale't ... old edit. Theob. emend.

4 I'll

*Men.* I will tell you,  
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)  
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's answer.

*2 Cit.* - Y'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 th' seat o'th' 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—

*2 Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.

*Men.* Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each,  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,  
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

*2 Cit.* It was an answer—how apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of *Rome* are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members; for examine  
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,  
Touching the weal o'th' common, you shall find  
No publick benefit which you receive,  
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,  
And no way from your selves. What do you think?  
You, the great toe of this assembly?

*2 Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?

*Men.* For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest  
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost:



Thou rascal, that art 's' first from blows' 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 battel:  
 The one side must have <sup>6</sup>'bane.'

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Caius Martius.*

Hail, noble *Martius*!

[rogues,

*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious  
 That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
 Make your selves scabs?

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee, will flatter  
 Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,  
 That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares:  
 Where foxes, geese you are: no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,  
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would encrease his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—trust ye!  
 With every minute you do change a mind,  
 And call him noble that was now your hate,  
 Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,  
 That in the several places of the city  
 You cry against the noble Senate, who  
 (Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else  
 Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

*Men.*

5 worst in blood

6 Bail or Bale . . . old edit. *Warb.* emend.

*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 th' fire, and presume to know  
What's done i'th' Capitol ; who's like to rise,  
And who declines : side factions, and give out  
Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
Below their 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 pitch my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these  
Are almost thoroughly persuaded: for  
' ' Although' abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. ' I' beseech you,  
What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are 'dissolv'd ;  
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs ;  
That *hunger broke stone walls*——that *dogs must eat*——  
That *meat was made for mouths*——that *the Gods sent not  
Corn for the rich men only*——With these shreds  
They vented their complainings ; which being answer'd,  
And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
To break the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale ; they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o'th' moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice. ' One of them's' *Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus*, and I know not——s' death!  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city  
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.*

7 Though      8 But, I      9 dissolv'd ; hang 'em      1 One's

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mef.* Where's *Caius Martius*?

*Mar.* Here———what is the matter?

*Mef.* The news is, Sir, the *Volscians* are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't, then we shall have means to vent  
Our musty superfluity. See! our best elders——

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

*1 Sen. Martius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,  
The *Volscians* are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
*Tullus Aufidius*, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility:  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I'd wish me only him.

*Com.* You have fought together?

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him. He is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy *Martius*,  
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?

*Lar.* No, *Caius Martius*;  
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t' other;  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O true bred!

*1 Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol; where I know  
Our

Our greatest friends attend us.

*Lar.* Lead you on ;

Follow, *Cominius* ! we must follow you,  
Right worthy your priority.

*Com.* Noble *Lartius* !

1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes—be gone. [*To the Citizens.*

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow ;

The *Volsicians* have much corn : take these rats thither

To gnaw their garner. Worshipful mutineers,

Your valour puts well forth ; \* I pray you, follow. [*Exe.*

[*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this *Martius* ?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods—

*Sic.* Be mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him ! he is grown  
Too proud \* of being 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 which he aims,

In ‡ which already he is well grac'd, cannot

Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by

A place below the first ; for what miscarries

Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform

To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure

Will then cry out of *Martius* ; oh, if he

Had born the business—

*Sic.* † And if things go well,

Opinion, that so sticks on *Martius*, shall

Of his demerits job *Cominius*.

*Bru.* Come ;

Half

2 pray, 3 to be so 4 at the which 5 whom 6 Besides

Half all *Cominius*' honours are to *Martius*,  
 Though *Martius* earn them not; and all his faults  
 To *Martius* shall be honours, though indeed  
 In ought he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
 How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,  
 More than 'this' singularity, he goes  
 Upon this present action.

*Bra.* Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

C O R I O L I.

*Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.*

*1 Sen.* **S**O, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,  
 That they of *Rome* are entred in our counfels,  
 And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?  
 What ever hath been thought on in this State,  
 That could be brought to bodily act ere *Rome*  
 Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone  
 Since I heard thence——these are the words——I think  
 I have the letter here, yes——here it is;  
 They have prest a power, but it is not known  
 Whether for East or West; the dearth is great,  
 The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd  
*Cominius*, *Martius* your old enemy,  
 (Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)  
 And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant *Roman*,  
 These three lead on this preparation  
 Whither 'tis bent——most likely, 'tis for you:  
 Consider of it.

*1 Sen.* Our army's in the field:  
 We never yet made doubt but *Rome* was ready  
 To answer us.

7 his

*Auf.*

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly.  
 To keep your great pretences veil'd 'till when  
 They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching  
 It seems appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery  
 We shall be shortened in our aim, which was  
 To take in many towns ere (almost) *Rome*  
 Should know we were a-foot.

*2 Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,  
 Take your commission, hie you to your bands,  
 Let us alone to guard *Corioli*;  
 If they set down before's, for the remove  
 Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find  
 They've not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O, doubt not that,  
 I speak 'from very certainties.' Nay more,  
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
 And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.  
 If we and *Gaius Martius* chance to meet,  
 'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike  
 'Till one can do no more.

*All.* The Gods assist you!

*Auf.* And keep your Honours safe!

*1 Sen.* Farewel.

*2 Sen.* Farewel.

*All.* Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Caius Martius's House in Rome.*

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; they sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I Pray you, daughter, sing, or express your self in  
 a more comfortable sort: if my son were my  
 husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein  
 he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed,  
 where

8 from certainties.

where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings' 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 th' wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a manchild, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, Madam, how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed thou shalt not:

Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum:  
I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:  
As 'children a' bear, the *Volsci* shunning him:  
Methinks I see him stamp thus — and call thus —  
*Come on, ye cowards, ye 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! oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

*Vol.* Away, you fool; it more becomes a man

Than

9 children from a

Than gîst his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,  
 When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier  
 Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood  
 At *Grecian* swords contending; tell *Valeria*  
 We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gent.

*Vir.* Heav'ns bless my Lord from fell *Aufidius*!

*Vol.* He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,  
 And tread upon his neck.

*Enter Valeria with an Usber, and a Gentlewoman.*

*Val.* My Ladies both, good day to you!

*Vol.* Sweet Madam ———

*Vir.* I am glad to see your Ladyship ———

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing here? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your Ladyship: well, good Madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' *Wednesday* half an hour together ——— h'as such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again; 'and' whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and did tear it, oh, I warrant how he mammackt it!

*Vol.* One o's father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, Madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

1 or

*Val.*



*Val.* Fie, you confine your self unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lyes in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers, but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another *Penelope*; yet they say, all the yarn she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* Oh, 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 *Volsicians* have an army forth, against whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power: Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their city *Corioli*; they nothing, doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, Lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would: fare you well then. Come, good sweet Lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No: at a word, Madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then farewell

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## S C E N E VII.

*The Walls of Corioli.*

*Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Captains and Soldiers.  
To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* **Y**onder comes news: a wager they have met.

*Lar.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lar.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our General met the enemy?

*Mes.* They lye in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lar.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lar.* No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend him you  
I will, for half an hundred <sup>2</sup> 'years or so:

Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lye these armies?

*Mes.* Within a mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'alarum, and they ours.  
Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee make us quick in work;  
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends. Come, blow the blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others  
on the walls.*

*Tullus Aufidius* is he within your wall?

*1 Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's less than a little: hark, our drums

[*Drum 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

[*Alarum far off.*

VOL. V.

G

There

2 years:

There is *Aufidius*. List, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* Oh, they are at it.

*Lar.* Their noise be our instruction! Ladders, ho!

*Enter the Volscians.*

*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 *Volscian*,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their trenches.*

S C E N E VIII.

*Re-enter Martius.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of *Rome*,<sup>3</sup> you herds, you! boils and plagues  
Plaster you o'er! that you may be abhorr'd  
Farther than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile: you souls of geese  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!  
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear! mend, and charge home,  
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

[*Another alarum, and Martius follows them to the gates.*  
So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds;  
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them:  
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

I *Sol.*

3 you herds; of boils

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*]

*All.* To th' pot, I warrant him.

*Enter Titus Lartius.*

*Lar.* What is become of *Martius*?

*All.* Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters; who upon the sudden  
Clapt to their gates: he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*Lar.* Oh noble fellow!  
Who 'sensible out-does' his senseless sword,  
And when it bows, stands up: thou art left, *Martius*—  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to 'Cato's' wish<sup>a</sup>, not fierce and terrible  
Only in stroaks, but with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussions of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.

*Lar.* O, 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain<sup>b</sup> alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City:*

*Enter certain Romans with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

G 2

2 *Rom.*

(a) Plutarch in the life of Coriolanus relates this as the opinion of Cato the elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice; and the Poet here by following the Historian inadvertently is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. Theob.

(b) Make remain is an old way of speaking which signifies but the same as remain.

<sup>4</sup> sensibly out-dares . . . old edit. Thirl. emend.

<sup>5</sup> Calvus' . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter Martius and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do prize their honours  
At a crack'd drachm: cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;  
And hark, what noise the General makes! to him;  
There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,  
Piercing our *Romans*: then, valiant *Titus*, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city,  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help *Cominius*.

*Lar.* 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 dropt, is rather physical  
Than <sup>6</sup>'dangerous.' T' *Aufidius* thus I will  
Appear, and fight.

*Lar.* Now the fair Goddess Fortune  
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers swords! bold gentleman!  
Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less,  
7 'Than to those' she placeth highest! so farewell.

*Lar.* Thou worthiest *Martius*, ——  
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place,

[*To the trumpet.*]

Call thither all the officers o' th' town,  
Where they shall know our minds. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

6 dangerous to me.

7 Than those

## S C E N E IX.

*The Roman Camp.**Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.*

*Com.* **B**Reathe 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. 'Ye *Roman Gods*,  
Lead their successes, as we wish our own,  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,  
May give you thankful sacrifice! Thy news?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The citizens of *Corioli* have issued,  
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* battel.  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Tho' thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

*Mes.* Above an hour, my Lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.  
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring the news so late?

*Mes.* Spies of the *Vulscians*  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter Martius.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flea'd? O Gods,

G 3

He

8 The

He has the stamp of *Martius*, 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 found of *Martius'* 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.* Oh! let me clip ye  
In arms as found as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burnt to bedward.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is't with *Titus Lartius*?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees;  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other,  
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,  
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave.  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,  
The common file, ('a plague on't! tribunes' for them!)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think——  
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?  
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

*Com.* *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle? know you on what side  
They have plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.*

9 man.

1 a plague! tribunes

*Com.* As I guess, *Martius*,  
 Their bands i'th' 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 battels wherein we have fought,  
 By th' blood w'ave shed together, by the vows  
 W'ave made to endure friends, that you directly  
 Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiat's*;  
 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  
 Less for his person than an ill report:  
 If any think brave death out-weighs bad life,  
 And that his country's dearer than himself,  
 Let him, alone, (or many if so minded)  
 Wave thus, t'express his disposition,  
 And follow *Martius*.

[*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their  
 arms, and cast up their caps.*]

Oh! me alone, make you a sword of me:  
 If these shews be not outward, which of you  
 But is four *Volsicians*? none of you but is  
 Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*  
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number  
 (Tho' thanks to all) must I select: the rest  
 Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
 As cause will be obey'd; please you to march,

G 4

And

2 select from all :



And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows:  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

C O R I O L I.

*Titus Lartius having set a guard upon Corioli, going with  
drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Martius ;  
Enter with a Lieutenant other Soldiers and a Scout.*

*Lar.* SO, let the ports be guarded ; keep your duties  
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch  
Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve  
For a short holding ; if we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, Sir.

*Lar.* Hence, and shut your gates upon's :  
Our guider, come, to th' Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

*The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum as in battel. Enter Martius and Aufidius,  
at several doors.*

*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, and envy ; fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,

And

And the Gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, *Martius*, hollow me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, *Tullus*,  
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,  
And made what work I pleas'd : 'tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd ; for thy revenge  
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the *Heſtor*,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain Volſcians come to the aid of*  
*Aufidius. Martius fights'till they be driven in breathless.*  
Officious and not valiant ! you have sham'd me  
In your condemned 'seconding.'

[*Exeunt Mar. and Auf. fighting.*

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one*  
*door Cominius with the Romans : at another door*  
*Martius, with his arm in a scarf.*

*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' th' 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 din'd before.

*Enter Titus Lartius with his power from the pursuit.*

*Lar.* 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

3 seconds.

When she does praise me, grieves me : I have done  
 As you have done, that's what I can, induc'd  
 As you <sup>4</sup>'have also been,' that's for my country ;  
 He that has but effected his good will,  
 Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
 The grave of your deserving, *Rome* must know  
 The value of her own : 'twere a concealment,  
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
 To hide your doings, and to silence that,  
 Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
 Would seem but modest : therefore, I beseech you,  
 (In sign of what you are, not to reward  
 What you have done) before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
 To hear themselves remembred.

*Com.* Should they not,  
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
 And tent themselves with death : Of all the horses,  
 Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store, of all  
 The treasure in the field achiev'd, and city,  
 We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,  
 Before the common distribution,  
 At your <sup>5</sup>'own' choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, General :  
 But cannot make my heart consent to take  
 A bribe, to pay my sword : I do refuse it,  
 And stand upon my common part with those  
 That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Martius! Martius! cast  
 up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius  
 stand bare.*]

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you profane,  
 Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall  
 I' th' field prove flatterers, let <sup>6</sup>'camps as' cities  
 Be made <sup>7</sup>' of false-fac'd' soothing. When steel grows  
 Soft, as the parasite's silk, let <sup>8</sup>'hymns' be made An

<sup>4</sup> have been, <sup>5</sup> only <sup>6</sup> courts and . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*  
<sup>7</sup> all of false-faced <sup>8</sup> him . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

AN Overture for th' wars! — No more, I say;  
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
 Or foil'd some debile wretch, which without note  
 Here's many else have done; you shout me forth  
 In acclamations hyperbolical,  
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted  
 In praises fauc'd with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you:

More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
 To us, that give you truly: by your patience,  
 If 'gainst your self 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 Martius*  
 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 th' applause and clamour of the host,  
*Caius Martius Coriolanus*. Bear th' addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

*Omnes. Caius Martius Coriolanus!*

*Mar.* I will go wash:

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
 Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.  
 I mean to stride your steed, and at all times  
 To undercrest your good addition,  
 To th' 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.

*Lar.* I shall, my Lord.

*Mar.* The Gods begin to mock me: I that but now  
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
 Of my Lord-General.

*Com.*

*Com.* Take't, 'tis yours : what is't ?

*Mar.* I sometime lay here in *Corioli*,  
'And at a poor man's house : he us'd me kindly.  
He cry'd to me : I saw him prisoner :  
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,  
And wrath o'er-whelm'd my pity : I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind : deliver him, *Titus*.

*Lar. Martius*, his name ?

*Mar.* By *Jupiter*, forgot :  
I'm weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd :  
Have we no wine here ?

*Com.* Go we to our tent ;  
The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to : come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E XII.

### *The Camp of the Volsci.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with  
two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* THE town is ta'en.

*Sol.* 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

*Auf.* Condition ?

I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,  
Being a *Volscian*, be that I am. Condition ?  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' th' part that is at mercy ? Five times, *Martius*,  
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me :  
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat. By th' elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He's mine, or I am his : mine emulation

Hath

Hath not that honour in't it had; for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;  
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

*Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle: my valour (poison'd  
With only suffering stain by him) for him  
Shall flie out of it self: not sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
'Embankments<sup>1</sup> all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to *Martius*. 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's heart. Go you to th' city,  
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must  
Be hostages for *Rome*.

*Sol.* Will not you go?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you,  
( 'Tis South the city mills) bring me word thither  
How the world goes, that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

*Sol.* I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]



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

### R O M E.

*Enter Menenius with Sicinius and Brutus.*

M E N E N I U S.

**T**H E Augur 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 *Martius*.

*Sic.*

<sup>1</sup> Embarkments

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the noble *Martius*.

*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.* Well, Sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is *Martius* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boast.

*Men.* This is strange now! do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right-hand file, do you?

*Bru.* Why——how are we censur'd?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

*Both.* Well, well, Sir, well.

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience——give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so——you blame *Martius* 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——oh that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh that you could!

*Bru.* What then, Sir?

*Men.* Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, tefty magistrates, alias fools, as any in *Rome*,

*Sic.*

*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 *Tiber* in't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the first 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 *Lycurgusses*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your *Worships* have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *as* in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you, you have good faces; if you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your \*'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, your selves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-seller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall

z besom . . . old edit. Warb. emend.



shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Martius* 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.

[*Exeunt Brutus and Sicinius.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.*

How now, my as fair as noble Ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Vol.* Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go.

*Men.* Ha! *Martius* coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—hoo, *Martius* coming home!

*Both.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night: A letter for me!

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw't.

*Men.* A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is but *Emperic*, and to this preservative of no better report than

a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* Oh no, no, no.

*Vol.* Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

*Vol.* *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possess'd of this?

*Vol.* Good Ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out-done 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 way.

*Men.* True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? God save 'their good Worshipp's! *Martius* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud:— where is he wounded?

\**Vol.* I' th' shoulder, and i' th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i' th' body.

*Men.* One i' th' neck, 'and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before his last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

V O L, V.

H

*Men.*

(2) Meaning the Tribunes.

3 your 4 *Vol.* 5 and two . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

*Men.* Now 'tis twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets. [*A shout and flourish.*]

*Vol.* These are th' ushers of *Martius*; before him He carries noise, <sup>6</sup> behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lye, Which being advanc'd declines, and then men die.

## S C E N E III.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter *Cominius the General* and *Titus Lartius*; between them *Coriolanus*, crown'd with an oaken garland, with *Captains and Soldiers*, and a *Herald*.

*Her.* Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won, With fame, a name to *Caius Martius*. Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus*!

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

*All.* Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus*!

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, Sir, your mother.

*Cor.* Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

*Vol.* Nay, my soldier, up: My gentle *Martius*, <sup>7</sup> my worthy *Caius*, By <sup>8</sup> deed-atchieved honour newly nam'd, What is it, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee? But oh, 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!

6 and behind

7 worthy

8 deed-atchieving

*Cor.*

*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! y<sup>e</sup> are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,  
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy; welcome!  
A curse begin at very foot on's heart  
That is not glad to see thee! You are three  
That *Rome* should dote on: yet by the faith of men,  
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not  
Be grafted to your relish. 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.

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, 'charge of 'honour.

*Vol.* I have lived,  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing  
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our *Rome*  
Will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother, I  
Had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets.*]

[*Exeunt in state, as before.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Brutus and Sicinius.*

*Bru.* ALL tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prating nurse  
H 2 Into

9 change . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

1 honours.

Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
 While she chats him : the kitchen maukin pins  
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,  
 Clambring the walls to eye him ; stalls, bulks, windows,  
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
 With variable complexions ; all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him : seld-shown *Flamens*  
 Do'press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station ; our veil'd dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask in  
 Their nicely gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil  
 Of *Phæbus*' burning kisses ; such a pother,  
 As if that whatsoever God who leads him,  
 Were sily crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
 I warrant him Consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
 During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,  
 From where he should begin and end, but will  
 Lose those he'ath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not  
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they  
 Upon their ancient malice will forget  
 With the least cause these his new honours ; which  
 That he will give, make I as little question  
 As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
 Were he to stand for Consul, never would he  
 Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put  
 The napless vesture of humility,  
 Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds  
 To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right,

*Bru.* It was his word : oh, he would miss it, rather  
 Than carry it, but by the suit o' th' Gentry,

And

And the desire o' th' Nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For <sup>2</sup> 'our' end,  
We must suggest the people, in what hatred  
He still hath held them ; that to's power he would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Disproperty'd their freedoms : holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in <sup>3</sup> 'the' war, who have their provender  
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall <sup>4</sup> 'touch' the people, (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't, and that's as easie,  
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire  
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Mes.* You're sent for to the Capitol : 'tis thought  
That *Martius* 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.

H 3

*Bru.*

2 an

3 their

4 teach or reach

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol,  
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*The CAPITOL.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

1 *Off.* **C**ome, come, they are almost here; how many stand for Consulships?

2 *Off.* Three they say; but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them, and there be many that they have loved they know not wherefore; so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble<sup>s</sup> 'carelessness he let's<sup>s</sup> them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as<sup>6</sup> 'theirs' who have been supple and courteous to the people bonneted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their  
estima-

<sup>5</sup> carelessness, lets

<sup>6</sup> those

estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice that, giving it self the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy man : make way, they are coming.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them ; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul : Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the *Volsians*, and To send for *Titus Lartius*, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratifie 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 Martius Coriolanus* ; whom We 7 'meet' here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius* : Leave nothing out for length, and make us think Rather our state's defective for requital 2 'Than that we stretch' it out. Masters o' th' people, We do request your kindest ear, and after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To 9 'yield to what' passeth here.

*Sic.* We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts Inclunable to honour and advance

H 4

The

7 met

8 Than we to stretch

9 yield what



The theam of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather

We shall be blest to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off:

I would you rather had been silent: please you  
To hear *Cominius* speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly:

But yet my caution was more pertinent:  
Than the rebuke you give.

*Men.* He loves your people,

But tye him not to be their bedfellow:  
Worthy *Cominius*, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises and offers to go away.*]

Nay, keep your place.

*Sen.* Sit, *Coriolanus*; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your Honour's pardon:  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope  
My words dis-bench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, Sir; yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i' th' sun,  
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit *Coriolanus*.]

*Men.* Masters of the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,  
That's thousand to one good one, when you see  
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of's ears to hear't? Proceed, *Cominius*.

*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*  
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held

That

That valour is the chiefeft virtue, and  
 Moft dignifies the haver: if it be,  
 The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world  
 Be ſingly counter-poiſ'd. At ſixteen years,  
 When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought  
 Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,  
 Whom with all praife I point at, ſaw him fight,  
 When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove  
 The briftled lips before him: he beſtrid  
 An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i' th' Conſul's view  
 Slew three oppoſers: *Tarquin's* ſelf he met,  
 And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the ſcene,  
 He prov'd beſt man i' th' field, and for his meed  
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age  
 Man-entred thus, he waxed like a ſea,  
 And in the brunt of ſeventeen battels ſince,  
 He lurcht all ſwords o' th' garland. For this laſt,  
 Before, and in *Corioli*, let me ſay  
 I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the fliers,  
 And by his rare example made the coward  
 Turn terror into ſport. As waves before  
 A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,  
 And fell below his ſtern: his ſword (death's ſtamp)  
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:  
 He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion  
 Was tim'd with dying cries; alone he enter'd  
 'The gate o' th' city, which he mortal painted'  
 With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off,  
 And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck  
*Corioli*, like a planet. 'Nor's this all;  
 For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready ſenſe, when ſtraight his doubled ſpirit  
 Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,  
 And to the battel came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if

'Twere

1 The mortal Gate o' th' City, which he painted

2 Nor all's this;

'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and 'till we call'd  
Both field and city ours, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man!

*1 Sen.* He cannot but with measure <sup>3</sup> 'fill' the honours  
Which we devise him.

*Com.* <sup>4</sup> 'All our' spoils he kick'd at,  
And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck o' th' world: he covets less  
Than misery it self would give, rewards  
His deeds with doing them, and his content  
To spend his time to end it.

*Men.* He's right noble,  
Let him be call'd for.

*Sen.* Call *Coriolanus*.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*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 th' people.

*Cor.* I beseech you,  
Let me o'er-leap that custom ; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds sake, to give their suffrages :  
Please you that I may <sup>5</sup> 'over-pass' this doing.

*Sic.* <sup>6</sup> 'Sir, but the people too must' have their voices,  
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't: pray fit you to the custom,  
And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with <sup>7</sup> 'the' form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.*

3 fit    4 Our    5 pass    6 Sir, the people must    7 your

*Bru.* Mark you that ?

*Cor.* To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,  
Shew them th' unaking scars, which I would hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only —

*Men.* Do not stand upon't : —

We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose, ' and to them : to' our noble Consul  
With we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*]

*Manent* Sicinius and Brutus.

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive's intent ! he will require them,  
As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them.

Of our proceedings here : on th' market-place  
I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*The Forum.*

*Enter seven or eight Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* **O**Nce <sup>a</sup>, if he do require our voices, we ought  
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our selves to do it, but it is  
a power that we have no power to do ; for if he shew us  
his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our  
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them : so, if  
he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him of our  
noble

(a) *Once here means the same as when we say once for all.*

*Warburton.*

8 to them, and to

9 multitude

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 our selves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed 'monster.'

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many, not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversely colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of 'our skulls,' they would fly East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all points o' th' compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks — you may, you may —

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it: I say if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter Coriolanus in a gown, with Menenius.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices

9 multitude.

1 one scull,

voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content.

*Men.* Oh Sir, you are not right ; have you not known The worthiest men have done't ?

*Cor.* What must I say ?

I pray, Sir,— plague upon't, I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,— my wounds—  
I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From noise of our own drums.

*Men.* Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that, you must desire them  
To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me? hang 'em.

I would they would forget me, like the 'advices'  
Which our Divines lose 'on' 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all.

I'll leave you : pray you speak to 'em, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. [Exit.

*Two Citizens approach.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean — so, here comes a brace :  
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

*1 Cit.* We do, Sir ; tell us what hath brought you to't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*2 Cit.* Your own desert ?

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire ?

*1 Cit.* How, not your own desire ?

*Cor.* No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble  
the poor with begging.

*1 Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we  
hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then ; I pray, your price o'th' Consulship ?

*1 Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't : I have wounds  
to

to shew you, which shall be yours in private : your good voice, Sir ; what say you ?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

*Cor.* A match, Sir ; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd : I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again : — but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.

*Cor.* Your ænigma ?

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies ; you have been a rod to her friends ; you have not indeed loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love ; 'but I will,' Sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'for 'tis' a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly ; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers : therefore, 'beseech you I may be Consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them : I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*Both.* The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.*

4 I will,

3 'tis

*Cor.* Most sweet voices —  
 Better it is to die, better to starve,  
 Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve. \*

*Three Citizens more.*

Here come more voices.

Your voices — for your voices I have fought,  
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
 Of wounds two dozen and odd: battles thrice six  
 I've seen, and heard of: for your voices, have  
 Done many things, some less, some more: — your voices:  
 Indeed I would be Consul.

*1 Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any  
 honest man's voice.

*2 Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul: The Gods give  
 him joy, and make him a good friend to the people!

*All.* Amen, amen. God save thee, noble Consul!

[*Exeunt.*

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.*

*Men.* You've stood your limitation: and the Tribunes  
 Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,  
 That in th' official marks invested, you  
 Anon do meet the Senate.

*Cor.* Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd:  
 The people do admit you, and are summon'd

To

(a) — we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,  
 To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,  
 Their needless voucher? custom calls me to't —  
 What custom wills in all things, should we do't?  
 The dust to antique time would lye unswept,  
 And mountainous error be too highly heapt,  
 For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go,  
 To one that would do thus. I am half through,  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Three citizens, &c.*



To meet anon upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sic.* There, *Coriolanus*.

*Cor.* May 'I then change these garments?

*Sic.* 'Sir, you may.'

*Cor.* That I'll straight do: and knowing my self again,  
Repair to th' senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company. Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well. [Exit *Coriol.* and *Men.*]

### S C E N E VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks  
'Tis warm at's heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds: will you dismiss the people?

*Enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

*1 Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

*Bru.* We pray the Gods he may deserve your loves.

*2 Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

*3 Cit.* Certainly he flouted us down-right.

*1 Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

*2 Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself but says  
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

*Sic.* Why so he did, I am sure.

*All.* No, no man saw 'em. [private:

*3 Cit.* He said he'd wounds, which he could shew in  
And with his cap, 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*

6 I change

7 You may, Sir.

*Your most sweet voices — now you have left your voices,  
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?*

*Sic.* Why either were you 'impotent' 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, still spake against  
Your liberties, and charters that you bear  
I' th' body of the weal: and now arriving  
At place of potency, and sway o' th' state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the Plebeians, your voices might  
Be cursés 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 tow'rds 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 pluckt  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature;  
Which easily endures not article,  
Tying him to ought; so putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en th' 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

VOL. V.

I

Ere

8 ignorant.

Ere now deny'd the asker ; and now again,  
On him that did not ask, but mock, 'bestow'd<sup>n</sup>  
Your su'd-for tongues ?

*3 Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may  
Deny him yet.

*2 Cit.* 'Ay, and we will deny him :  
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound. [em.

*1 Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,  
They've 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 safer judgment,  
Revoke your ignorant election :

Enforce his pride, and his old hate to 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 th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

*Bru.* Nay, 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 guided by your own affections,  
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what  
You rather must do, 'than with what you should do,  
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 of *Martius* ; from whence came  
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa's* daughter's son,

Who

9 bestow      1 And will      2 than what

Who after great *Hoftilius*, here was King :  
 Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,  
 That our best water brought by conduits hither.  
 And *Cenforinus*, darling of the people,  
 (And nobly nam'd so for twice being censor)  
 Was his great ancestor. \*

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
 That 'had' 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 th' Capitol.

*All.* \* 'We will ;' almost all  
 Repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Citizens,*

*Bru.* Let 'em 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.* Come ; to th' Capitol.  
 We will be there before the stream o' th' people :  
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
 Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*

I 2

A C T

(a) Plutarch in his account of the Martian family enumerates the several great men who had sprung from it, in which list stand *Publius Martius* and *Quintus Martius* and *Cenforinus* ; who, though they lived before Plutarch, came after Coriolanus. Shakespear therefore by copying Plutarch too closely and hastily hath fallen into this inadvertence of making a cotemporary with Coriolanus mention the men who lived long after him.

Warburton.

3 hath

4 We will so ;



## ACT III. SCENE I.

## R O M E.

*Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.*

## CORIOLANUS.

**T**ullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

*Lar.* He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd  
Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the *Volsicians* stand but as at first,  
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make inroad  
Upon's again.

*Com.* They're worn, Lord Consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you *Aufidius* ?

*Lar.* On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse  
Against the *Volsicians*, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town ; he is retir'd to *Antium*.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me ?

*Lar.* He did, my Lord.

*Cor.* How ? — what ? —

*Lar.* How often he had met you sword to sword :  
That of all things upon the earth he hated  
Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At *Antium* lives he ?

*Lar.* At *Antium*.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

*Enter*

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' th' common mouth: I do despise them,  
For they do prank them in authority  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Hah! — what is that! —

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on — no further.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons?

*Bru.* *Cominius*, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

*Sen.* Tribunes, give way, he shall to th' market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop.

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your offices?  
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?  
Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the Nobility:  
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot,  
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,  
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd,  
Scandal'd the 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.* 'Yes, you are like enough to do such business.

*Bru.* Not unlike, 'either way, to better you.'

*Cor.* Why then should I be Consul? by yond clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your Fellow-Tribune.

*Sic.* You shew too much of that,  
For which the people stir; if you will pass  
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,  
Or never be so noble as a Consul,  
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd, set on; this paltring  
Becomes not Rome: nor has *Coriolanus*  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid fallly  
I th' plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again ———

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*Sen.* Not in this heat, Sir, now.

*Cor.* Now as I live, I will ———

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:  
But for the mutable rank-scented Many,  
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,  
And there behold themselves: I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate  
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we our selves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,  
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which we have given to beggars,

*Men.* Well, no more ———

*Sen.* No more words, we beseech you ———

*Cor.* How! ——— no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs  
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles

Which

g You are like to

6 each way, to better yours.

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' th' people, <sup>7</sup>'Sir, as if you were  
A God to punish, <sup>8</sup>'not as being a man  
Of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'Twere well we let  
The people know't.

*Men.* What, what! his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

*Sic.* It is a mind.

That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

*Cor.* Shall remain?

Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.

*Cor.* Shall? ———

O good but most unwise Patricians, why,  
You grave but reckless Senators, have you thus  
Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,  
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
The horn and noise o' th' monsters, wants not spirit  
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? <sup>9</sup>'if they have power,  
Let them have cushions by you: if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,  
Be not as common fools: if you are not,  
Then veil your ignorance. You are plebeians  
If they be Senators; and they are no less,  
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste

I 4

Most

7 as you were                      8 not a man

9 ——— If he have power,

Then veil your ignorance; if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you.



Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate,  
 And such a one as he, who puts his *ball*,  
 His popular *ball*, against a graver bench  
 Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himself,  
 It makes the Consuls base; and my soul akes  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by th' other.

*Com.* Well — on to th' market-place,

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
 The corn o' th' storehouse *gratis*, as 'twas us'd  
 Sometime in *Greece* ———

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute power;  
 I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
 The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* 'Shall th' people give,  
 One that speaks thus, their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
 More worthy than their voice. They know the corn  
 Was not a 'their' recompence, resting well assur'd  
 They ne'er did service for't; being prest to th' 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'th' war,  
 Their mutinies and revolts wherein they shew'd  
 Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation  
 Which they have often made against the Senate,  
 All cause unborn, could never be the native  
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest  
 The Senate's courtesie? let deeds express  
 What's like to be their words — *we did request it* ———  
*We are the greater poll, and in true fear*  
*They gave us our demands.* ——— Thus we debase  
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call

1 Why shall

2 our

Call our cares, fears ; which will in time break ope  
The locks o' th' Senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles ———

*Men.* <sup>3</sup>'Come, enough, 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 gen'ral ignorance, it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
T' unstable slightness ; purpose so barr'd, it follows  
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, 'beseech you,  
(You that will be less fearful than discreet,  
That love the fundamental part of state  
More than you <sup>4</sup>'do' the change of 't ; that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To vamp a body with a dangerous physick,  
That's sure of death without,) 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 power to do the good it would  
For th' ill which doth controul it.

*Bru.* H'as said enough.

*Sic.* H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despight o'er-whelm thee!  
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said, <sup>5</sup>'That must be law,'

And

3 Come, enough.

4 doubt

5 it must be meet,

And throw the power i' th' dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason —

*Sic.* This a Consul? no.

*Bru.* The *Ædiles*; ho! let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people, in whose name my self  
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator :

A foe to th' publick weal. Obey I charge thee,

And follow to thine answer. [*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*]

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*All.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* 'Hold, aged Sir,' hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help me, citizens.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter a Rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, *Ædiles*.

*All.* Down with him, down with him!

*2 Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens——what hoc——

*Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens!*

*All.* Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace!

*Men.* What is about to be?——I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near. I cannot speak——You Tribunes,  
*Coriolanus*, patience; speak, *Sicinius*.

*Sic.* Hear me, people——peace. [*speak, speak.*]

*All.* Let's hear our Tribune: 'peace, ho! speak,'

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:

*Martius* would have all from you: *Martius*,  
Whom late you nam'd for Consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie,

This is the way to kindle, not to quench:

6 Ag'd Sir,

7 peace; speak,

*Sen.*

*Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?

*All.* True, the people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*All.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do:

*Cor.* That is the way to lay the city flat;  
To bring the roof to the foundation,  
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it; we do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold on him;  
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru. Ædiles,* seize him.

*All Ple.* Yield, *Martius*, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word, 'beseech' you,  
Ye Tribunes, 'hear me but a word——

*Ædiles.* Peace, peace.

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,  
And temp'rately 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 on 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 your selves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword; Tribunes, withdraw a

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

[while.  
*Men.*

§ you, Tribunes,

*Men.* 9' Help, help *Martius*,<sup>1</sup> help,  
You that be noble, help him young and old.

*All.* Down with him, down with him.

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the  
People are beat in.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,  
All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you<sup>2</sup> 'gone, away!

*Com.* Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*Sen.* The Gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house,  
Leave us to cure this<sup>3</sup> 'case.<sup>4</sup>

*Men.* For 'tis a fore

You cannot tent your self; begone,<sup>5</sup> 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, Sir, along with us.

*Men.* I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,  
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans*, as they are not,  
Though calved in the porch o' th' Capitol:

<sup>3</sup> 'Be gone, be gone, put<sup>4</sup> 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 my<sup>4</sup> 'self, I think, take<sup>5</sup> up a brace  
O' th' best of them, <sup>5</sup> 'yea, even the<sup>6</sup> two Tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick,  
And manhood is call'd fool'ry 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 us'd to bear?

*Men.* Pray you, be gone:

I'll try if my old wit be in request

With those that have but little; this must be patcht

With

9 Help *Martius*,

4 self take

1 gone.

5 yea, the

2 cause.

3 Begone, put

With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Come away. [*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*1 Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,  
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.—— [*A noise within.*]  
Here's goodly work.

*2 Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

*Men.* I would they were in *Tyber*. What the vengeance,  
Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy Tribunes——

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock  
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further tryal  
Than the severity of publick power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

*1 Cit.* He shall well know the noble Tribunes are  
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

*All.* He shall,  
Be sure on't.

*Men.* Sir, Sir,——

*Sic.* Peace.

*Men.* Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt  
With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes it you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak;

**As**

As I do know the Consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults——

*Sic.* Consul!——what Consul?

*Men.* The Consul *Coriolanus*.

*Bru.* <sup>6</sup> 'He the Consul!——

*All.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If by the Tribunes leave, and yours, good people,  
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two,  
The which shall turn you to no further harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then,  
For we are peremptory to dispatch  
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence  
Were but <sup>7</sup> 'our` 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  
Tow'rd's her deserving children is enroll'd  
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease that must be cut away.

*Men.* Oh, <sup>8</sup> 'he is but a limb, that has disease; <sup>9</sup>  
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.  
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 dropt 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 th' end o' th' world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.

*Bru.* Meerly awry: when he did love his country,  
It honour'd him:

*Sic.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected

<sup>6</sup> He Consul!——

<sup>7</sup> one . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>8</sup> he's a limb, that has but a disease;

For

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, 'hear me one word :  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will (too late)  
Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

*Bru.* If 'twere so——

*Sic.* What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?  
Our *Ædiles* smote, our selves resisted ? come——

*Men.* Consider this ; he hath been bred i' th' wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd  
In boulded language, meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,  
In peace, to his utmost peril.

*1 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 *Forum* ; we'll attend you there,  
Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* 'I'll go and bring him to you.  
Let me desire your company ; he must come,

[*To the Senators.*

Or what is worst will follow.

*1 Sen.* Pray let's to him.

*9* one word :      *1* I'll bring

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE



## S C E N E V.

*The House of Coriolanus.*

*Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.*

**Cor.** LET them pull all about mine ears, present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels,  
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of fight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter Volumnia.*

*Noble.* You do the nobler.

**Cor.** I muse, my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats, to shew bare heads  
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace, or war; (I talk of you) [*To his Mother.*  
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me  
False to my nature? rather say, I <sup>2</sup> play  
Truly the man<sup>1</sup> I am.

**Vol.** Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

**Cor.** <sup>3</sup> Why, let it go——\

**Vol.** You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been  
The <sup>4</sup> thwartings of your <sup>5</sup> disposition, if  
You had not shew'd *them* how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

**Cor.** Let them hang.

**Vol.** Ay, and burn too.

*Enter*

<sup>2</sup> play the man      <sup>3</sup> Let it go.—  
<sup>4</sup> things that thwart ... *old edit. Theob. emend.*    <sup>5</sup> dispositions,

*Enter Menenius with the Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you've been too rough, something  
You must return, and mend it. [too rough :

*Sen.* There's no remedy,  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsell'd ;  
I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman :  
Before he should thus stoop 'to th' herd, but that  
The violent fit o' th' times craves it as physick  
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do ?

*Men.* Return to th' Tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then ? what then ?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them ? I cannot do it for the Gods,  
Must I then do't to them ?

*Vol.* You are too absolute,  
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' th' war do grow together : grant that, and tell me,  
In peace what each of them by th' other loses,  
That they combine not there ?

*Cor.* Tush, tush——

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not, which for your best ends  
You call your policy : how is't less or worse  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war, since that to both  
It stands in like request ?

VOL. V.

K

Cor;

6 to th' heart, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*Cor.* Why force you this?

*Vol.* Because it lies on you to speak to th' people:  
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter  
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words  
But roated <sup>7</sup> 'on' your tongue; bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd  
I should do so in honour. I'm in this  
Your Wife, your Son, these Senators, the Nobles;—  
And you will rather shew our general lowts,  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
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 save so  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,  
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)  
Thy knee buffing the stones; (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant  
More learned than the ears) waving thy <sup>8</sup> 'hand,  
Which soften, thus, correcting thy stout heart  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,  
That will not hold the handling; <sup>9</sup> '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 <sup>1</sup> 'them' to claim,  
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame  
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,

As

7 in 8 head, which often . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*  
9 or say 1 they

As thou hast power and person.

*Men.* This but done,

Ev'n as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,  
As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Pr'ythee now,

Go and be rul'd: altho' I know thou'dst rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
Than flatter him in a bower.

*Enter Cominius.*

Here is *Cominius*.

*Com.* I have been i' th' market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit  
You have strong party, or defend your self  
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think 'twill serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must and will:

Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go shew them my unbarbed sponce?  
Must 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 <sup>a</sup> 'pelt' to lose,  
This mould of *Martius*; they to dust should grind it,  
And throw't against the wind. To th' market-place!  
You've put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to th' life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said  
My praises made thee first a soldier; so  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice

K 2

That

a plot

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  
 Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do't,  
 Left I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
 And by my body's action teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice then :

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let  
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness : for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me :  
 But own thy pride thy self.

*Cor.* Pray be content :

Mother, I'm going to the market-place :  
 Chide me no more. I'll mounbank 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' th' way of flattery further.

*Vol.* Do your will.

[*Exit Volunmia.*]

*Com.* Away, the Tribunes do attend you : arm  
 Your self to answer mildly : for they're 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

## S C E N E VI.

*The Forum.**Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Bru.* I N this point charge him home, that he affects  
 Tyrannic power : if he evade us there,  
 Inforce him with his envy to the people,  
 And that the spoil got on the *Antiates*  
 Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come ?

*Enter an Ædile.**Æd.* He's coming.*Bru.* How accompanied ?*Æd.* With old *Menenius*, and those senators  
 That always favour'd him.*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
 Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
 Set down by th' poll ?*Æd.* I have ; 'tis 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 th' right and strength o' th' 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' th' truth o' th' cause.*Æd.* I will inform them.*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry,  
 Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
 Inforce the present execution  
 Of what we chance to sentence.*Æd.* Very well.

K 3

*Sic.*

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give't them.

*Bru.* Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight, he hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have 'no' word  
Of contradiction. Being once cha'p'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there, which 'works'  
With us to break his neck.

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with  
Senators.*

*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 th' volume: the honour'd Gods  
Keep *Rome* in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you,  
'Throng' our large temples with the shews of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

*1 Sen.* Amen, amen.

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* Lift to your Tribunes: audience;  
Peace, I say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.* Well, say: peace, ho.

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no 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.*

3 his

4 looks

5 Through . . . old edit. Warb. chend.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says he is content :  
The warlike service he has done, consider ;  
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew  
Like graves i'th' holy church-yard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider further :

That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier ; do not take  
His rougher 'accents' for malicious sounds :  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being past for Consul with full voice,  
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again ?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From *Rome* all season'd office, and to wind  
Your self unto a power tyrannical,  
For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How ? traitor ?

*Men.* Nay, temperately : your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i'th' lowest hell fold in the people !  
Call me their traitor ! thou injurious Tribune !  
Within thine eyes fate 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 ?

*All.* To th' 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 your selves,

K 4

Opposing

6 actions . . . old edit. Theob. amend.



Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
 Those whose great power must try him, even this  
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
 Deserves th' extreamest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
 Serv'd well for *Rome* ———

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You? ———

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your mother?

*Com.* Know, I pray you ———

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death.  
 Vagabond, exile, fleeing, pent to linger  
 But with a grain a-day, I would not buy  
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word,  
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
 To have't with saying, *Good-morrow*.

*Sic.* For that he has  
 (As much as in him lyes) from time to time  
 Envy'd against the people, seeking means  
 To pluck away their power; has now at last  
 Giv'n hostile strokes, and that 'not only in' presence  
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
 That do distribute it; in the name o'th' people  
 And in the power of us the Tribunes, we  
 (Ev'n from this instant) banish him our city,  
 In peril of precipitation  
 From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more  
 To enter our *Rome's* gates. I' th' people's name,  
 I say it shall be so.

*All.* It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:  
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common friends—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak:

I have been Consul, and can shew 'for' *Rome*  
 Her enemies marks upon me. I do love

My

7 not in the

8 from . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

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 loyns : then if I would  
 Speak that —

*Sic.* We know your drift. Speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd  
 As enemy to the people, and his country.  
 It shall be so.

*All.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,  
 As reek o' th' rotten fens ; whose loves I prize,  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men,  
 That do corrupt my air : I banish you.  
 And here remain with your uncertainty !  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts,  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair ! have the power still  
 To banish your defenders, 'till at length  
 Your ignorance (which finds not 'till it feels)  
 Making but reservation of your selves  
 (Still your own enemies) deliver you  
 As most abated <sup>a</sup> captives to some nation  
 That won you without blows ! Despising then,  
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back :  
 There is a world elsewhere —

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and Senators.*

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*

*Ed.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

*All.* Our enemy is banish'd ; he is gone ! Hoo, hoo !

*Sic.* Go see him out at gates, and follow him  
 As he hath follow'd you ; with all despight  
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
 Attend us through the city.

*All.* Come, come ; let's see him out at the gates ; come.  
 The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes ! come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

(a) Abated here carries the sense of sunk and diminish'd in spirit and courage.



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Gates of Rome.*

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

CORIOLANUS.

COME, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast  
 With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,  
 Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd  
 To say, extremity was the trier of spirits,  
 That common chances common men could bear;  
 That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
 Shew'd mastership in floating; Fortune's blows  
 When most struck home, being 'greatly wardèd, cravè'  
 A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me  
 With precepts that would make invincible  
 The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heav'ns! O heav'ns!

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
 And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
 If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
 Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,

Droop not; adieu: farewell, my wife, my mother,  
 I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,

Thy tears are saltèr than a younger man's,  
 And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,

I've

g gently wardèd, craves

I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,  
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot  
 My hazards still have been your solace, and  
 Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,  
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen :) your son  
 Will or exceed the common, or be caught  
 With cautelous baits and practice.

*Vol.* 'First, my son,'

Where will you go? take good *Cominius*  
 With thee a while; determine on some course,  
 More than a wild exposure to each chance,  
 That starts i' th' way before thee.

*Cor.* O the Gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth  
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man,  
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
 I' th' absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well :

Thou'st years upon thee, and thou art too full  
 Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one  
 That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.  
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
 My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,  
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
 While I remain above the ground, you shall  
 Hear from me still, and never of me ought  
 But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.  
 If I could shake off but one seven years  
 From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods

I'd

: My first son,

I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home, he's gone ; and we'll no further.  
Vex'd are the Nobles, who we see have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shewn our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home,  
Say their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.  
Here comes his mother.

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.*

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why ?

*Sic.* They say she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us : keep on your way.

*Val.* Oh, y'are well met :

The hoorded plague o' th' 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 Virgilia.*]

*Val.* You shall stay too : I would I had the power  
To say so to 'thy' 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.*

<sup>2</sup> The remainder of this speech to *Virg.* in former edit.

<sup>3</sup> my

*Sic.* Oh blessed heav'ns!

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wife 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?

\* *Vol.* What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity :  
Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome!*<sup>1</sup>

*Men.* Come, come, peace.

*Sic.* I would he had continued to his country  
As he began, and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* I would he had! — 'twas you incens'd the rabble :  
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heav'n  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.  
You've 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 you to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

[*Exe. Tribunes.*]

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.  
I wish the Gods had nothing else to do,  
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em  
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lyes heavy to't.

*Men.* You've told them home,

And

\* *Virg.* What then? he'd make an end of thy posterity

*Vol.* Bastards, &c.

And by my troth have cause: you'll sup with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat, I sup upon my self,  
And so shall starve with feeding: come, let's go,  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do, [*To Virgilia.*  
In anger, *Juno*-like: come, come, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

## A N T I U M.

*Enter a Roman and a Volscian.*

*Rom.* I know you well, 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*, but my services are as you are, against 'em. 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 'affect'd' by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome*? I have a note from the *Volscian* state to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in *Rome* strange insurrections: 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 lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vol.*

5 appear'd

*Vol.* *Coriolanus* banish'd?

*Rom.* Banish'd, Sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have 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 'with' his country.

*Vol.* He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vol.* A most royal one. The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, 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.]

*Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this *Antium*. City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir  
Of these fair edifices for my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,  
In puny battel slay me. Save you, Sir.

*Enter a Citizen.*

*Cit.* And you. [Iyes:]

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius*  
Is he in *Antium*?

*Cit:*



*Cit.* He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, I beseech you?

*Cit.* This here before you?

*Cor.* Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [Exit Citizen.]

Oh world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise  
Are still together; who twine (as 'twere) in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissention of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,  
Whose passions, and whose plots have broke their sleep  
To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
And inter-join their issues. So with me;  
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;  
This enemy's 'house' I'll enter; if he slay me,  
He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

*A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.*

1 *Ser.* Wine, wine, wine! what service is here? I think  
our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

*Enter another Serving-man.*

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him: Co-  
tus! [Exit.]

*Enter Coriolanus.*

*Cor.* A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Enter*

*Enter the first Serving-man.*

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray go to the door. [*Exit.*]

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus*.

*Enter second Servant.*

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? pray get you out.

*Cor.* Away! ———

2 *Ser.* Away? — get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 *Ser.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 *Ser.* What fellow's this?

1 *Ser.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' th' house: pr'ythee call my master to him.

3 *Ser.* What have you to do here, fellow? pray you avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Ser.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

3 *Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True; so I am.

3 *Ser.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station, here's no place for you; pray you avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function; go and batten on cold bits.

[*Pushes him away from him*]

3 *Ser.* What, will you not? pr'ythee tell my master, what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Ser.* And I shall. [*Exit second Serving-man.*]

3 *Ser.* Where dwell'st thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy?

3 *Ser.* Under the canopy?

*Cor.* Ay.

VOL. V.

L

3 *Ser.*

3 *Ser.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I' th' city of kites and crows.

3 *Ser.* I' th' city of kites and crows? what an afs it is! then thou dwell'ft with daws too?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! do you meddle with my master?

*Cor.* Ay, 'tis an honefter service, than to meddle with thy mistress: thou prat'ft, and prat'ft; serve with thy trencher: hence! [Beats him away.]

*Enter Aufidius, with a Serving-man.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

2 *Ser.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'ft thou? what would'ft thou? thy name? Why speak'ft not? speak, man: what's thy name?

*Cor.* If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'ft me not, and seeing me, Dost not yet take me for the man I am, Necessity commands me name my self.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to *Volscian* 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 shew'ft a noble vessel: what's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown; know'ft thou me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not; thy name?

*Cor.* My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volscians*,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My Sirname, *Coriolanus*. The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that Sirname, a good s' memorial,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which

8 memory,

Which thou? 'should'st' bear me; only that name remains.  
 The cruelty and envy of the people,  
 Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who  
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
 And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be  
 Whoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity  
 Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope  
 (Mistake me not) to save my life; for if  
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world  
 I'd have avoided thee. But in meer spite  
 To be full quit of those my banishers,  
 Stand I before thee here: then if thou hast  
 A heart of wreak in thee, that 'will' revenge  
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,  
 And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,  
 That my revengeful services may prove  
 As benefits to thee. For I will fight  
 Against my canker'd country, with the spleen  
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
 Thou'rt tir'd; then in a word I also am,  
 Longer to live, most weary; and present  
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:  
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless  
 It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* Oh, *Martius, Martius,*  
 Each word thou'st spoke hath weeded from my heart  
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*  
 Should from yon cloud speak to me things divine,  
 And say, 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more  
 Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where-against  
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

L 2

And

9 could'st

1 wilt

And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip  
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man  
 Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 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 my arm for't: thou hast beat me out  
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy self 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 *Martius*,  
 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-bear. O come, go in,  
 And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,  
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
 Though not for *Rome* it self.

*Cor.* You bless me, Gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have  
 The leading of thine own revenges, take  
 One half of my commission, and set down,  
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
 Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own ways;  
 Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,  
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in,  
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall  
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,

And

And more a friend, than e'er an enemy :  
 Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your hand ; most welcome!  
 [ *Exeunt.* ]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter two Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Here's a strange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought. — I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so ; looking, as it were — would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn : he is simply the rarest man i' th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think he is ; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither ; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Ser.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that ; for the defence of a town, our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Enter a third Servant.*

3 *Ser.* Oh slaves, I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

*Both.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

*Both.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

L 3

3 *Ser.*

3 Ser. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius*.

1 Ser. Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 Ser. I do not say thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before *Cabrioli*, he scottch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado:

2 Ser. And, had he been cattibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 Ser. But more of thy news.

3 Ser. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to *Mars*: set at upper end o' th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o' th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Ser. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Ser. Do't! he will do't: for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 Ser. Directitude! what's that?

3 Ser. But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 Ser. But when goes this forward?

3 Ser. To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis as it were a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Ser.

2 *Ser.* Why then we shall have a stirring world again : this peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night ; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so, and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason ; because they then less need one another : the wars for my mony. I hope to see *Romans* as cheap as *Volsians*. They are rising, they are rising.

*Botb.* In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

## R O M E.

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Sic.* WE hear not of him, neither need we fear him ; His remedies are tame : the present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild 'hurry here, do make` his friends Blush, that the world goes well ; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

*Enter Menenius.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius* ?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he : O, he's grown most kind of late.  
Hail, Sir.

L 4

*Men.*

2 hurry. Here we make



*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your *Coriolanus* is not much mis'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.*

*All.* The Gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good-e'en, neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

*1 Cit.* Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees.  
Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewel, kind neighbours: we wish'd *Coriolanus*  
Had lov'd you, as we did.

*All.* Now the Gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewel, farewel. *[Exeunt Citizens.]*

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying confusion.

*Bru.* *Caius Martius* was  
A worthy officer i' th' war, but insolent,  
O'er-come with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving.

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistants.

*Men.* Nay, I think not so.

*Sic.* We had by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy Tribunes,

There

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
 Reports the *Volscians* with two several powers  
 Are entred in the *Roman* territories,  
 And with the deepest malice of the war  
 Destroy what lyes before 'em.

*Men.* 'Tis *Aufidius*,  
 Who hearing of our *Martius*' banishment,  
 Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;  
 Which were in-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for *Rome*,  
 And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of *Martius* ?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,  
 The *Volscians* dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!  
 We have record that very well it can,  
 And three examples of the like have been  
 Within my age. But 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.*

*Mes.* The nobles in great earnestness are going  
 All to the Senate-house ; some news is come  
 That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave :  
 Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes : his raising !  
 Nothing but his report !

*Mes.* Yes, worthy Sir,  
 The slave's report is seconded, and more,  
 More fearful is delivered

*Sic.* What more fearful ?

*Mes.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
 How probable I do not know, that *Martius*,

Join'd

Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst *Rome*,  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely!

*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may wish  
Good *Martius* home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely:

He and *Aufidius* can no more atone  
Than violentest contrarities.

*Enter another Messenger.*

2 *Mef.* You are sent for to the Senate:  
A fearful army, led by *Caius Martius*,  
Associated with *Aufidius*, rages  
Upon our territories, 'they've' already  
O'er-born their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter Cominius.*

*Com.* Oh, you have made good work.

*Men.* What news? what news?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters, and  
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement, and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an augre's bore.

*Men.* Pray now the news?

You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?  
If *Martius* should be joined with the *Volscians* ———

*Com.* If? he is their God, he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes men better; and they follow him  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer buster-flies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.*

and have

*Men.* You've made good work,  
You and your apron-men; that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlick-eaters.

*Com.* He'll shake your *Rome*  
About your ears.

*Men.* As *Hercules* did shake  
Down mellow fruit: † 'so 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're 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: his best friends, if they  
Shou'd say, *Be good to Rome*, they charge him even  
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein shew'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand  
That would consume it, I have not the face  
'To say, *Beseech you, cease*. You've made fair hands,  
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

*Com.* You've brought  
A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not we brought it.

*Men.* How? was it we? we lov'd him; but like beasts  
And coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,  
Who † 'hooted' him out o' th' city.

*Com.* But I fear

They'll

† you

5 resists

6 Are mock'd

7 did hoot

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.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.—

And is *Aufidius* with him?— You are they  
 That made the air unwholsome, when you cast  
 Your stinking, greasie caps, in hooting at  
*Coriolanus'* exile. Now he's coming,  
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head  
 Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,  
 As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
 And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,  
 If he should burn us all into one coal,  
 We have deserv'd it.

*Omnes.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,

When I said *banish him*, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very  
 many of us; that we did, we did for the best: and tho'  
 we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was  
 against our will.

*Com.* Y'are goodly things; you voices!—

*Men.* You have made you good work,  
 You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

*Com.* Oh, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.  
 These are a fide; that would be glad to have  
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
 And shew no sign of fear.

[*home.*

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us! come, masters, let's  
 I ever said we were i' th' wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* So did we all ; but come, let's home. [*Ex. 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 Tribunes.*

## S C E N E VIII.

*A Camp at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* DO they still fly to th' 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 proudly  
Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature  
In that's no changling, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, Sir,  
(I mean for your particular) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him ; but had born  
The action of your self, 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 : though it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shews good husbandry for the *Volscian* state,  
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon

As

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, 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, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature. First, he was  
A noble servant to them, but he could not  
Carry his honours even; whether pride,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,  
To fail in the disposing of those chances  
Whereof he was the Lord; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From th' cask to th' 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 merit  
'Tho' choaks' it in the utterance: so our virtues  
Lye in th' interpretation of the time;  
And power, in it self most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair,  
T' extol what it hath done.  
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
Right's by right 'foiled,' strengths by strengths do fail.  
Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,  
Thou'rt poor'st of all, then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*]

8 aspray . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*  
1 fouler, . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

9 To choak

## ACT V. SCENE I.

## R O M E.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, with others.*

## M E N E N I U S.

**N**O, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said  
Which was sometime his General; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:  
But what o' that? go you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd  
To hear *Cominius* speak; I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*  
He would not answer to; forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
'Till he had forg'd himself a name o'th' fire  
Of burning *Rome*.

*Men.* Why, so; you've made good work:  
A pair of Tribunes, that have sack'd fair *Rome*,  
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was least expected. He reply'd,  
It was a bare petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well, could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For's private friends. His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them, in a pile

Of

a sack'd for



Of noisome musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,  
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt  
And still to nose th' offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain  
Or two? I'm one of those: his mother, wife,  
His child, and this brave <sup>3</sup> fellow, we're<sup>4</sup> the grains;  
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt  
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray be patient: if you refuse your aid  
In this so-never-needed help, yet do not  
<sup>4</sup> 'Upbraid's' with our distress. But sure if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our country-man.

*Men.* No: I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you go to him.

*Men.* <sup>5</sup> 'Why? what' should I do?

*Bru.* Only make tryal what your love can do  
For Rome, tow'rds *Martius*.

*Men.* Well, and say that *Martius*  
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,  
<sup>6</sup> 'Unheard, but as a discontented friend  
Grief-shot with his unkindness: and what then?

*Sic.* Say it be so; yet your good will, *Menenius*,  
Must have the thanks of *Rome* after the measure  
As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it:  
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We powt upon the morning, are unapt

To

<sup>3</sup> fellow too, we      <sup>4</sup> Upbraid us      <sup>5</sup> What

<sup>6</sup> Unheard: what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness. Say't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from *Rome* after the measure  
As you intended well.

To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd  
 These pipes, and these conveyances of blood  
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
 Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him  
 'Till he be dieted to my request,  
 And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
 And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
 Speed how it will. 'You' shall ere long have knowledge  
 Of my success. [*Exit.*]

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye  
 Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his injury  
 The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,  
 'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*: dismiss'd me  
 Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do,  
 He sent in writing after; what he would not,  
 Bound with an oath, 'not yield to new' conditions:  
 So that all hope is vain, unless 'from's' mother  
 And wife, who (as I hear) mean to solicit him  
 For mercy to his country: therefore 'let's hence,  
 And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The Volscian Camp.*

*Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.*

*1 Watch.* STAY: whence are you?  
*2 Watch.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave  
 I am an officer of state, and come  
 To speak with *Coriolanus*.

*1 Watch.* Whence?

VOL. V.

M

*Men.*

7 I

8 to yield to his

9 his

1 hence,

*Men.* From *Rome*.

[General

*1 Watch.* You may not pass, you must return: our Will no more hear from thence.

*2 Watch.* You'll see your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,  
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius*.

*1 Watch.* Be it so, go back: the virtue of your name Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy General is my lover: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd <sup>2</sup> 'happily' amplified:  
For I have ever <sup>3</sup> 'magnified' my friends,  
(Of whom he's chief) <sup>4</sup> 'to' all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground  
I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,  
I must have leave to pass.

*1 Watch.* 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaffly. Therefore go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, always factionary of the party of your General.

*2 Watch.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have; I am one that telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

*Men.* Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him 'till after dinner.

*1 Watch.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy General is.

*1 Watch.* Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the

very

<sup>2</sup> happily.

<sup>3</sup> verified

<sup>4</sup> with

very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easie groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotard as you seem to be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

*1 Watch.* Come, my Captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean thy General.

*1 Watch.* My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood, 'that's the utmost of your having; back, back.'

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow.

*Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius:*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a jack-gardant cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus*; guess 'by' my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. ——— The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does! Oh my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being assured none but my self could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen.

M 2

The

<sup>5</sup> Back, that's the utmost of your having, back. . . . *old edit.*  
*Harb. emend.*

<sup>6</sup> but

The good Gods asswage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block hath denied my access to thee——

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How, away?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, remission lyes In *Volsce's* breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall ' prison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone; Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives him a letter.* And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*, I will not hear thee speak. This man, *Aufidius*, Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'st——

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt.*

*Manent the Guard and Menenius.*

*1 Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

*2 Watch.* 'Tis a spell you see of much power: you know the way home again.

*1 Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your Greatness back?

*2 Watch.* What cause do you think I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for th' world, nor your General: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: let your General do his worst. For you, be what you are, long! and your misery encrease with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

*1 Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

*2 Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Ex. Watch.*

7 poison, . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow  
Set down our host. My partner in this action,  
You must report to th' *Volscian* Lords how plainly  
I've born this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends you have respected; stopt  
Your ears against the general suit of *Rome*:  
Never admitted private whisper, no  
Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*,  
Lov'd me above the measure of a father:  
Nay, Godded me indeed. Their latest refuge,  
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have  
(Tho' I shew'd sow'rly 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've yielded to. Fresh embassie, and suits,  
Nor for the state, nor private friends hereafter  
Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what 'sight' is this?  
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not —

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius, with  
Attendants, all in Mourning.*

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 cur'sie worth? or those dove's eyes,  
Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others: my mother bows,

M 3

As

8 stout

As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should  
 In supplication nod; and my young boy  
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
 Great Nature cries, *Deny not*. Let the *Volscians*  
 Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never  
 Be such a gossling 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 heav'n, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You Gods! 'I prate,<sup>9</sup>  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i'th' earth; [Kneels.  
 Of thy deep duty more impression shew  
 Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint  
 I kneel before thee, and unproperly  
 Shew duty as mistaken all the while, [Kneels.  
 Between the child and parent.

*Cor.* What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
 Fillop the stars; then, let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun:  
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.*

9 I pray . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior,  
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of *Poplicola* :  
The moon of *Rome*, chaste as the icicle  
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on *Dian's* temple : dear *Valeria* ——

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
[*Shewing young Martius.*

Which by th' interpretation of full time  
May shew like all your self.

*Cor.* The God of soldiers,  
With the consent of supream *Jove*, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee !

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and my self,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace :  
Or if you'd ask, remember this before ;  
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with *Rome's* mechanics. Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not  
T' allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* Oh, no more : no more :  
You've said you will not grant us any thing :  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already : yet we will ask,  
That if we fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear us.

*Cor.* *Aufidius*, and you *Volsicians*, mark ; for we'll  
Hear nought from *Rome* in private. —— Your request ?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment



And state of bodies would bewray what life  
 We've led since thy exile. Think with thy self,  
 How more unfort'nate than all living women  
 Are we come hither; since thy fight, which should  
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,  
 Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;  
 Making the mother, wife, and child to see,  
 The son, the husband, and the father tearing  
 His country's bowels out: and to poor <sup>1</sup>'us  
 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're bound, together with thy victory,  
 Whereto we're bound? Alack, or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An eminent calamity, tho' we had  
 Our wish, which side shou'd win. For either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles along 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 my self, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till  
 These wars determine: if I can't persuade thee  
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,  
 Than seek the end of one; thou shalt <sup>2</sup>'not' sooner  
 March to assault thy country, than to tread  
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* Ay, and mine too,  
 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'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,

Requires

Requires nor child nor woman's face to see :  
I've fat too long.

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus :

If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy  
The *Volsicians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
As poysoners of your honour. No; our suit  
Is that you reconcile them: while the *Volsicians*  
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the *Romans*,  
*This we receiv'd*; and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*  
*For making up this peace!* Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses:  
Whose chronicle thus writ, *The man was noble* —  
*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,*  
*Destroy'd his country, and his name remains*  
*To th' ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son:  
Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the Gods;  
3 'Who' tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,  
And yet 4 'do' 5 'change' 6 'their' sulphur with a bolt,  
That 7 'shall' 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's no man in the world  
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate  
Like one i' th' stocks. Thou'st never in thy life  
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesie;  
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

3 To  
6 thy

4 to  
7 should

5 change . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

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 fir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; and end ;  
 This is the last. So we will home to *Rome*,  
 And die among our neighbours : nay, behold us.  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :  
 This fellow had a *Volscian* to his mother :  
 His wife is in *Corioli*, and 'this' child  
 Like him by chance ; yet give us our dispatch :  
 I'm\_husht until our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor.* Mother ! mother ! —

[*Holds her by the hands, silent.*]

What have you done ? behold, the heav'ns do ope,  
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother ! oh !  
 You've won a happy victory to *Rome* :  
 But for your son, believe it, oh, believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. 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 too was mov'd.

*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

Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

*Auf.* I'm glad thou'lt set thy mercy and thy honour  
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work  
My self 'my' former fortune.

[*Aside.*

*Cor.* Ay, by and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall bear

[*To Volumnia, Virg. &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we  
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us.

'*Auf.* 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.*

S C E N E IV.

R O M E.

*Enter Menenius and Sicinius.*

*Men.* SEE you yond' coin o' th' 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*, espe-  
cially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say  
there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay  
upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible that so short a time can alter the con-  
dition of a man?

*Men.* There is difference between a grub and a but-  
terfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Martius* is  
grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more  
than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He lov'd his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me; and he no more remembers his  
mother

mother now, than an eight years 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 finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

*Sic.* The Gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down, all swearing, if The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Mes.* Good news, good news, the ladies have prevail'd, The *Volscians* are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone: A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*, No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Mes.* As certain as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;  
[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*  
The

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,  
 Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans*  
 Make the sun dance. Hark you. [*A shout within.*]

*Men.* This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*  
 Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,  
 A city full : of Tribunes, such as you,  
 A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day :  
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

[*Sound still with the shouts.*]

*Sic.* First, the Gods bless you for your tidings! next  
 Accept my thankfulness.

*Mes.* Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They're near the city?

*Mes.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We'll meet them, and help the joy: [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter two Senators with the Ladies passing over the stage,  
 with other Lords.*

*Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of *Rome* :  
 Call all your tribes together, praise the Gods,  
 And make triumphant fires : strew flowers before them :  
 Unhurl the noise that banish'd *Martius* ;  
 Repeat him with the welcome of his mother :  
 Cry, *Welcome, Ladies, welcome !*

*All.* Welcome, Ladies, welcome ! [*Exeunt.*]  
 [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*]

## S C E N E V.

## A N T I U M.

*Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* **G**O tell the Lords o' th' city, I am here :  
 Deliver them this paper : having read it,  
 Bid them repair to th' market place, where I,

Even

Even in theirs and in the common ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse  
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.*

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoyson'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble Sir,

If you do hold the same intent, wherein  
You wish'd us parties; we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of 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 pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and fierce.

3 Con. 'His stoutness, Sir,

When he did stand for Consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping ———

Auf. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,  
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him,  
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse

2 free.

3 Sir, his stoutness,

Out

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 make all his; and took some pride  
 To do my self this wrong; 'till at the last,  
 I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
 He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
 I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord:  
 The army marvell'd at it, and at 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 womens rheum, which are  
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
 Of our great action; therefore shall he die,  
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
 And had no welcomes home, but he returns  
 Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,  
 Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear  
 Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,  
 Ere he expresses himself, or move the people  
 With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
 Which we will second. When he lyes 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.*

*All Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it.

But,



But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have <sup>4</sup> written?

*All.* We have.

*1 Lord.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think  
Might have found easie 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, admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches, you shall hear him.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Coriolanus marching with drums and colours, the  
Commons being with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, Lords; I am return'd, your soldier;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of *Rome*: our spoils we have brought home  
Do more than counterpoise a full third part  
The charges of the action. We've made peace  
With no less honour to the *Antiates*  
Than shame to th' *Romans*: and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,  
Together with the seal o' th' 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, *Martius*.

*Cor.* *Martius*!

*Auf.* Ay, *Martius*, *Caius Martius*; dost thou think

I'll

<sup>4</sup> written to you?

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
*Coriolanus*, in *Corioli*?

You Lords and head o' th' state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*,  
I say *your* city, to his wife and mother;  
Breaking his oath and resolution like  
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting  
Counsel o' th' 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 wondring each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, *Mars*?

*Auf.* Name not the God, thou boy of tears:

*Cor.* Ha!

*Auf.* No more.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave! ———  
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the first time ' I ever  
Was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave Lords,  
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion,  
Who wears my stripes imprest upon him, that  
Must bear my beating to his grave, shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, *Volscians*, men and lads,  
Stain all your edges in me. Boy? false hound! ———  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove-coat, I  
Flutter'd your *Volscians* in *Corioli*.  
Alone I did it. Boy? ———

*Auf.* Why, noble Lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*All Con.* Let him die for't.

*All Cit.* Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

VOL. V,

N

1 *Cit.*

5 that ever I'm

1 *Cit.* He kill'd my son.

2 *Cit.* My daughter.

3 *Cit.* Kill'd my cousin.

4 *Cit.* He kill'd my father.

2 *Lord.* Peace ——— no outrage ——— peace ———

The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' th' earth; his last offences to us  
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O that I had him,  
With six *Aufidius's*, or more; his tribe;  
To use my lawful sword ———

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The Conspirators all draw, and kill Martius, who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*Auf.* My noble Lords, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O, *Tullus* ———

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat  
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him ——— masters all, be quiet,  
Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My Lords, when 'I shall shew' (as in this rage  
Provok'd by him, 'I 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  
My self your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded  
As the most noble corpse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:  
Let's make the best of it.

6 you shall know,

7 you

*Auf.*

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow : take him up :  
Help three o' th' chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.  
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully :  
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he  
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury :  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of Martius. A dead march  
sounded.]*







J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.



N 3

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar,

M. Antony,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

*Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Cæsar.*

Cicero.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decimus Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Popilius Læna,

Publius,

Flavius,

Marullus,

Messala,

Titinius,

*Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

*Senators.*

*Tribunes, and Enemies to Cæsar.*

*Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

Artemidorus, *A Sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

Young Cato.

Cinna, *the Poet.*

Lucilius,

Dardanius,

Volumnius,

Varro,

Titus,

Claudius,

Strato,

Lucius,

*Servants to Brutus.*

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

*Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.*

**SCENE** *for the three first Acts in Rome, for the beginning of the fourth at an Island near Bononia, for the remainder of the fourth near Sardis, for the fifth in the Fields of Philippi.*

**JULIUS**



# JULIUS CÆSAR.

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

*A Street in ROME.*

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Plebeians.*

FLAVIUS.

**H**ENCE; 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?

*1 Pleb.* 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?

*2 Pleb.* Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am  
but as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

*2 Pleb.* A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a  
safe conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad  
foals.

*Flav.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,  
what trade?

N 4

*2 Pleb.*



2 *Pleb.* Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me ; yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

*Flav.* What mean'st thou by that ? mend me ; thou sawcy fellow ?

2 *Pleb.* Why, Sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

2 *Pleb.* Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl : I meddle with no 'man's' matters, nor woman's matters ; but withall, 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 neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

2 *Pleb.* Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my self 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 his banks  
 To hear the replication of your sounds,  
 Made in his concave shores ? And do you now  
 Put on your best attire ? and do you now  
 Cull out an holiday ? and do you now  
 Strew flowers in his way, that 'comes to *Rome*  
 In triumph` over *Pompey's* blood ? Be gone,

Run

1 tradesman's

2 comes in triumph

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort,  
Draw them to <sup>3</sup> *Tyber's* bank, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Plebeians:*  
See wher their basest mettle be not mov'd ;  
They vanish'd tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,  
This way will I ; disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

*Flav.* 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 pluckt 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 severally.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia,  
Decimus, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Calca, and a Sooth-  
sayer.*

*Cæs.* *Calphurnia !*

*Cæs.* Peace, ho ! *Cæsar* speaks.

*Cæs.* *Calphurnia !*

*Calpb.* Here, my Lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in *Antonius's* way,  
When he doth run his course — *Antonius !*

*Ant.* *Cæsar*, my Lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not in your speed, *Antonius*,

To

<sup>3</sup> *Tyber*

To touch *Calpurnia*; for our elders say,  
The barren touched in this holy chafe,  
Shake off their steril course.

*Ant.* I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, *Do this*; it is perform'd.

*Cæf.* Set on and leave no ceremony out.

*Sooth.* *Cæsar*!

*Cæf.* Ha! who calls?

*Cæf.* Bid every noise be still; peace yet again.

*Cæf.* Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue shriller than all the musick,  
Cry, *Cæsar*! Speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of *March*.

*Cæf.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.

*Cæf.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Cæf.* Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*;

*Cæf.* What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of *March*.

*Cæf.* He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt. Manent Brutus and Cassius.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Cæf.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cæf.* I pray you do.

*Bru.* I am not gamefome; I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*:  
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

*Cæf.* *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And shew 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

I turn the trouble of my countenance  
 Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am  
 Of late, with passions of some difference,  
 Conceptions only proper to my self,  
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:  
 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 shews of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,  
 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 it self,  
 But by reflexion from some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis 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 yolk,  
 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 my self,  
 For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:  
 And since you know you cannot see your self  
 So well as by reflexion; I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to your self  
 That of your self, which yet you 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 protestor; if you know  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And

And after scandal them ; or if you know  
That I profess my self in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people  
Chuse *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 ought toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,

And I will look on <sup>4</sup>'death' 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 my self.

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 his shores,

*Cæsar* says to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*

*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*

*and swim to yonder point ?* upon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow ; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With

(a) Swimming was one of the generous exercises practised at Rome, and learnt by all the youth of the best birth and quality as a necessary qualification towards good soldiership.

Warburton.

4 both . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
*Cæsar* cry'd, *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: 'tis true, this God did shake;  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bad the *Romans*  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas 'it cry'd, *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 majestick world,  
 And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Br.* 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 besstride 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 times are masters of their fates:  
 The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,  
 But in our selves, 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

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
*Brutus* will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.  
 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*,  
 That her wide walls incompart but one man?  
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd  
 'Th' 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 intreat 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 such hard conditions, as this time  
 Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

## S C E N E

(a) — but one man?

Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 O! you and I, &c.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Cæsar and his Train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

*Caf.* As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,  
And he will, after his own 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;  
*Calpurnia's* cheek is pale, and *Cicero*  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross in conference with some Senators.

*Caf.* *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

*Caf.* *Antonius!*

*Ant.* *Cæsar.*

*Caf.* Let me have men about me that are fat,  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-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.

*Caf.* 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,  
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

Than



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 Cæsar and his Train.*]

S C E N E V.

*Manent Brutus, Cassius, and Casca.*

*Casc.* 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.

*Casc.* Why, you were with him, were you not ?

*Bru.* I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

*Casc.* 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 ?

*Casc.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

*Casc.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

*Casc.* Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown ?

*Casc.* Why, *Antony*.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

*Cas.* I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it : it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown, yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas 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 offered it to him again : then he put it by again ; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by ; and still as he refus'd it,

it, the rabblement 'shouted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *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.

*Cæs.* But soft, I pray you; what did *Cæsar* swoon?

*Cæs.* He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cæs.* No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you, and I, And honest *Cæsa*; we have the falling-sickness.

*Cæs.* 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 pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*Cæs.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: If I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at 'his' 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 any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul* — and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

*Cæs.* Ay.

*Cæs.* Did *Cicero* say any thing?

*Cæs.* Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

*Cæs.* To what effect?

*Cæs.* Nay, if I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th'

210 JULIUS CÆSAR.

face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marcullus* 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.

*Cæs.* Will you sup with me to night, *Cæscæ*?

*Cæscæ.* No, I am promis'd forth.

*Cæs.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Cæscæ.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

*Cæs.* Good, I will expect you.

*Cæscæ.* Do so: farewell both.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

*Cæs.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprize,  
However he puts on this tardy form:  
This rudeness is a sawce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetites.

*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 to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cæs.* I will do so: 'till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble: yet I see  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From 'that' it is dispos'd, therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?  
*Cæsar* doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.  
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,  
'*Cæsar* should not love me. — I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,

Writings,

7 what

8 He should not humour me. —

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.]

S C E N E VI.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Calpurnia, her sword drawn,  
 and Cicero.*

*Cic.* Good even, *Calpurnia*; brought you *Cæsar* home?  
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

*Calpurnia.* 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  
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds:  
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heav'n,  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Calpurnia.* 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 ha' 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,  
 Houting 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?

*Cæs.* He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*  
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good-night then, *Cæsca*; this disturbed sky  
 Is not to walk in.

*Cæs.* Farewel, *Cicero*.

[Exit *Cicero*.]

S C E N E. VII.

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cæs.* Who's there?

*Cæs.* A Roman.

*Cæs.* *Cæsca*, by your voice.

*Cæs.* Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

*Cæs.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Cæs.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cæs.* 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, *Cæsca*, 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 heav'n, I did present my self  
 Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

*Cæs.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heav'ns?  
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
 When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send  
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cæs.* You are dull, *Cæsca*; and those sparks of life  
 That

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 your self in wonder,  
 To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns :  
 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, *Cæsa*,  
 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 thy self or me,  
 In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,  
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Cæs.* 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean ; is it not, *Cassius* ?

*Cæs.* 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 suff'rance shew us womanish.

*Cæs.* 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*.

*Cæs.* 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 it self.  
 If I know this; know all the world besides,  
 That part of tyranny that I do bear,  
 I can shake off at pleasure.

*Cæs.* So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
 The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cæs.* 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, oh 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.

*Cæs.* You speak to *Cæscæ*, and to such a man,  
 That is no flearing tell-tale. Hold my hand;  
 Be factious for redrefs of all these griefs,  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

*Cæs.* There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, *Cæscæ*, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,  
 To under-go, with me, an enterprize,  
 Of honourable dang'rous consequence;  
 And I do know, by this they itay 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  
 Is feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter*

*Enter Cinna.*

*Cas.* Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate ;  
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'm 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 ? tell me.

*Cin.* Yes you are.

O *Cassius* ! could you 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 ' *Decimus* ' *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 bad me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to *Pompey*'s theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*  
Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,  
See *Brutus* at his house ; three parts of him  
' *'Are* ' ours already, and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

*Cas.* 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 sight well conceited ; let us go,  
For it is after mid-night, and ere day  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

9 *Decius*

1 Is

O 4

ACT



~~ACT II. SCENE I.~~

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Garden belonging to Brutus.*

*Enter Brutus.*

WHAT, *Lucius!* ho!——  
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
 Give guess how near to day——*Lucius, I say!*  
 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.  
 Th' 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 'tis 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,

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.

*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 lye there, when I went to bed.

*[Gives him a letter.]*

*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 kalendar, 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 thy self:*

*Shall Rome—speak, strike, redress.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.*

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up:

*Shall Rome—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 promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, *March* is wast'd 'fourteen' days. *[Knock within:]*

*Bru.*

2 first . . . old edit. Warb. emend. 3 fifteen . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate, some body knocks.  
[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cesar*,  
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.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone ?

*Luc.* No, Sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them ?

*Luc.* No, Sir, their hats are pluckt 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 Lucius.*]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,  
When evils are most free ? O then, by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,  
To mask thy monstrous visage ? seek none, Conspiracy,  
Hide it in smiles and affability :  
For if thou march, thy native semblance on,  
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decimus, Cinna, Metellus,  
and Trebonius.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest ;  
Good morrow, *Brutus* ; do we trouble you ?

*Bru.*

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you? [*Aside.*]

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here  
But honours you: and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of your self,  
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.  
This is *Trebonius*.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, *Decimus 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 lyes the East: doth not the day break here?

*Cas.* No.

*Cin.* O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Cas.* 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 that the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And ev'ry 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

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?  
 Swear 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 enterprize,  
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,  
 + 'Doth' need an oath: when ev'ry drop of blood  
 That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he doth break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass from him.

*Cas.* But what of *Cicero*? shall we sound him?  
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Cas.* 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 mens 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.

*'Dec.* Indeed, he is not fit.

Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

*Cas.* *Decimus*, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,  
*Mark Antony* so well belov'd of *Cæsar*  
 Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him

4 Did

5 This line to *Casca* in former editions.

A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,  
 If he improve 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 not butchers :  
 We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,  
 And in the spirit of man 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 carcass 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 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 giv'n  
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him ; let him not die,  
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.*

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
 If *Caesar* will come forth to-day, or no :  
 For he is superstitious grown of late,  
 Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasies, of dreams, and ceremonies :  
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
 The unaccustom'd error 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'er-sway 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.  
 Leave me to 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 *Caesar* hatred,  
 Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;  
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him :  
 He loves me well ; and I have giv'n him reasons ;  
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon's ; we'll leave you, *Brutus* ;  
 And, friends ! disperse your selves ; but all remember  
 What you have said, and shew your selves 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.*

*Manet*

*Manet Brutus.*

Boy! *Lucius!* fast asleep! it is no matter,  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busie care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Portia.*

*Por.* *Brutus,* my Lord!

*Bru.* *Portia,* what mean you? wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus,*  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper  
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms a-crofs:  
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 wasture of your hand  
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much inkindled; 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.*



*Bru.* Why, so I do: good *Portia*, go to bed.

*Por.* Is *Brutus* sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, 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 unpurged 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 charge 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, your self, 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 your self  
But as it were in sort, or limitation?  
To keep with you at meals, <sup>6</sup> 'consort' your bed,  
And talk to you? 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

6 comfort . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

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 my self 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. [Knock;  
 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 *Portia*.]

*Enter Lucius and Ligarius.*

*Lucius*, who's there 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 an healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,  
 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 it is, my *Caius*,

VOL. V.

P

I shall

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.

*Brut.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Cæsar's Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning.* Enter Julius Cæsar.

*Cæs.* **N**OR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-  
night;  
Thrice hath *Calpurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,  
*Help, ho; they murder Cæsar.* Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord.

*Cæs.* Go bid the Priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Ser.* I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Calpurnia.*

*Calp.* 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 threatned me,  
Ne'er lookt, but on my back: when they shall see  
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

*Calp.* *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

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 battel 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*.

*Calp.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen,  
 The heav'ns 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.

*Enter a Servant.*

What say the Augurs?

*Ser.* 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 cowardise:  
*Cæsar* should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear. \*

*Calp.* Alas, my Lord,  
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:

P 2

Do

(a) — 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.

*Calp.* Alas, &c.

7 heard . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

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 will 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.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Decimus.*

Here's *Decimus 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, *Decimus*.

*Calp.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall *Cæsar* send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?  
*Decimus*, go tell them *Cæsar* will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laught 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.

*Calpurnia* here, my wife, stays me at home :  
She dreamt last night she saw my statue, which  
Like to a fountain, with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty *Romans*  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
These she applies for warnings and portents  
'Of evils imminent ; and on her knee

Hath

2 And

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 cognisances.

This by *Calpurnia's* dream is signify'd.

*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, *Calpurnia* !

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go :

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,  
Cinna, and Publius.*

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* : Oh ! *Cains* \ *Ligarius*,

*Cæsar* was ne'er so much your enemy,

P 3

As

9 *Casca* : *Cains*

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't a-clock?

*Bru Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesie.

*Enter Antony.*

See *Antony*, that revels long a-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, *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember that you call on me to-day,

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb. Cæsar*, I will; and so near will I be, [*Afide.*  
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*, [*Afide.*  
The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon! [*Excunt.*

S C E N E VII.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.*

**CÆSAR**, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius,  
come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna, trust not  
Trebonyus, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decimus Brutus  
loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There  
is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against  
Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about thee: secu-  
rity gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!

Thy lover *Artemidorus*.

Here

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.*]

*Enter Portia and Lucius.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the Senate-house,  
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :  
 Why dost thou stay ?

*Luc.* To know my errand, Madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. —  
 O constancy, be strong upon my side,  
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;  
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might :  
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel !  
 Art thou here yet ?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do ?  
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?  
 And so return to you, and nothing else ?

*Por.* 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 Artemidorus.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been ?

*Art.* At mine own house, good Lady.

*Por.* What is't a-clock ?

*Art.* About the ninth hour, Lady.

*Por.* Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol.

*Art.* 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?

*Art.* That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*

To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:

I shall beseech him to defend himself.

[him?]

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm intended to'wards

*Art.* None that I know will be, much that I fear;  
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 — aye me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O *Brutus!* *Brutus!*

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!

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.]



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

*The Entrance into the Capitol.*

*Flourish.* Enter *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Caeca*, *Decimus*,  
*Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, *Antony*, *Lepidus*, *Artemidorus*,  
*Popilius*, *Publius*, and the Soothsayer.

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, *Cæsar!* read this schedule.

*Dec.* *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,

At

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, *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* What touches us our self 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.

*Pop.* I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprize, *Popilius*?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*Bru.* What said *Popilius Lena*?

*Cæs.* He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive:  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

*Cæs.* *Cæscæ*, 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 my self.

*Bru.* *Cassius*, be constant:

*Popilius Lena* speaks not of our purpose;  
For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

*Cæs.* *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,  
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

*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.* *Cæscæ*, you are the first that 'rear' your hand.

*Cæs.* Are you 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 [Kneeling].  
An humble heart.

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;  
These 'crouchings' and these lowly curtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And

1 rears

2 couchings

And turn pre-ordainance and first decree  
 Into the lane 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-crooked-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!* —————

*Cæs.* 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.<sup>a</sup>  
 Let me a little shew 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.*

(a) ——— northern star,  
 Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,  
 There is no fellow in the firmament ;  
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine,  
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.  
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;  
 Yet in the number, I do know but one  
 That unassailable holds on his rank,  
 Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,  
 Let me, &c.

*Dec.* Great *Cæsar* ———

*Cæs.* Do not, *Brutus*, bootless kneel.

*Cæs.* Speak hands for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* *Et tu Brute?* ——— then fall *Cæsar!* [*Dies.*

*Cin.* Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead ———

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets ———

*Cæs.* 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.

*Cæs.* 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.*

*Cæs.* 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.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Trebonius.*

*Cæs.* Where's *Antony?*

*Treb.* Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out and run,  
As it were dooms-day.

*Bru.* Fates! we will know your pleasures;  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cæs.* 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

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!*

*Cæs.* Stoop then, and wash — how many ages hence  
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,  
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

*Cæs.* How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,  
That now on *Pompey's* basis lyes along,  
No worthier than the dust!

*Bru.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cæs.* Ay, every man away.

*Brutus* shall lead, and we will grace his heels  
With the most bold, and the best hearts of *Rome*.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here?

*Ser.* A friend of *Antony's*.

Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [Kneeling.  
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say.

*Brutus* is noble, wise, valiant and honest;  
*Cæsar* was mighty, royal, bold 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 lye 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

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.

*Ser.* I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.]

*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.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Antony.*

*Bru.* But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

*Ant.* O mighty *Cæsar* ! dost thou lye 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 my self, 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 purpled hands do reek and smok,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die :  
No place will please me so, no means 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

Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,  
 To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;  
 Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts  
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cæs.* 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 strook him,  
 Proceeded thus.

*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, *Decimus Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;  
 Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Cæscæ*, 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*, oh 'tis 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 death. <sup>a</sup>

*Cæs.*

(a) — in thy death.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,

And

*Caf. Mark Antony* ———

*Ant.* Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*;  
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Caf.* 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 indeed  
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*.

*Caf. Brutus*, 'a word with you ———  
You know not what you do, do not consent  
That *Antony* shall speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?

[*Aside.*

*Bru.* By your pardon,  
I will my self into the pulpit first,  
And shew 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 due rites, and lawful ceremonies:

It

And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
How like a deer stricken by many princes,  
Doit thou here lye?

*Caf. Mark Antony, &c.*



It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cæs.* 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 :  
 You shall not else 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.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Manet Antony.*

*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 hand that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesie,  
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)  
 A curse shall light upon the 'kind' of men ;  
 Domestick 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 by the hands of war,  
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds.  
 And *Cæsar's* Spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With *Ate* by his side come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
 Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;

That

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter Octavius's Servant.*

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not ?

*Ser.* I do, *Mark Antony*.

*Ant.* *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

*Ser.* 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,  
Begin to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Ser.* He lyes 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 born this corse  
Into the market-place : there shall I try  
In my Oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]*

## S C E N E V.

*The F O R U M.*

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra. Cassius, with the  
Plebeians.*

*Pleb.* **W**E will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied. *[friends.*

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
*Cassius,* go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers :

VOL. V.

Q

Those

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
 Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,  
 And publick reasons shall be rendered  
 Of *Cæsar's* death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons,  
 When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*]

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient 'till the last.

*Romans, Countrymen, and Friends!* 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's* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base that would be a bond-man? 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 —

*All.* None, *Brutus*, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended — I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

*Enter*

*Enter Mark Anthony with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; 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 my self, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, *Brutus*, live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better parts

Shall now be crown'd in *Brutus*:

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;

Do grace to *Cæsar's* corps, and grace his speech

Tending to *Cæsar's* glories, which *Mark Antony*

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick chair,

We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

*Ant.* For *Brutus's* sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus's* sake

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

Q 2

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain ;  
 We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.  
 2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.  
*Ant.* You gentle *Romans*——  
*All.* 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* ! 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 cry'd, *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 at 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 with-holds you then to mourn for him ?  
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason——bear with me,

My

My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,  
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.  
If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
*Cæsar* has had great wrong. \*

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come  
in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown ;  
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* 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 chuse  
To wrong the dead, to wrong my self 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, 'tis his Will ;  
Let but the Commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

Q 3

And

(a) *Cæsar* has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* *Cæsar* had never wrong, but with just cause.

*If ever there was such a line written by Shakespear, I should fancy it might have its place here, and very humorously in the character of a Plebeian. One might believe Ben Johnson's remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act,*

Know *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfy'd—

*But the verse as cited by Ben Johnson does not connect with—Will he be satisfy'd. Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Johnson's time, and so he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleas'd to speak it.*

Pope.

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.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will ; read it, *Mark Antony.*

*All.* 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.  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his *beirs*,  
 For if you should——O what would come of it ?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we'll 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'er-shot my self to tell you of it.)

I fear I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*——I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men !

*All.* The Will ! the testament ! [the Will !

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers ; the Will ! read

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the Will ?

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,  
 And let me shew you him that made the Will.  
 Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*All.* Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [He comes down from the pulpit.

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*——most noble *Antony* !

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

*All.* Stand back——room——bear back——

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle ; I remember

The

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,  
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,  
 That day he overcame the *Neruii*.——  
 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 curfed 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, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him.  
 This, this, was the 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 <sup>4</sup> 'ran with blood,' great *Cæsar* fell.  
 Oh 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 by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about——seek——  
 burn——fire——kill——slay! let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, Countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

Q 4

2 *Pleb.*

4 ran blood,



2 *Pleb.* 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 it ; 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 give me publick leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

To stir mens blood ; I only speak right on.

I tell you that which you your selves do know,

Shew 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.

*All.* We'll mutiny——

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not ; I must tell you then :

You have forgot the Will I told you of,

*All.* Most true—the Will—let's stay and hear the Will.

*Ant.* Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.

To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,

To ev'ry several man, sev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar!* we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar!*

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards  
On 'that' side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.  
Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire all the traitors houses.  
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians' with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work; mischief, thou art afoot;  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Ser.* 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.

*Ser.* 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.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasie;  
I have no will to wander forth of doors;

Yet

5 this . . . *old. edit. Theob. emend.*

Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* 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 batchelor? then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say—I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: proceed directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, firebrands: To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decimus's* house, And some to *Cæsar's*, some to *Ligarius*: away, go. [*Exe.*]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A small Island in the little River Rhenus  
near Bononia.*

*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

ANTONY.

THESE many then shall die, their names are prickt.  
*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 shall determine  
 How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What? shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit *Lepidus.*

*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 prickt 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 our selves of divers stand'rous loads;  
 He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,  
 To groan and sweat under the business,  
 Or led or driven, as we point the way;  
 And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then

Then take we down his load, and turn him off  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in common.

*Off.* You may do your will;  
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, *Offavius*, 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 'abject orts, 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, *Offavius*,  
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 stretcht out;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Off.* 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 mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Before Brutus's tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Lucilius*, and *Soldiers*: *Titinius*  
and *Pindarus* meeting them.

*Bru.* **S**Tand, ho!

*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand!

*Bru.*

6 objects, arts, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*Bru.* What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

*Luc.* He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,  
In his own <sup>7</sup>charge, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*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. <sup>8</sup>'Hear, a word, *Lucilius*—  
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesie, and with respect enough,  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath us'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle,  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crest, and like deceitful jades  
Sink in the tryal. 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*. [Low march within.

*Enter Cassius and Soldiers.*

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd;  
March gently on to meet him.

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! speak the word along.

*Within.*

<sup>7</sup> change, '... old edit. Warb. amend.

<sup>8</sup> A word,

*Within.* Stand!

*Within.* Stand!

*Within.* Stand!

*Cæs.* Most noble brother! you have done me wrong;

*Bru.* Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?  
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cæs.* *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.

*Cæs.* *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 *Tullius* guard the door. [Exeunt.]

### S C E N E III.

#### Brutus's Tent.

*Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.*

*Cæs.* **T**HAT 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 letter (praying on his side  
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

*Bru.* You wrong'd your self to write in such a case.

*Cæs.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

*Bru.* Yet let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self

Are

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 corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

*Cas.* Chastisement! ———

*Bru.* Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!  
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*, bait not me,  
I'll not endure it; you forget your self,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than your self  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, *Cassius*.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget my self ———  
Have mind upon your health — tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man.

*Cas.* Is't possible? ———

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! ay, more. Fret 'till your proud heart  
Go shew your slaves how choleric you are, [break;  
And



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,  
 Tho' 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 deny'd me;  
 For I can raise no money by vile means.  
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
 And drop my blood for drachma's, 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

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 deny'd 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: 'will you practise that 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, tho' they do appear  
As huge as high *Olympus*.

*Cas.* Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come!  
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,  
For *Cassius* is a weary 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 beest a *Roman*, take it forth.  
I that deny'd 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,

VOL. V.

R

'Which

9 till you practise them on me. . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.* Still  
you &c.

'Which' much enforc'd, shews 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.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

[*Embracing.*]

*Cas.* O *Brutus*!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth  
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Lucilius and Titinius.*

*Bru.* *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders

Prepare

(a) ——— and leave you so.

*Enter Lucius and Titinius, and a Poet.*

*Poet.* Let me go in to see the Generals.

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Luc.* You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* Nothing but death shall stay me.

*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'm sure than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha — how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; sawcy fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;  
What should the wars do with these jingling fools?  
Companion, hence.

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone.

*Bru.* *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, &c.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Who

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you  
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

*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's* dead.

*Cas.* Ha! *Portia!* —

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost 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.

*Cas.* And dy'd 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'er-swell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.

S . . C . . E . . N . . E . . V . .

*Enter Titinius and Messala.*

*Bru.* Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Messala!*  
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Oh *Portia!* art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you

R 2

*Messala,*

*Messala*, I have here received letters,  
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.

*Mes.* My self have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscriptions, 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 sev'nty Senators, that dy'd  
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

*Cas.* *Cicero* one? —

*Mes.* *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proscription.  
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

*Bru.* No, *Messala*.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, *Messala*.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you ought 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.* Ev'n 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;

'Tis better that the enemy seek us,  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still,

Are

Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must of force give place to better.  
The people 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution.  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
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 beside,  
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe ;  
The enemy encreaseth 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 a-float,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then with your will, go on ; we will along  
Our selves, 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 we will rise, and hence.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Bru.* *Lucius*, my gown ; 'now farewell, good *Messala*,  
[*Exit Lucius.*  
Good-night, *Titinius* : noble, noble *Cassius*,

R 3

Good-

2 farewell,

Good-night, and good repose.

*Cæs.* O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night :

Never come such division 'tween our souls !

Let it not, *Brutus*.

*Re-enter Lucius with the Gown.*

*Bru.* Ev'ry thing is well.

*Tit. Mes.* Good-night, Lord *Brutus*.

*Bru.* Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*

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*.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Varro and Claudius.*

*Var.* Calls my Lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, Sirs, lye in my tent and sleep ;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by,

On business to my brother *Cassius*.

[*pleasure.*

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch your

*Bru.* I will not have it so ; lye down, good Sirs :

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I fought for so ;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*Luc.* I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument, a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy ;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, Sir.

*Bru.*

*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 was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Musick and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune — O murd'rous slumber !  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays thee musick? 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.  
But let me see, is not the leaf turn'd down  
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

S C E N E VII.

*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 any thing?  
Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, *Brutus.*

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

*Bru.* Then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at *Philippi.*

[*Exit Ghost.*]

*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 criedst 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*; firrah, *Claudius*, fellow!

*'Varro,* awake.

*Var.* My Lord!

*Clau.* My Lord!

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, *Sirs*, in your sleep?

*Both.* Did we, my Lord?

*Bru.* Ay, saw you any thing?

*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 pow'rs betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Both.* It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.*

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

**N**OW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so; their battels are at hand,  
They mean to 'wage' us at *Philippi* here,  
Answ'ring before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it; they could be content

3 Thou! . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

4 warn

To visit other places ; and come down  
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face  
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.  
 But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, Generals ;  
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;  
 Their bloody sign of battel is hung out,  
 And 'something's' to be done immediately.

*Ant. Octavius,* lead your battel 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.*]

S C E N E II.

*Drum.* *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, *Tullius,* we must out and talk.

*Oct.* *Mark Antony,* shall we give sign of battel ?

*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. <sup>a</sup>

*Bru.*

(a) ——— stingless too.

*Bru.* O yes, and soundless too.

For

s something

*Bru.* You threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Cæsar's* feet;  
Whilst damned *Casca*, 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.

Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never till *Cæsar's* three and 'twenty wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* *Cæsar*, thou canst not die by traitors hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;  
I was not born to die on *Brutus's* sword.

*Bru.* O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy 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.

[*Exe. Octavius, Ant. and Army.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Cas.* Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark:  
The

For you have stol'n their buzzing, *Antony*,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains! &c.

6 thirty ... *old edit. Theob. emend.*

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru. Lucilius,*———hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*

*Luc.* My Lord:

[*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*

*Cas. Messala!*

*Mes.* What says my General?

*Cas. Messala,*

This is my birth-day ; as this very day  
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala* ;  
Be thou my witness, that against my will,  
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battel 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 foremost ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers hands,  
Who to *Philippi* here comforted 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 the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly ;  
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all peril 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 th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battel, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together.  
What are you then determin'd to do ?

*Bru.*

*Bru.* Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,  
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death  
Which he did give himself; I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life; arming my self with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then if we lose this battel,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Along the streets of *Rome*.

*Bru.* No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,  
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the Ides of *March* begun.  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not;  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then lead on. O that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*]  
Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in *Octavius*' wing;  
'One sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*  
*Alarum.*]

*Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.*

*Cas.* O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!  
My self 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* were all inclos'd.

*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. 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, ev'n 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 Pin.*]  
This day I breathed first ; time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;  
My life is run its compass. Now, what news ?

*Pin. Witbin.* Oh, my Lord !

*Cas.* What news ?

*Pin. Witbin.* *Titinius* is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur,  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him ;  
*Titinius* ! now some light——oh, he lights too——  
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*]

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more ;

Oh

Oh coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.

*Enter Pindarus.*

Come hither, sirrah;  
In *Partbia* did I take thee prisoner,  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. 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 hilt,  
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword——*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd  
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee. *[Kills himself.]*

*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.]*

## S. C E N E V.

*Enter Titinius and 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 lyes upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lyes not like the living. Oh my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, *Messala*,  
But *Cassius* is no more! Oh 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,

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mef.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? 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*?

*Mef.* 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 invenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,  
As tidings of this fight.

*Tit.* Hye you, *Messala*,  
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [Exit *Messala*.  
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 it thee? didst thou not hear their shouts?  
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry 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.

[Stabs himself.  
Come, *Cassius'* sword, and find *Titinius'* heart. [Dies.

S C E N E VI.

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*, *Strato*,  
*Volumnius*, and *Lucilius*.

*Bru.* Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?

*Mef.* Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

*Bru.* *Titinius'* face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.*



*Bru.* Oh *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, if he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*!

*Bru.* Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?  
Thou 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 *Tibullus*' 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 battels on.  
'Tis three o' clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exit.

## S C E N E VII.

*The Field of Battel.*

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*, and  
*Flavius*.

*Bru.* YET, countrymen, oh 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!

*Enter Soldiers and fight.*

*Bru.* And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I  
*Brutus* my country's friend; know me for *Brutus*. [Exit.  
*Luc.*

8 *Tibullus* . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

*Luc.* Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?  
Why, now thy diest as bravely as *Titinius*,  
And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* son.

*Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* 'I only yield, to die;  
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;  
[Giving him money.]

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

*Sold.* We must not. A noble prisoner!

*Enter Antony.*

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:

*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 if *Brutus* be alive or dead,  
And bring us word unto *Octavius's* tent  
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Another part of the Field.*

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.*

*Bru.* **C**OME, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.  
*Cl.* *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but, my  
Lord,

He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

VOL. V.

S

*Bru.*

9 Only I

*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 my self.

*Bru.* Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

*Dar.* I do such a deed?

*Cli.* Oh *Dardanius*!

*Dar.* Oh *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 seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: *[Alarum.]*  
It is more worthy to leap in our selves,  
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 pr'ythee  
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.

*[Alarum still.]*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewel to you, and you; and you, *Volumnius*.

*Strato*, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewel 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

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.

I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord;  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect,  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.  
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

*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.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,  
 Lucilius, and the 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 conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:  
 For *Brutus* only overcame himself,  
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* 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, good *Messala*.

*Mes.* How died my Lord, *Strato*?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mef. Octavius*, 'take him then 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 mixt 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 lye,  
Most like a foldier, order'd honourably.  
So call the field to rest, and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

† then take him





# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M. ANTONY.

Octavius Cæsar.

Æmilius Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Domitius Ænobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Dercetas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Silius,

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thyræus,

Taurus,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrius,

Alexas,

Mardian,

Selucus,

Diomedes,

*A Soothsayer.*

*Clown.*

*Friends and Followers of Antony.*

*Friends to Cæsar.*

*Friends to Pompey.*

*Servants to Cleopatra.*

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian,

Iras,

*Ladies attending on Cleopatra.*

*Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers,  
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is dispers'd in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

*A N-*



# ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.*

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

PHILO.



ANTONY, but this dotage of our General  
O'er-flows 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!

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies in the Train,  
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?

S 4

*Ant.*

1 fool. . . . old edit. Warb. emend.



*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a borne how far to be belov'd. [earth.]

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* News, my good Lord, from *Rome*.

*Ant.* It grates me. Tell the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear it, *Antony*:

*Fulvia* perchance is angry; or who knows,  
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you; *Do this, or this;*  
*Take in that kingdom, and infranchise that;*  
*Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

*Ant.* How, my love?

*Cleo.* Perchance, (nay, and most like,)  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.  
Where's *Fulvia's* process? *Cæsar's*? 'I would' say; both?  
Call in the messengers; as I'm *Ægypt's* Queen,  
Thou blushest, *Antony*, and that blood of thine  
Is *Cæsar's* homager: so thy cheeks pay shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The messengers.

*Ant.* Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch  
Of the rais'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 weet  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood!  
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?  
I'll seem the fool I am not; *Antony*  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*:  
Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;  
There's

2 I'd

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now: what sport to-night?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion fully strives  
To make it self 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 with their train.*]

*Dem.* Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

*Pbil.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not *Antony*,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with *Antony*.

*Dem.* I'm sorry,  
That he approves the common liar *Fame*,  
Who speaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter* Ænobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a  
*Soothsayer.*

*Cbar.* *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,  
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the *Soothsayer* that  
you prais'd to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this hus-  
band which, you say, must change 'for horns his' gar-  
lands.

*Alex.* *Soothsayer*!

*Soothb.* Your will?

*Cbar.* Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

*Soothb.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy,  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Shew him your hand.

*Æno.* Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,

*Cleo.*

3 his horns with

282 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*Cleopatra's health to drink.*

*Char.* Good Sir, give me  
Good fortune.

*Sooth.* <sup>4</sup> 'Madam, 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.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint <sup>5</sup> 'when old.'

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving, than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver <sup>6</sup> 'with much 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 Caesar*; and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

*Char.* Oh excellent, I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my children shall have no names; Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And <sup>7</sup> 'fertile' every wish, a million.

*Char.* <sup>8</sup> 'Out, out, fool,' I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think none but your sheets are privy to  
Your wishes.

*Char.* Nay <sup>9</sup> 'come, and tell' *Iras* hers,

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Æno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

*Iras.*

4 I  
7 foretold . . . old edit. *Theob emend.*  
8 Out, fool,

5 when you are old.

6 with drinking.

9 come, tell

*Iras.* There is a palm presages chastity,  
If nothing else.

*Cbar.* E'en as th' o'er-flowing <sup>1</sup>' Nile presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Cbar.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Cbar.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Cbar.* Our worser thoughts heav'ns <sup>2</sup>' mend! — *Alexas* — Come, his fortune, his fortune. — Oh 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!

<sup>3</sup>' *Iras.* Amen, dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the people! For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Isis*, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly.

<sup>4</sup>' *Cbar.* 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.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Eno.* Hush, here comes *Antony*.

*Cbar:*

1 Nilus

2 . . . mend

*Alex.* Come, his fortune, &c. . . old edit. Theob. emend.

3 *Cbar.* . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

4 *Iras.* . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

284 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*Cbar.* Not he, the Queen.

*Cleo.* Saw you my Lord?

*Æno.* No, Lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Cbar.* No, Madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden

A Roman thought had struck him. *Ænobarbus!*

*Æno.* Madam

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas?*

*Alex.* Here at your 'service; see, my Lord approaches.

*Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him; go with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Mef.* *Fulvia* thy Wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother *Lucius?*

*Mef.* Ay, but soon

That war had end, and the time's state made friends

Of them, jointing their 'forces against *Cæsar,*

Whose better issue in the war, from *Italy*

Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well,

What worse?

*Mef.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward: on

Things that are past, are done, with me: 'Tis thus —

Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,

I hear as if he flatter'd.

*Mef.* ' *Labienu's*

Hath, with his *Partbian* 'force, thro' extended *Asia,*

'His conqu'ring banner from *Euphrates* shook

And *Syria,* to *Lydia* and *Ionia;*

Whilst —

*Ant.* *Antony* thou wouldst say.

*Mef.* Oh! my Lord!

*Ant.*

5 service, my      6 force 'gainst      7 *Labienu's* (this is stiff news)

8 force, extended

9 From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,  
From *Syria*

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral 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. Oh then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick 'minds' lye still; and our ill, told us,  
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.

*Mes.* At your noble pleasure.

*Ant.* From *Sicyon* how the news? speak there.

*Mes.* The man from *Sicyon*, is there such an one? [*Exit.*

*Attend.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear;

These strong *Egyptian* fetters I must break,  
Or lose my self in dotage. What are you?

*Enter another Messenger with a Letter.*

*2 Mes.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*2 Mes.* In *Sicyon*.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

*Ant.* Forbear me.——

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! thus I desir'd it.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowring, does become

The opposite of it self; 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. How now, *Ænobarbus*?

*Enter Ænobarbus.*

*Æno.* What's your pleasure, Sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Æno.* Why then we kill all our women. We see how  
mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our de-  
parture, death's the word.

*Ant.*

1 winds . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Æno.* 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 esteem'd 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 'alacrity' in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Æno.* 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 show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Æno.* Oh Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* *Fulvia* is dead.

*Æno.* Sir!

*Ant.* *Fulvia* is dead.

*Æno.* *Fulvia*?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Æno.* Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice: when it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, 'they shew' to man the 'tailors' of the earth; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are 'numbers' to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation, your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an opinion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

*Æno.* And the business you have broach'd here cannot be

2 a celerity 3 it shews 4 tailor 5 members

be without you, especially that of <sup>6</sup> 'Cleopatra,' which wholly depends on your aboad.

*Ant.* No more light answers: let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience to the Queen,  
And get her leave to part. For not alone  
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,  
'Doth' strongly speak t'us; but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*  
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*  
Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands  
The empire of the sea. Our slipp'ry people,  
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,  
'Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw  
*Pompey* the Great and all his dignities  
Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier; whose quality going on  
The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding,  
Which like the <sup>a</sup> courser's hair, hath yet but life  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Æno.* I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he do's,  
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.

*Char.* Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,  
Your

(a) Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. Pope.



288 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

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'm 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

[*Seeming to faint.*]

Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest Queen, ———

*Cleo.* Pray you stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know by that same eye there's some good news:  
What says the marry'd woman? you may go;  
Would she had never given you leave to come:  
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.

*Ant.* The Gods best know ———

*Cleo.* Oh 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 with swearing shake the throned Gods,  
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? riotous madness!  
To be entangled with these 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

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,  
Bliss in our <sup>s</sup> 'brows, none of our<sup>n</sup> parts so poor,  
But was a <sup>9</sup> 'ray<sup>n</sup> of heav'n. 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 awhile; 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 domestick pow'rs  
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'n  
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 <sup>1</sup> 'save<sup>n</sup> 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  
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 shou'dst fill  
With sorrowful water? now I see, I see,  
In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give th' advices: by the fire

VOL. V.

T

That

8 brows bent, none our 9 race  
1 save . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

290 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy foldier, servant, making peace or war,  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;  
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well,  
So *Antony* loves.

*Ant.* My precious Queen, forbear,  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable tryal.

*Cleo.* So *Fulvia* told me:  
I pr'ythee 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, 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 pr'ythee, *Charmian*,  
How this *Herculean Roman* 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:  
Oh 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 it self.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart,  
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,  
Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not

Eye

(a) All forgotten, is an old way of speaking for, apt to forget every thing.

Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the Gods go with you! On your sword  
Sit lawrell'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, goest yet with me,  
And I hence fleeing, here remain with thee.  
Away.

[*Exeunt:*

S C E N E V.

*Cæsar's Palace in Rome.*

*Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a Letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* YOU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know;  
It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice, to hate  
A great competitor. From *Alexandria*  
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revels; not more manly  
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*  
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,  
Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.  
You shall find there a man, who is the abstract  
Of all faults all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think  
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness  
His faults in him seem as the spots of ermine,  
Or fires by night's blackness: hereditary,  
Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chuses.

*Cæs.* You're 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-tilping with a slave,

T 2

To

2 One

3 of heav'n, more fiery

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 foils, 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; 'tis to be chid,  
 As we rate boys, who 'immature' in knowledge,  
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
 And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

• *Mes.* Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,  
 Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report  
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at sea,  
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
 That only have fear'd *Cæsar*: to the ports  
 The discontents repair, and mens 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. 'The' common body,  
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
 Goes to, and back, 'lacquying' the varying tide  
 To rot it self with motion,

*Mes.* *Cæsar*, I bring thee word,  
*Menecrates* and *Menas*, famous pirates,  
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound  
 With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads

They

4 being mature

5 fear'd . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

6 This

7 lashing or lacking . . . *old edit. Theb. emend.*

They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime  
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.  
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
 Taken as seen : for *Pompey's* name strikes more  
 Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
 'From *Mutina* wert beaten,' where thou flew'st  
*Hirtius* and *Pansa* consuls, at thy heel  
 Did famine follow, 'which' 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 soughest 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 born so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
 So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* It is pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly

Drive him to *Rome* ; time is it that we twain  
 Did shew our selves i' th' field, and to that end  
 Assemble we immediate council ; *Pompey*  
 Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, *Cæsar*,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,  
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
 To front this present time.

*Cæs.* 'Till which encounter,

It is my business 'too.'

*Lep.* Farewel, my Lord ;

What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,  
 I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

T 3

*Cæs.*

8 Wert beaten from *Mutina*,

9 whom

1 too. Farewel.

294 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*Cef.* Doubt it not, Sir, I knew it for my bond.  
Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*The Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* **C** *Charmian!*

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha,—give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

*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, 'that is' treason.

*Char.* Madam, I trust not so.

*Cleo.* Thou eunuch, *Mardian!*

*Mar.* What is your Highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure  
In ought an eunuch has: 'tis 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 indeed is honest to be done:  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think  
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

*Cleo.* Oh *Charmian!*

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?  
Oh happy horse to bear the weight of *Antony!*  
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?  
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of man. He's speaking now,

Or

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*  
 For so he calls me; now I feed my self  
 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 *Ægypt*, hail!

*Cleo.* How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*  
 Yet coming from him, that great med'cin hath  
 With his tinct gilded thee. How goes it with  
 My brave *Mark Antony?*

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear Queen,  
 He kiss, 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 *Ægypt* sends  
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
 To mend the petty present, I will 'pace'  
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East,  
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,  
 And soberly did mount an 'arm-girt' steed,  
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,  
 Was 'beast-like' 'dumb'd' by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad  
 Or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' th' year, between  
 Th' extreams of hot and cold, he was not sad  
 Nor merry.

*Cleo.* Oh well divided disposition!

T 4

Note

3 piece . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

4 arm-gaunt 5 beastly

5 dumb . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*



296 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis 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.  
 Oh heav'nly mingle! be'st thou sad, or merry,  
 The violence of either thee becomes,  
 So do's 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.* Oh, that brave *Cæsar*!

*Cleo.* Be choak'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 fallad 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*. [*Exeunt.*]

7 Several greetings,



A C T



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

S I C I L Y.

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.*

P O M P E Y.

I F 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.* While we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.

*Men.* We, ignorant of our selves,  
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 th' full. *Mark Antony*  
In *Egypt* sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors. *Cesar* gets mony where  
He loses hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Mene.* *Cesar* and *Lepidus*  
Are in the field, a mighty strength they carry,

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Mene.* From *Silvius*, Sir.

*Pom.* He 'dreams; they are in *Rome* together looking  
For *Antony*: but all the charms of love,

Salt

8 are . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

9 dreams; I know they

## 298 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA

Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan 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 'to' a *Lute'd* dulness!

*Enter Varrius.*

How now, *Varrius*?

*Var.* This is most certain, that I shall deliver:  
*Mark Antony* is every hour in *Rome*  
 Expected. Since he went from *Egypt*, 'tis  
 A space for farther travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
 A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think  
 This am'rous surfeiter would have don'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,  
*Cesar* and *Antony* shall well greet together.  
 His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to *Cesar*,  
 His brother warr'd upon him, although I think  
 Not mov'd by *Antony*,

*Pomp.* I know not, *Menas*,  
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
 Wer't not that we stand up against them all,  
 'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;  
 For they have entertained cause enough  
 To draw their swords; but how the fear of us  
 May cement their divisions, and bind up  
 The petty difference, we yet not know.  
 Be't as our Gods will have't; it only stands

Our

1 'till

2 near ... old edit. Theob. emend.

Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.  
Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt*.

S C E N E II.

R O M E.

*Enter Ænobarbus and Lepidus.*

*Lep.* **G**ood *Ænobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed, [rain  
And shall become you well, t'entreat your cap-  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Æno.* 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 *Antonio's* beard,  
I would not shave't to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Æno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Æno.* 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.*

*Æno.* And yonder *Cæsar*.

*Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to *Parthia*. —  
: 'Hark thee, *Ventidius*.

*Cæs.* I do not know, *Mecænas*; ask *Agrippa*.

*Lep.* Noble friends,

That

3 Hark, *Ventidius*.

300 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

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 thou the sowrest points with sweetest terms,  
 Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis 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 laught at,  
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
 Should say my self offended, and with you  
 Chiefly i' th' world: more laught at, that I should  
 Once name you derogately; when to sound  
 Your name it not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at *Rome*  
 Might be to you in *Ægypt*: if you there  
 Did practise on my state, your being in *Ægypt*  
 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. Your wife and brother  
 Made wars upon me, and their contestation  
 Was 'theam'd for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake 'the' business: my brother never  
 Did urge me in this act: I did enquire it,  
 And have my learning from some true reporters

That

4 theam . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

5 your

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
 Discredit my authority with yours,  
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
 Having alike your cause? of this my letters  
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
 (As matter, whole you've not to make it with,)  
 It must not be with this.

*Ces.* You praise your self,  
 By laying defects of Judgment to me: but  
 You patch up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;

I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,  
 Very necessity of this thought, that I  
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought  
 Could not with grateful 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' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle  
 You may pace easie, 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, *Cesar*,  
 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.

*Ces.* 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 on me, ere admitted: then  
 Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
 Of what I was i' th' morning: but next day  
 I told him of my self, which was as much  
 As to have askt him pardon. Let this fellow  
 Be nothing of our strife: if we contend,  
 Out of our question wipe him.

*Ces.* You have broken

The

The article of your oath, which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, *Cesar*.

*Ant.* No,

*Lepidus*, let him speak,  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lackt it: but on, *Cesar*,  
The article of my oath.

*Ces.* To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,  
The which you both deny'd.

*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 my self, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis 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 spoken, *Mecenas*.

*Eno.* Or if you borrow one anothers love for the in-  
stant, 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.

*Ces.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew

What

What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge  
O' th' world I would pursue it.

*Ag.* Give me leave, *Cesar*.

*Ces.* Speak, *Agrippa*.

*Ag.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd *Octavia*: great *Mark Antony*  
Is now a widower.

*Ces.* Say not so, *Agrippa*;  
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your 'reproof'  
Were well deserv'd 'for' rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, *Cesar*; let me hear  
*Agrippa* further speak.

*Ag.* 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 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will *Cesar* speak?

*Ces.* Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd  
With what is 'spoke.'

*Ant.* What power is in *Agrippa*  
(If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so,  
To make this good?)

*Ces.* The power of *Cesar*, and  
His power unto *Octavia*.

*Ant.*

6 proof . . . old edit. Warb. emend.  
8 spoke already.



*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,  
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!

*Ces.* 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 despise him.

*Lep.* Time calls 'on's:  
Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* 'And where lyes he?

*Ces.* About the mount *Misenum*.

*Ant.* 'What's his strength?

*Ces.* By land great and increasing, but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* 'So's the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! haste we for it,  
Yet ere we put our selves in arms, dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Ces.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, *Lepidus*,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble *Antony*,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE

9 upon's:            1 Where  
2 What is his strength by land?  
*Ces.* Great, &c.

3 So is

## S C E N E III.

*Maenent Ænobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.*

*Mec.* Welcome from *Egypt*, Sir.

*Æno.* Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas*! my honourable friend *Agrippa*!

*Ag.* Good *Ænobarbus*!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you staid well by't in *Egypt*.

*Æno.* Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; — Is this true?

*Æno.* This was but as a fie by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

*Æno.* When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

*Ag.* There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.

*Æno.* I will tell you;

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne  
 Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
 The winds were love-sick with 'em; 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 lye  
 In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,  
 O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see  
 The fancy out-work nature. On each side her  
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling *Cupids*,  
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

306 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

And what they undid did.

*Agr.* Oh rare for *Antony*!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*, or  
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,  
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and *Antony*  
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to th' 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 reply'd,  
It should be better he became her guest;  
Which she entreated. 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 cropt.

*Eno.* I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now *Antony*

Must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry

Where

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
Bless her, when she is figgish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is  
4 'A blest'd allot'ry' to him.

*Ag.* Let us go.

Good *Enobarbus*, make your self my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.

*Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Oct.* All which time,  
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good-night, Sir. My *Octavia*,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square, but that to come  
Shall all be done by th' rule; good-night, dear Lady.

*Oct.* Good-night, Sir.

*Cæs.* Good-night. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, firrah! do you wish your self in *Egypt*?

*Sooth.* Would I had ne'er come from thence, 5 'or' you  
thither.

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in my 6 'notion,' have it not in my tongues  
but yet hie you to *Egypt* again.

*Ant.* Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher, *Cæsar's*  
or mine?

*Sooth.* *Cæsar's*.

U 2

Therefore

4 A blessed lottery . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.* 5 not.

6 motion, . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

308 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his side.  
 Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
 Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,  
 Where *Cæsar's* is not. But near him thy angel  
 Becomes a fear, as being overpower'd ;  
 And therefore 'make thou space' enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee ; no more but when to thee ;—  
 If thou dost play with him at any game,  
 Thou'rt sure to lose : 'he's' 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, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone :

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [*Exit Sooth:*  
 He shall to *Partbia*.—Be it art, or hap,  
 He hath spoke 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 battel still of mine,  
 When it is all to nought : and his quails<sup>a</sup> ever  
 Beat mine, 'in-coop'd' at odds. I will to *Egypt* ;  
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
 I' th' East my pleasure lyes. Oh come, *Ventidius*,

*Enter Ventidius.*

You must to *Partbia*, your commission's ready :  
 Follow me and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.*

*Lep.* Trouble your selves no farther : pray you hasten  
 Your Generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, *Mark Antony*  
 Will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

*Lep.*

(a) *Lucian relates that at Athens Quail-fighting was exhibited at  
 feasts : and many other ancient Authors mention it as a sport much in  
 use.*

7 make space

8 and

9 in-hoop'd

*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 th' mount  
Before you, *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about ;  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Both.* Good success!

*Lep.* Farewel !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*The Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* **G**ive me some musick : musick, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Omnes.* The musick, hoa !

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone, let us to billiards : come,  
*Charmian.*

*Char.* My arm is fore, 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 shew'd, tho't come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.  
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there  
My musick playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-fin fish ; 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 ha ; you're caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry when  
You wager'd on your angling, when your diver

310 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time!—oh times!—  
I laugh him out of patience, and that night  
I laugh 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 *Philippine*. Oh from *Italy*,—

*Enter a Messenger.*

'Rain' thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mes.* 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 lipst, and trembled kissing.

*Mes.* First, Madam, he is 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.

*Mes.* 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.

*Mes.* Will't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:  
Yet if thou say *Antony* lives, 'tis well,  
Or friends with *Cesar*, or set captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich

1 Ram

Rich pearls upon thee: \*

*Mef.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mef.* And friendly with *Cæſar*.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mef.* *Cæſar* and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me!

*Mef.* But yet, Madam—

*Cleo.* I do not like *but yet*; it do's ally

The good ' precedent; ' ſit upon *but yet*;

*But yet* is as a jaylor to bring forth

Some monſtrous malefactor. *Pr'ythee*, friend,

Pour out ' thy ' pack of matter to mine ear;

The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,

In ſtate of health thou ſay'ſt, and thou ſay'ſt, free.

*Mef.* Free, Madam! *no*: I made no ſuch ' report.

He's bound unto *Octavia*.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mef.* For the beſt turn i' th' bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, *Charmian*.

*Mef.* Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

*Cleo.* The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

U 4

*Mef.*

(a) *It was a ceremony among the Eaſtern nations at coronations, triumphs, and great feſtivals, that their Kings ſitting in ſtate had ſhowers of gold and pearl and precious ſtones pour'd down upon them: to which cuſtom Milton alſo alludes;*

Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand

Show'rs on her Kings Barbarick Pearl and Gold: B. 2. v. 3.

*This fact is verified by Hiſtorians: In the life of Timur-bec or Tamerlain written by a Perſian a cotemporary Author, are the following words as they are tranſlated by Monſ. Poſſa de la Croix in the account there given of his Coronation: B. 2; chap. 1.*

Les Princes du ſang royal, & les Rois ſeſpendans à pleins mains ſur ſa tête quantité d'Or & de pierreries ſelon la coûtume.

*And at the bottom of the page is this note;*

Cette coûtume ſubſiſte encore aujourd'hui; ſeulement au couronnement des Princes mais encore aux mariages des Particuliers. *Warb.*

2 precedences; 3 the 4 ſport. . . *old edit. Warb. omitted.*



312 . ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*Mef.* Good 'Madam, have but patience.'

*Cleo.* What say you?

[*Strikes him.*]

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingring pickle.

*Mef.* 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.

*Mef.* He's married, Madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*]

*Mef.* Nay then I'll run:

What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good Madam, keep your self within your self,  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.  
Melt *Agypt* 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 my self: since I my self  
Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

*Re-enter the 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.

*Mef.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

5 Madam, patience.

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,  
If you again say yes.

*Mef.* He's married, Madam.

*Cleo.* The Gods confound thee, dost thou hold there still?

*Mef.* Should I lie, Madam?

*Cleo.* Oh, I would thou didst;

So half my *Egypt* were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go get thee hence,  
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married?

*Mef.* I crave your Highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mef.* Take no offence, for I would not offend you;  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

*Cleo.* Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That 'say'st but what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence,  
The merchandises thou hast brought from *Rome*  
Are all too dear for me:  
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Mef.*]

*Cbar.* Good your Highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cesar*.

*Cbar.* Many times, Madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,  
I faint, oh *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,——  
Let him for ever go——let him not, *Charmian*,——  
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,  
Th' other way he's a *Mars*.——Bid you *Alexas*  
Bring word, how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,  
But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

6 art not.

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*The Coast of Italy near Misenum.*

*Enter Pompey and Menas at one door with drum and trumpet: At another Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Ænobarbus, Meccenas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* **Y**our 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 'will tie up thy disconcerned 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 as *Philippi*, the good *Brutus* shed;  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it  
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? and what  
Made the all-honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*  
With the arm'd rest, counters of heavenly 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 burthen  
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I mean  
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy falls,  
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land thou know'st

How

How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* At land indeed

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house,  
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 'offer' we have sent you——

*Ces.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be intreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Ces.* And what may follow  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You've 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 unhackt edges, and bear back  
Our targe undinted.

*Omnes.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then

I came before you here, a man prepar'd;  
To take this offer. But *Mark Antony*  
'Puts' me to some impatience: though I lose  
The praise of it by telling; you must know  
When *Cesari* and your brother 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'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,  
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;  
For I've gain'd by it.

*Ces.* Since I saw you last,

There

There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well I know not

What counts hard fortune casts upon my face,

But in my bosom she shall never come,

To make my heart a 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's

Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, *Pompey*.

*Pom.* No, *Antony*, take the lot:

But first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery

Shall have the fame. I've heard that *Julius Cæsar*

Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meaning, Sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to 't.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard.

And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried——

*Æno.* No more of that: he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Æno.* A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now, how far'st thou, soldier?

[To *Ænob.*

*Æno.* Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand,  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy<sup>1</sup> behaviour.

*Æno.* Sir,

I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,  
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 ?

*All.* Shew us the way, Sir.

*Pom.* Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Ænob. and Menas.*]

*Men.* Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this treaty.

You and I have known, Sir. [*To Ænobarbus.*]

*Æno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, Sir.

*Æno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Æno.* 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.

*Æno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Æno.* 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 mens faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Æno.* But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

*Men.* No slander, they steal hearts.

*Æno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Æno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

*Men.* You've said, Sir ; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here ; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra* ?

*Æno.* *Cæsar's* sister is call'd *Octavia*.

*Men.* True, Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus* :

*Æno.* But now she is the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

*Men.* Pray ye, Sir ?

*Æno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is *Cæsar* and he for ever knit together.

*Æno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesie so.

*Men.*

318 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*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 *Marc Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Caesar*, 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 us'd our throats in *Egypt*.

*Men.* Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Pompey's Galley.*

*Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.*

1 *Ser.* **H**ERE they'll be, man: some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *No more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Ser.*

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 319

2 Ser. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lieve have a rod that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not brave.

1 Ser. To be call'd 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.

*Trumpets.* Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Menæas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

*Ant.* Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th' Nile By certain scale, i' th' pyramid; they know By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if death Or famine follow. The Nigher Nilus swells, The more it promises; as it ebbs, the feedman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sirrah, 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 Ptolemy's pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

*Men.* Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*]

*Pom.* Say in mine ear, what is't?

*Men.* Forf sake thy fear, I do beseech thee, captain, And ~~hear me~~ speak a word.

*Pom.* Forbear me 'till anon:

[*Whispers.*]

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Men.* It is shap'd, Sir, like it self, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with



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.

*Ces.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the 'healths' that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

*Pom.* Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!  
Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,  
Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

*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 shall that be?

*Men.* But entertain it, and

'Although, thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha'r.

*Pom.* Shew me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,  
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable,  
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All then is thine.

*Pom.*

1 health

2 Though

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,  
 And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villainy,  
 In thee't had been good service : thou must know,  
 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ;  
 Mine honour it : repent that e'er thy tongue  
 Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,  
 I should have found it afterwards well done ;  
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this  
 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*.

*Æno.* Here's to thee, *Menas*.

*Men.* *Ænobarbus*, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill 'till the cup be hid.

*Æno.* There's a strong fellow, *Menas*.

[*Pointing to Lepidus.*

*Men.* Why?

[*not ?*

*Æno.* He bears the third part of the world, man! see't

*Men.* The third part then is drunk ; would it were all,  
 That it might go on wheels.

*Æno.* Drink thou, encrease the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an *Alexandrian* feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it ; strike the vessels, ho.  
 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' th' time.

*Cæs.* ' Possess't, I'll answer ; ` but I had rather fast  
 From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Æno.* Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now  
 Th' *Egyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink ?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

V O L . V .

X

*Ant.*

3 Possess it, I'll make answer ;

*Ant.* Come let's all take hands,  
 'Till that the conquering wine hath steep't our sense  
 In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

*Æno.* All take hands :  
 Make battery to our ears with the loud musick,  
 The while I'll place you, then the boy shall sing:  
 The holding every man shall <sup>4</sup> 'bear' as loud,  
 As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays. Ænobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

THE S O N G.

*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 cheek. Strong *Ænobarbus*  
 Is weaker than the wind ; and mine own tongue  
 Splits what it speaks ; the wild disguise hath almost  
 Antickt us all. What needs more words ? good night.  
 Good *Antony*, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, Sir ; give's your hand.

*Pom.* Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's house.  
 But what ? we're friends : come down into the boat.

*Æno.* Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

*Men.* I'll not on shore :

No, to my cabin — these drums ! these 'trumpets ! what !  
 Let *Neptune* hear we bid a loud farewell  
 To these great fellows. Sound and be hang'd, found out !

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

*Æno.*

<sup>4</sup> beat . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

<sup>5</sup> trumpets, flutes ! what !

*Æno.* Hoo says a! there's my cap.

*Men.* Hoa, noble captain, come.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Camp in Syria.*

*Enter Ventidius as in Triumph, the dead body of Pacorus born before him, Silius, Roman Soldiers and Attendants:*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting *Partbia*, 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 host; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,  
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

*Sil.* Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilst yet with *Partbian* blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive *Partbians* 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.

*Vent.* \*' *Silius*, I've done

Enough. A lower place, note well, may make  
Too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*, better  
To leave undone, than by our deed acquire  
Too high a fame, when he we serve's away.  
*Cæsar* and *Antony* have ever won  
More in their officer, than person. *Sofus*,  
One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.  
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can,  
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

X 2

To

6 Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,

324 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

To do *Antonius* good, but 'twould offend him ;  
And in his offence should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which  
A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction :  
Thou wilt write to *Antony*.

*Ven.* I'll humbly signifie 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've jaded out o' th' field.

*Sil.* Where is he now ?

*Ven.* He purposeth to *Athens* ; with what haste  
The weight we must convey with's will permit,  
We shall appear before him. Pass along. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

R O M E.

Enter *Agrippa* at one door, *Ænobarbus* at another.

*Agr.* WHAT, are the brothers parted? [gone,  
*Æno.* They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is

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*.

*Æno.* A very fine one ; oh, how he loves *Cæsar* !

*Agr.* Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony* !

*Æno.* *Cæsar* ? why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

*Agr.* What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter* ?

*Æno.* Speak you of *Cæsar* ? oh the non-pareil !

*Agr.* 'Of *Antony* ? oh the *Arabian* bird !

*Æno.* Would you praise *Cæsar* ? say, *Cæsar* ! go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Æno.* But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony* :

Hoo ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think,

Oh *Antony*, oh thou figure,

Think, speak, cast, write, 'sing, hoo! his love to *Antony*.  
But as for *Cæsar*, 'kneel, kneel down, and wonder.

*Ag.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. So —  
This is to horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets*.

*Ag.* Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.*

*Ant.* No farther, Sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of my self:  
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and my farthest bond  
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 much better might we  
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offend'd  
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.* Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort; fare thee well!

*Oct.* My noble brother!

*Ant.* The *April's* in her eyes, it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on; be cheerful.

*Oct.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —

*Cæs.* What,

*Octavia?*

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

X 3

*Ant.*

9 sing, number, ho!

1 kneel down,

2 for better

326 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*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 full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Æno.* Will *Cæsar* weep?

*Ag.* He has a cloud in's face.

*Æno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;  
So is he, being a man.

*Ag.* Why, *Ænobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,  
He cryed almost to roaring: and he wept,  
When at *Philippi* he found *Bruus* slain.

*Æno.* That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum,  
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;  
Believ't 'till I weep too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet *Octavia*,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, Sir, come,  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love. [go.  
Look, here I have you; [*Embracing him.*] thus I let you  
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.* Farewel, farewel!

[*Kisses Octavia.*

*Ant.* Farewel!

[*Trumpets sound. Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*The Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* **W**Here is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to: come hither, Sir,

*Enter*

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

*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.

*Mes.* Most gracious Majesty!

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

*Mes.* Ay, dread Queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mes.* Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face:  
And saw her led between her brother and

*Mark Antony.*

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mes.* She is not, Madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

*Mes.* Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? oh *Isis*! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, *Charmian*; dull of tongue, and dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gate? remember

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mes.* She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one;

She shews a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mes.* Or I have no observance.\*

*Char.* Three in *Aegypt*

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

X 4

*Mes.*

(a) Observance is here used for Observation.



*Mef.* Madam, she was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

*Mef.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

*Mef.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For th' most part too,

They're foolish that are so. Her hair what colour?

*Mef.* Brown, Madam; and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's 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 Mef.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed he is so; I repent me much

That so I harried him. 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.

[*mian* :

*Cleo.* I've one thing more to ask him yet, good *Char-*

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write: all may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, Madam,

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A T H E N S.

*Enter Antony and Octavia.*

*Ant.* **N**AY, 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 publick ear, spoke scantily of me;

: 'And

'And when at any time perforce<sup>3</sup> he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;  
When the best hint was given him, he<sup>4</sup> 'not took't,<sup>5</sup>  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Oth.* Oh, 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: the good Gods will mock me,  
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 extreams at all.

*Ant.* Gentle *Ostavia*,  
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks  
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,  
I lose my self; better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But as you requested,  
Your self shall go between's; the mean time, Lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall 'strain<sup>6</sup> your brother; make your soonest haste,  
So your desires are yours.

*Oth.* Thanks to my Lord,  
The *Jove* of power make me, 'although most weak,<sup>6</sup>  
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should folder 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,  
Chuse your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*  
*Enter*

3 When perforce      4 o'er look'd . . . *old edit. Thirl. emend.*  
5 stain . . . *ald. edit. Theob. emend.*      6 most weak, most weak,

*Enter Ænobarbus and Eros.*

*Æno.* How now, friend *Eros*?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, Sir.

*Æno.* What, man?

*Eros.* *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war  
7 'On' *Pompey*.

*Æno.* This is old; 8 'what's' the success?

*Eros.* *Cæsar* having made use of him i' th' wars  
'Gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him rivalry;  
Would not let him partake of the glory of 9 'them;  
Not' resting here, accuses him of 1 'letters  
Which he' had formerly 2 'written' to *Pompey*.  
Upon his own 3 'appeal' he seizes' him,  
So the poor third is up, 'till death inlarge  
His confine. [more:

*Æno.* 4 'Then, World! thou hast' a pair of chaps, no  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind 5 'each' other. Where is *Antony*?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns  
The rush that lyes before him. Crys, *Fool Lepidus*!  
And threat the throat of that his officer  
That murder'd *Pompey*.

*Æno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For *Italy* and *Cæsar*; more, *Domitius*,  
My Lord desires you presently; my news  
I might have told hereafter.

*Æno.* 'Twill be naught,  
But let it be; bring me to *Antony*.

*Eros.* Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

7 Upon

1 letters he

4 Then would thou hadst

8 what is

2 wrote

9 the action; and not

3 appeal seizes

5 the

S C E N E

## S C E N E V.

*The Palace in Rome.**Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.*

*Cæs.* **C**ONTERNING *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,  
 In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:  
 I' th' market-place on a tribunal silver'd,  
*Cleopatra* and himself in chairs of gold  
 Were publickly 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 publick eye?

*Cæs.* I' th' common shew-place where they exercise.  
 His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;  
 Great *Media*, *Partbia*, and *Armenia*  
 He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* assign'd  
*Syria*, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she  
 In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*  
 That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,  
 As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let *Rome* be thus  
 Inform'd; ' who, queasie 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*, 'for that having in *Sicily*  
*Sextus Pompeius* spoil'd, we had not rated him  
 His part o' th' isle. Then does he say, he lent me  
 Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets  
 That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate

6 *Cæsario*,7 *Agr.* Who, queasie, &c.Should  
8 and

Should be depos'd; and being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone :  
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change. For what I've conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then in this *Armenia*,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

*Enter Octavia with Attendants.*

*Oct.* Hail, *Cæsar*, and my Lord! hail, most dear *Cæsar*!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee cast-away!

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why hast thou stol'n upon me 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 th' way  
Should have born men, and expectation faint'd  
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,  
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come  
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented  
The 'ostent' of our love; which left unshewn,  
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you  
By sea and land, supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.*

g ostentation . . . old edit. *Theob. amend.*

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an 'abstract' 'tween his lust and him.

*Off.* 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?

*Off.* My 'Lord, he is 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' th' earth for war. He hath assembled  
*Bocchus* the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*  
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King  
Of *Papblagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,  
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,  
*Herod* of *Jewry*, *Mitridates* King  
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Aminias*,  
The 'Kings' of *Mede*, and *Lycæonia*,  
With 'a larger' list of scepters.

*Off.* Ah me most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither;  
Your letters did with-hold 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 'their' ministers  
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,  
And ever welcome to us.

*Ag.* Welcome, Lady.

*Mec.*

1 abstract . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

2 lord. in

3 King

4 a more larger

5 his . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

334 ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear Madam.  
 Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you ;  
 Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large  
 In his abominations, turns you off,  
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull  
 That noses it against us.

*Off.* Is it so, Sir ?

*Cæs.* It is most certain : sister, welcome ; pray you  
 Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A C T I U M.

*Enter Cleopatra, and Ænobarbus.*

*Cleo.* I Will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Æno.* But why, why, why ?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars ;  
 And say'st it is not fit.

*Æno.* Well ; is it, is it ?

*Cleo.* Is't not denounc'd against us ? why should not we  
 Be there in person ?

*Æno.* Well I could reply ;  
 If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
 The horse were meerly lost ; the mares would bear  
 A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say ?

*Æno.* Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony* ;  
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,  
 What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
 Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,  
 That *Plotinus* an eunuch, and your maids,  
 Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot  
 That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' th' war,  
 And as the president of my kingdom will I

Appear

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,  
I will not stay behind.

*Enter Antony and Canidius.*

*Æno.* Nay, I have done:  
Here comes the Emperor.

*Ant.* 'Is't not strange, *Canidius*,  
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,  
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* sea,  
And take in *Toryne*? 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. 'Come, *Canidius*, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea, what else?

*Can.* Why will my Lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares 'us.

*Æno.* So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pbarsalia*,  
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,  
And so should you.

*Æno.* Your ships are not well mann'd,  
Your mariners 'muleteers and reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress. In *Cæsar's* fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought;  
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.

*Æno.* 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

6 Is it    7 *Canidius*,    8 us to't    9 are muleteers, reapers,



336 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

The way which promises assurance, and  
Give up your self meerly to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* 'Why, I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn,  
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of *Albion*  
Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. 'If we fail,  
We then can do't at land.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business?

*Mes.* The news is true, my Lord, he is descried,  
*Cæsar* has taken *Toryne*.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible:  
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.  
Away, my *Thetis*.

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier?

*Sold.* Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,  
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*  
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we  
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Ænob.*]

*Sold.* By *Hercules*, I think I am i'th' right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,  
And we are womens men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Junius*,  
*Publicola*, and *Celius*, are for sea:

But

1 I have

2 But if

3 be so.

But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* + 'While yet' in *Rome*,

His power went out in such distractions 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.*

*Mes.* The Emperor <sup>s</sup> 'calls for *Canidius*.

*Can.* With news the time's in labour, and throws forth,  
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.*

*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 scroul: our fortune lyes  
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Antony and Ænobarbus.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,  
In eye of *Cæsar's* battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Canidius marching with his land Army one way over the  
stage, and Taurus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other  
way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-  
fight. Alarum. Enter Ænobarbus.* [longer;

*Æno.* Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no  
Th' *Antonias* th' *Ægyptian* admiral,

V O L. V.

Y

With

(a) *Tb' Antonias, &c.* (which *Plutarch* says was the name of *Cleo-  
patra's* ship.) P O P E.

4 While he was yet

5 calls *Canidius*.

338 ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

With all their sixty, <sup>6</sup> flies and turns<sup>6</sup> the rudder :  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.*

*Scar.* Gods, and Goddesſes, all the whole ſynod of them!

*Æno.* What's thy paſſion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is loſt  
With very ignorance; we have kiſſ'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Æno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,  
Where death is ſure. 'Yond<sup>7</sup> ribauld nag of *Egypt*,  
(Whom leproſie o'ertake!) i' th' miſt o' th' 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*,  
Hoifts ſails, and flies.

*Æno.* That I beheld:

Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being looſt,  
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,  
Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doating 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 it ſelf.

*Æno.* 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:  
Oh he has given example for our flight,  
Moſt groſſly by his own.

*Æno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? why then good-night  
Indeed.

*Can.*

<sup>6</sup> ſlie, and turn

<sup>7</sup> Your

*Can.* Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easie to't. And there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To *Cæsar* will I render  
My legions and my horse; six Kings already  
Shew me the way of yielding,

*Æno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Antony, with Eros and oiber 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've a ship  
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

*Omnes.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I've fled my self, and have instructed cowards  
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.  
I have my self resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you. Be gone,  
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it — oh,  
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 lothness; take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left  
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side straight-way:  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now —  
Nay, do so; for indeed I've lost command,  
Therefore, I pray you — I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*]

Y 2

*Enter*

*Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear Queen.

*'Cleo.* Do? why, what else? let me  
Sit down; oh *Juno!*<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, Sir?

*Ant.* Oh fie, fie, fie.

*Char.* Madam!

*Iras.* Madam, oh good Empress!

*Eros.* 'Sir, Sir, my Lord!<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* 'Yes, yes; he at *Philippi* kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook  
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I  
That the 'sad' *Brutus* ended; he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, 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: oh!

*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 unnoble swerving —

*Eros.* Sir, the Queen.

*Ant.* O whither hast thou led me, *Egypt*? see  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,  
By looking back on what I've left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* Oh, my Lord, my Lord;  
Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought

You

8 *Char.* Do? why what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down! oh *Juno!*

9 Sir, Sir.

1 Yes, my Lord,

2 mad

You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* *Egypt*, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,  
And thou should'st towe me after. O'er my spirit  
'Thy' full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* Oh, my pardon!

*Ant.* Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shift of lowness, who  
With half the bulk o' th' world play'd as I 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.* Oh! 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 there,' and our viands: fortune knows,  
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.*

*Cæs.* LET him appear that's come from *Antony*.  
Know you him?

*Dol.* *Cæsar*, 'tis his schoolmaster,  
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

Y 3

*Enter*

3 The

4 wine, within there,

342 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*Enter Ambassador from Antony.*

*Cæs.* Approach and speak.

*Amb.* 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 'the' grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be't so, declare thine office.

*Amb.* 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 heav'ns 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.

*Amb.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambassador.*  
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time, dispatch,  
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promise, [*To Thyreus.*  
And in our name; when she requires, add more  
'As' thine invention offers. Women are not  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*,  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* *Cæsar*, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how *Antony* becomes his slave,  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks

In every power that moves.  
*Thyr. Caesar, I shall.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

ALEXANDRIA.

*Enter Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* **W**Hat shall we do, *Ænobarbus*?

*Æno.* 'Drink,' and die.<sup>a</sup>

*Cleo.* Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

*Æno.* *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 you? The itch of his affection should not then Have nickt his captainship at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, he being The meered question. 'Twas 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 the Ambassador.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Amb.* Ay, my Lord.

*Ant.* The Queen

Shall then have courtship, so she will yield Us up.

*Amb.* 'My Lord, he says so.'

*Ant.* Let her know't.

Y 4

To

(a) *This reply of Ænobarbus seems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra which is related by Plutarch: that after their defeat at Actium they instituted a society of friends who enter'd into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of that luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had lived before.*

7 Think,

8 He says so.



344 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizled 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'th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,  
Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Ant.*]

*Æno.* Yes, like enough: high-battled *Cæsar* will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to th' shew  
Against a sworder. I see mens 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 a Servant.*

*Ser.* 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.

*Æno.* Mine honesty and I begin to square; [*Aside.*]  
'Tho' loyalty well held, to fools does make  
Our faith meer folly; yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,  
Do's conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i'th' story.

*Enter Thyreüs.*

*Cleo.* *Cæsar's* will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.*

9 The . . . old edit. Theob. amend.

*Cleo.* 'None here but friends; say boldly.

*Tbyr.* So haply are they friends to *Antony*.

*Æno.* He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has;  
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: for as you know,  
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar*'s.

*Tbyr.* So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd; *Cæsar* intreats  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st  
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* Go on; right royal.

*Tbyr.* He knows that you embrace not *Antony*  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* Oh!

[*Aside.*

*Tbyr.* The scars upon your honour therefore he  
Do's 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 meerly.

*Æno.* To be sure of that,  
I will ask *Antony*. Sir, thou'rt so leaky  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Ænob.*

*Tbyr.* Shall I say to *Cæsar*  
What you require of him? he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you would make a staff  
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,  
And put your self under his<sup>2</sup> 'shrowd, the great,  
The universal<sup>1</sup> landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Tbyr.* My name is *Tbyrens*.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in<sup>3</sup> 'deputation<sup>1</sup>

I

1 None but

2 shrowd, the universal

3 Disputation . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

346 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath  
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

*Thyr.* It is 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*<sup>4</sup> father,<sup>5</sup>  
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Antony, and Ænobarbus.*

*Ant.* Favours! by *Jove* that thunders——

[*Seeing Thyreüs kiss her hand.*

What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Æno.* You will be whipp'd. [devils!

*Ant.* Approach there——ah you kite! now, Gods and  
Authority melts from me of late. When I  
Cry'd, *Hoa!* like boys unto a muffs, Kings would  
Start forth, and cry, *Your will?* have you no ears?  
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this jack and whip him.

*Enter Servants.*

*Æno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!

Whip him: were't twenty of the greatest Tributaries  
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them  
So sawcy with the hand of 'her' here, (what's her name  
Since

<sup>4</sup> father oft,

<sup>5</sup> she

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. [*Exeunt with Thyreus.*  
 You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha! [*To Cleopatra.*  
 Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,  
 Forborn 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,  
 (Oh misery on't!) the wise Gods seal our eyes  
 In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us  
 Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut  
 To our confusion.

*Cleo.* Oh, is't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
 Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
 Of *Cneus Pompey*, besides what hotter hours  
 Unregistred in vulgar fame, you have  
 Luxuriously pickt 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 play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,  
 And plighter of high hearts!——O that I were  
 Upon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roar  
 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?

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant with Thyreus.*

*Ser.* Soundly, my Lord.

*Ant.* Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?

*Ser.* 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. Henceforth  
The white hand of a lady feaver thee,  
Shake to look on't. Go 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 easie 'tis to do't;  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abyss 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, be gone. [*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.* <sup>6</sup>'If I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,  
And poison't in the source, and the first stone  
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life; the next <sup>7</sup>'*Cæsarion*' smite!

'Till

6 Ah, dear, if

7 *Cæsarion*

'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,  
By the 'discandying' of this pelleted storm,  
Lye graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*  
Have buried them for prey.

*Ant.* I'm satisfied:

*Cæsar* sets down 'fore *Alexandria*, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and float, threatening 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 my 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 jests; but now I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
Let's have one other gawdy 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 t'have held it poor. But since my Lord is  
*Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to 'em, 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. [Exit.

*Eno.* Now he'll out-stare the lightning; to be furious  
Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood

The

350 ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

The dove will peck the estridge. <sup>1</sup> '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.]



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

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, with Agrippa, Mecænas, and his Army.  
 Cæsar reading a letter.*

CÆSAR.

**H**E calls me boy, and chides as he had power  
 To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My messenger  
 He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,  
*Cæsar to Antony.* Let the old ruffian know,  
<sup>2</sup> 'He hath' many other ways to die: mean time  
<sup>3</sup> 'I at this challenge laugh.'

*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 it self.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
 Know that to-morrow the last of many battels  
 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.]

<sup>1</sup> And I see<sup>2</sup> I have<sup>3</sup> Laugh at this challenge.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*The Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.*

*Ant.* HE will not fight with me, *Domitius?*  
*Æno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Æno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He's 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?

*Æno.* I'll strike, and cry, *Take all.*

*Ant.* Well said, come on:

Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou,  
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've serv'd me well,  
And Kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this?

*Æno.* 'Tis one of those odd + 'freaks' which sorrow shoots  
Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,  
And all of you clapt up together in  
An *Antony*, that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*Omnes.* 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

4 tricks



352 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean?

*Æno.* 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. It may chance 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!

*Æno.* What mean you, Sir,  
To give them this discomfort? look, they weep.  
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd ; for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho :  
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus.  
Grace grow where those drops fall ! my hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous-a sense ;  
I spake t' 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.*

S C E N E III.

*A Court of Guard before the Palace.*

*Enter a Company of Soldiers.*

1 *Sold.* **B**Rother, good-night : to-morrow is the day.  
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : Fare you  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets? [*well.*  
1 *Sold.* Nothing : what news ?

2 *Sold.*

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 353

2 Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour; good-night to you.

1 Sold. Well, Sir, good-night. [*They meet with other Soldiers.*]

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 Sold. And you; good-night, good-night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

2 Sold. Here we; and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of the hautboys is under the stage.*]

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. Lift, lift!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Musick i' th' air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

It signs well, do's it not?

2 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace I say: what should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,

Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters?

*Omnes.* How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,

Let's see how 'twill give off.

*Omnes.* Content: 'tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.*

*Ant.* *Eros*, mine armour, *Eros*.

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros*.

VOL. V.

Z

*Enter*

*Enter Eros.*

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on ;  
 If fortune be not ours to-day, it is,  
 Because we brave her. Come.

<sup>5</sup> *Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

*Ant.* What's` this for ? 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. See'st thou, my good fellow ?  
 Go put on thy defences.

<sup>6</sup> *Eros.* Briefly, Sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well ?

*Ant.* <sup>7</sup> Oh ! 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 ; dispatch. O love !  
 That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
 The royal occupation ; thou should'st see  
 A workman in't.

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good-morrow to thee, welcome ;  
 Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :  
 To business that we love we rise betime,  
 And go to't with delight.

*Sold.* A thousand, Sir,  
 Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,  
 And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

*Cap.* The morn is fair : good-morrow, General.

*All.* Good-morrow, General.

*Ant.*

<sup>5</sup> *Cleo.* Nay I'll help too, *Antony.*

What's, &c.

<sup>6</sup> *Eros.*

<sup>7</sup> Rarely,

*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: rebukeable,  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanick 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.*

*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.*

S C E N E V.

*A Camp.*

*Trumpets sound.* Enter *Antony* and *Eros*: an old Soldier  
meeting them.

9 'Sold.' **T**HE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony*!  
*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had  
once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Eros.* Hadst 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?

*Eros.* Who?

One ever near thee. Call for *Ænobarbus*,  
He shall not hear thee, or from *Cæsar's* camp  
Say, *I am none of thine.*

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

Z 2

*Sold.*

8 you to retire

9 *Eros.* . . . old edit. *Thirl. emend.*

356 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*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. Oh, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my *Eros*. [ *Exeunt*.

S C E N E VI.

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Ænobarbus, and Dolabella.*

*Cæs.* GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:  
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Ag.* *Cæsar*, I shall.

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near;  
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* *Mark 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*.

*Æno.* *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 'his' 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 my self so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar.*

*Sold. Ænobarbus, Antony*  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty over-plus. The messenger  
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Æno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock me not, *Ænobarbus*,  
I tell you true: best you see safe the bringer  
Out of the host: I must attend mine office,  
Or would have don't my self. Your Emperor  
Continues still a *Jove*.

[*Exit.*

*Æno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. Oh *Antony*,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This bows my heart;  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.  
I fight against thee! — no, I will go seek  
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

*Before the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.*

*Ag.* **R**etire, we have engag'd our selves too far:  
*Cæsar* himself has work, 'our opposition'  
Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exit.*

Z 3

*Alarum.*

2 and our oppression

*Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed ;  
Had we done so at first, we had droven 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 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* They're 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 ;  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee,  
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. 'Come on.'

*Scar.* I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus with others.*

*Ant.* We've beat him to his camp ; run one before,  
And let the Queen know of our <sup>4</sup> 'gests ;<sup>5</sup> to-morrow  
Before the sun shall see's, 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 <sup>5</sup> 'my' cause, but as't had been  
Each man's like mine ; you've shewn your selves all *HeBors.*  
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 honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand,

[*To Scarus.*

*Enter*

<sup>3</sup> Come thee on.

<sup>5</sup> the

<sup>4</sup> guests ; . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

*Enter Cleopatra.*

To this great <sup>a</sup> faery I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' th' 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,  
Oh infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare, uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We've beat them to their beds. What! girl, though grey  
Do something mingle with <sup>6</sup>'our 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 <sup>7</sup>'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 *Phæbus*' car. Give me thy hand;  
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march,  
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them;  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp his host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carowles to the next day's fate  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,  
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,  
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt*]

(a) *The word Faery here is to be understood in the sense of inchantress which it often carries in the old Romances.* Warburton.

6 our younger brown,      7 favouring . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*



## S C E N E VIII.

*Cæsar's Camp.**Enter a Centry, and his Company. Ænobarbus follows.*

*Cent.* **I**F we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
 We must return to th' court of guard; the night  
 Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattel  
 By th' second hour i' th' morn.

*1 Watch.* This last day was

*A* shrewd one to's.

*Æno.* O bear me witness, night?

*2 Watch.* What man is this?

*1 Watch.* Stand close, and listen to him.

*Æno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
 When men revolted shall upon record  
 Bear hateful memory; poor *Ænobarbus* did  
 Before thy face repent.

*Cent.* *Ænobarbus*?

*3 Watch.* Peace;

Hark further.

*Æno.* Oh sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
 The poisonous damp of night 'disperge' 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. Oh *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:  
 Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!*

[*Dies.*

*1 Watch.* Let's speak to him.

*Cent.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
 May concern *Cæsar*.

*2 Watch.*

*3 Watch.*

2 *Watch*. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

*Cent*. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Watch*. Go we to him.

2 *Watch*. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 *Watch*. Hear, you Sir!

*Cent*. The hand of death hath caught him.

[*Drums afar off*.]

Hark how the drums <sup>9</sup> 'din early' wakes the sleepers:  
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is  
Of note. Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch*. Come <sup>1</sup> 'on',

He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E IX.

*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.*

*Ant*. **T**Heir preparation is to-day by sea,  
We please them not by land.

*Scar*. For both, my Lord.

*Ant*. I would they'd fight i' th' 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 Army.*

*Cæs*. <sup>2</sup> 'Not' being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which as I take't we <sup>3</sup> 'shall not;' for his best force  
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt*.]

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Enter*

9 demurely

1 on then,

2 But

3 shall;

*Enter Antony and Scarus.*

*Ant.* Yet they're not join'd :  
Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all.  
I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In *Cleopatra's* sails their nests. The augurs  
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. [Exit.

## S C E N E X.

## ALEXANDRIA.

*Enter Antony.*

*Ant.* ALL is lost!  
This foul *Ægyptian* hath betrayed me,  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis 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.  
Oh 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, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming *Cæsar* : and this pine is bark'd,  
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.  
Oh this false soul of *Ægypt* ! this gay charm,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,

Like

4 pannell'd or pantler'd

Like a right gipsie, hath at fast and loose  
 Beguiled me to the very heart of los.  
 What, *Eros, Eros!*

*Enter Cleopatra.*

Ah, thou spell! *avant.*

*Cleo.* Why is my Lord enrag'd against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish *Cesar'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. <sup>5</sup> 'Monster-like be the shew'  
 For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let  
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

[*Exit Cleopatra.*

If it be well to live. But better 'twere  
 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,  
<sup>6</sup> 'Led thee lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' moon,  
 And with those hands that graspt the heaviest club,  
 Subdue <sup>7</sup> 'thy' worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
<sup>8</sup> 'To th' *Roman* boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
 Under <sup>9</sup> 'her' plot: she dies for't: *Eros, ho!* [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! oh he is more mad  
 Than *Telamon* for his shield; the boar of *Tbesfaly*  
 Was never so imboft.

*Char.* To th' monument,  
 There lock your self, and send him word you're dead:  
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
 Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To th' monument:  
*Mardian*, go tell him I have slain my self,

Say,

5 most monster like, be shewn                      6 Let thee  
 7 my . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*    8 To the young Roman    9 his

364 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,  
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence *Mardian*,  
 And bring me, how he takes my death, to th' monument.  
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XI.

*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'st seen these signs,  
 They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my Lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
 The rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct  
 As water is in water.

*Eros.* It do's, my Lord.

*Ant.* My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is  
 Even such a body; here I'm *Antony*,  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for *Aegypt*; and the Queen,  
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,  
 Which whilst it was mine, had annext unto't  
 A million more, now lost! she, *Eros*, has  
 Packt cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph ———  
 Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us  
 Our selves to end our selves.

*Enter Mardian.*

Oh thy vile lady!

Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, *Antony*,

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
 With thine intirely.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Hence, sawcy eunuch, peace,  
She hath betray'd me, <sup>1</sup>'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 rendred life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly; go. <sup>2</sup> Pluck off; <sup>[To Mardian.]</sup>  
<sup>[Exit Mardian.]</sup>

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; [*Unarming himself.*]  
You have been nobly born, — from me a while, —  
<sup>[Exit Eros.]</sup>

I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and  
Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now  
All length is torture; since <sup>3</sup>'thy' torch is out,  
Lye down and stray no further. Now all labour  
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles  
It self with strength; <sup>4</sup>'sleep' 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 <sup>5</sup>'*Sichæus*' <sup>a</sup> shall want troops,

And

(a) ——— Coniux ubi pristinus illi  
Respondet curis, æquatque *Sichæus* amorem.

*Virg. Æn. lib. 6. v. 473.* Warburton:

1 and she shall      2 Off, pluck off;      3 the      4 seal

5 *Æneas* . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

366 ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros, Eros!*

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* What would my Lord?

*Ant.* Since *Cleopatra* died,

'I live' 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 my self, to lack  
 The courage of a woman; less noble-minded  
 Than she which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,  
*I'm conqueror of my self.* Thou art sworn, *Eros*,  
 That when the exigent should come, which now  
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me  
 Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace  
 And horror; that on my command thou then  
 Wouldst kill me. Do it, for the time is come:  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The Gods with-hold me!

Shall I do that which all the *Partbian* darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*Ant. Eros,*

Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleacht arms, bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd feat  
 Of fortunate *Cæsar* drawn before him branded  
 His baseness that ensu'd?

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd,  
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
 Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* Oh, Sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
 To do this when I bad thee? do it at once,  
 Or thy precedent services are all

But

6 I've liv'd

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance

Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

*Ant.* Lo thee.

[Turning from him.]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it 'do'

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,

My captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, *Farewel!*

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man, and farewel!

*Eros.* Farewel, great chief! Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, *Eros.*

*Eros.* Why, there then — thus I do escape the sorrow  
Of *Antony's* death.

[*Eros kills himself.*]

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than my self!

Thou teachest me, oh 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't of thee. — How, not yet dead? not dead? —

The guard — how! — oh dispatch me!

S C E N E XII.

*Enter Dercetas and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* what's the noise?

*Ant.* I've done my work ill, friends: O make an end  
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fall'n.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

7 do at once

1 *Guard.*



368 · ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with <sup>8</sup>'these' tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter Diomedes.*

*Dio.* Where's *Antony*?

*Der.* There, *Diomed*, there.

*Dio.* Lives he? wilt thou not <sup>9</sup>'answer'?

[*me*

*Ant.* Art thou there, *Diomed*? draw thy sword, and give  
Sufficing strokes of 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.* Lockt in her monument.

She <sup>1</sup>'had, alas! 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 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 pr'ythee.

*Dio.* What, ho! the Emperor's guard. The guard, what,  
ho!

Come, your Lord calls.

*Enter the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*Guard.* Woe are we, Sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out!

*All.*

8 this

9 answer, man?

1 had a

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 Antony.*]

S C E N E XIII.

*A magnificent Monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.*

Cleo. Oh 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  
As that which makes it.

*Enter Diomedes.*

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out  
O' th' other <sup>2</sup> 'side, his guard have brought him hither.

*Enter Antony born by the Guard.*

Cleo. O thou sun,  
<sup>3</sup> 'Turn from the sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand  
The varying shore o' th' world! O Antony!  
Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help; help, friends,  
<sup>4</sup> 'Below there, let us draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,  
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*  
Should conquer *Antony*, but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet

VOL V.

A a

I here

<sup>2</sup> side your monument,

<sup>3</sup> Burn the great sphere . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.* <sup>4</sup> Below; let's

I here importune death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy <sup>s</sup> lips. — Come down.

*Cleo.* <sup>6</sup> I dare not,

Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon that I dare not,<sup>5</sup>  
Lest I be taken; not th' imperious shew  
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents have  
Edge, <sup>7</sup> operation, or sting,<sup>6</sup> 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.* Oh 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. Oh come, come, come —  
[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*]

And welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast liv'd,  
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* O heavy fight!

*Ant.* I am dying, *Ægypt*, 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 huswife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet Queen.  
Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your <sup>s</sup> safety.<sup>5</sup>

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me;  
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculius*.

*Cleo.*

<sup>5</sup> lips. . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

<sup>6</sup> I dare not, dear,

Dear my lord; pardon; I dare not, . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

<sup>7</sup> sting, or operation

<sup>8</sup> safety — oh —

*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' th' world,  
The noblest once; and 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 —

[*Antony dies.*]

*Cleo.* Noblest of men! — woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O see, my women!  
The crown o' th' earth doth melt — my Lord —  
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n: 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.*]

*Cbar.* Oh quietness, Lady.

*Iras.* She is dead too, our Sovereign.

*Cbar.* Lady!

*Iras.* Madam!

*Cbar.* Oh 'Madam, Madam!

*Iras.* Royal *Ægypt*! Empress!

' *Cleo.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

No more<sup>9</sup> but a meer woman, and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares. It were for me  
To throw my scepter at th' injurious Gods,  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,  
'Till they had stoll'n our jewel. All's but nought:  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,

A a 2

To

<sup>9</sup> Madam, madam, madam —

<sup>1</sup> *Cbar.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*Cleo.* No more, &c.

To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?  
 What? what? good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian*?  
 My noble girls? — ah, women, women! look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out — good Sirs, take heart,  
 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 bearing off Antony's body.*]



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

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Proculeius, Gallus, and Train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,  
 Being so frustrate, -tell him, 'he but mocks'  
 The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit Dolabella.*]

*Enter Dercetas with the sword of Antony.*

*Cæsar.* 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  
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
 To take me to thee, as I was to him  
 I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,  
 I yield thee up my life.

2 he mocks

*Cæs.*

*Ces.* What is't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, oh *Cesar*, *Antony* is dead.

*Ces.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater 'crack in nature. 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 that name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, *Cesar*,  
Not by a publick 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 it self. This is his sword,  
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Ces.* Look you sad, friends?  
The Gods rebuke me but it is a tiding  
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  
Weigh'd equal in him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity; but you, Gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. *Cesar* is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Ces.* O *Antony*!  
I've follow'd thee to this — but we do launce  
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce  
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,  
Or 'look'd 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,

A a 3

In

3 crack.

4 heart.

5 look

374 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

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 its thoughts did kindle; that our stars  
 Unreconcilable should <sup>6</sup> 'divide'

Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends —  
 But I will tell you at some meeter season.  
 The business of this man looks out of him,  
 We'll hear him what he says, <sup>7</sup> 'Now whence' are you?

*Enter an Egyptian.*

*Egypt.* A poor *Egyptian* yet; the Queen my mistress  
 Confin'd in all she has (her monument)  
 Of thy intents desires instruction,  
 That she preparedly may frame her self  
 To th' way she's forc'd to.

*Ces.* Bid her have good heart;  
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
 How honourably and how kindly we  
 Determine for her. For *Cesar* cannot live  
 To be ungentle.

*Egypt.* May the Gods preserve thee!

[*Exit.*

*Ces.* Come hither, *Proculeius*, go and say  
 We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts  
 The quality of her passion shall require;  
 Left in her greatness by some mortal stroke  
 She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*  
 Would be <sup>8</sup> 'eternaling' our triumph. Go,  
 And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
 And how you find of her.

*Pro. Cesar,* I shall.

[*Exit Proculeius.*

*Ces.* *Gallus*, go you along; where's *Dolabella*,

[*Exit Gallus.*

To second *Proculeius*?

*All.* *Dolabella*!

*Ces.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
 How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.  
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see  
 How hardly I was drawn into this war,

<sup>6</sup> have divided    <sup>7</sup> Whence    <sup>8</sup> eternal in

How

How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings. Go with me, and see  
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and  
Seleucus, above.*

*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 makes us sleep, nor palate more the dug  
O' th' beggar's nurse and *Cæsar's*.

*Enter Proculeius, and Gallus, below.*

*Pro.* *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.* *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bad 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 *Ægypt* for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will 'kneel for to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer:

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;

A a 4

Make

9 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dang  
(The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsars*). . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*  
2 kneel to



376 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

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 dependency, and you shall find  
 A conqu'ror that will pray in aid<sup>a</sup> for kindness,  
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* Pray you tell him,  
 I am his fortunes vassal, and I 'bend to'  
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn  
 A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly  
 Look him i' th' face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear Lady.  
 Have comfort, for I know your plight is pity'd  
 Of him that caus'd it.

<sup>4</sup> 'Gall.' You see how easily she may be surpriz'd.

[*They enter the Monument by a ladder.*]

*Pro.* Guard her 'till *Cæsar* come,

*Iras.* Oh royal Queen, —

*Char.* Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queen.

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*]

*Pro.* Hold, worthy Lady, hold:

Do not your self such wrong, who are in this  
 Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
 Th' undoing of your self: let the world see  
 His nobleness well acted, which your death  
 Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
 Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen  
 Worth many babes and beggars.

*Pro.* Oh, temperance, Lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:  
 If idle talk will once be<sup>5</sup> 'accessary,'  
 I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,  
 Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I Will

(a) Praying in aid is a Law-term used for a petition made in a Court of Justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

<sup>3</sup> send him    <sup>4</sup> *Char.* . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*    <sup>5</sup> necessary,

Will not wait pinion'd at your master's Court,  
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
 Of dull *Ostavia*. Shall they hoist me up,  
 And shew me to the shouting varletry  
 Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Aegypt*  
 Be gentle grave <sup>6</sup>'to' me! rather on *Nilus*' mud  
 Lay me stark-naked, and let the water-flies  
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
 My country's <sup>7</sup>'highest *Pyramid*' my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
 Find cause in *Cesar*.

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol. Proculcius,*

What thou hast done my master *Cesar* 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 *Cesar* I will speak what you shall please, [*To Cleopatra,*  
 If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die. [*Exeunt Proculcius and Gallus.*

*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 dreamt there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;  
 Oh such another sleep, that I might see  
 But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please ye ——

*Cleo.* His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck  
 A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
 The <sup>8</sup>'little orb o' th' earth. *Dol.*

<sup>6</sup> unto <sup>7</sup> high *Pyramides*

<sup>8</sup> little o' th' or little O o' th' . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

378 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature ———

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm  
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:  
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,  
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't: an 'Autumn' 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping: his delights  
Were dolphin-like, they shew'd 'their' back above  
The element they liv'd in; in his livery  
Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and islands were  
As plates dropt from his pocket.

*Dol. Cleopatra* ———

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be such a man  
As this I dreamt 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 vye strange forms with fancy; yet 'to form'  
An *Antony*, were nature's 'prize' 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good Madam:  
Your loss is as your self, great; and you bear it  
As answ'ring to the weight: would I might never  
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, Sir.  
Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

*Dol.* I'm loth 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't.

*All.* Make way there ——— *Cæsar*.

SCENE

9 *Antony* it . . . old edit. Theob. emend.  
3 piece . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

1 his 2 'imagine

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 379

S C E N E III.

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mæcenas, Proculeius, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of *Agypt*?

*Dol.* It is the Emperor, Madam.

[*Cleo. kneels.*

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel;

I pray you rise, rise, *Agypt*.

*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' th' world,

I cannot 'parget' 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 inforce:

If you apply your self to our intents,

(Which tow'rds 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 your self

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.

[*we,*

*Cleo.* And may through all the world: 'tis yours; and

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 mony, plate, and jewels

I am possess'd of ——— 'tis exactly valued,

Not petty things 'omitted' ——— where's *Seleucus*?

*Sel.* Here, Madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,

Upon

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

*Sel.* 'I had' rather seal 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.* 'Caesar! behold'

How pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,  
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's  
Ev'n make me wild. O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd. 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 intreat you.

*Cleo.* O *Caesar*, what a wounding shame is this,  
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so 'weak' that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Caesar*,  
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  
By one that I have bred? the Gods! it smites me  
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee go hence,  
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits  
Through th' ashes of 'mischance: wert thou a man,  
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, *Seleucus*.

*Cleo.* Be't known, that we the greatest are mis-thought  
For

6 Madam, I had      7 See, *Caesar!* oh, behold,  
8 meek . . . old edit. *Theo. emend.*      9 my chance:

For things that others do ; and when we fall,  
We 'pander others merits with' our names,  
And therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs. Cleopatra,*

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i' th' roll of conquest, still be't 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 'prison ;' no, dear Queen,  
For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Your self 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. [*Exeunt Cæsar, and his Train.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be noble to my self. But hark thee, *Charmian*. [*Whispers.*]

*Iras.* Finish, good Lady, the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again.

I've spoke already, and it is provided,  
Go put it to the haste.

*Cbar.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit Charmian.*]

*Enter Dolabella:*

*Dol.* Where is the Queen.

*Iras.* Behold, Sir,

*Cleo.* *Dolabella!*

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,  
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 he send before ;  
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd  
Your pleasure and my promise.

*Cleo.*

1 answer others merits, in    2 prisons ;    3 *Cbar.*

*Cleo. Dolabella,*

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good Queen, I must attend on *Cæsar*. [Exit.

*Cleo.* Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'st  
Thou, an' *Ægyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn [thou?

In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick-slaves  
With greasie aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The Gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: sawcy lictors  
Will catch at us like strumpets, and 'stall'd' rhymers  
Ballad us out o' tune. The quick Comedians  
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present  
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy a my greatness  
I' th' posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good Gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it; for I'm sure my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most 'assur'd' intents. Now, *Charmian*:

*Enter Charmian.*

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch  
My best attires. I am again for *Cydnus*  
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go—  
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed,  
And when thou'ast done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
To play 'till doom's day—bring our crown, and all.

[A noise within.

Wherefore this noise?

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guards.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence; He

(a) Heretofore the parts of women were acted upon the stage by boys.

4 scall'd 5 absurd . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. How poor an instrument  
[*Exit Guardsman.*

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'm marble constant: now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

[*Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.*

*Guards.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid and leave him. [Exit Guardsman.

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 dy'd 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 dy'd of  
the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly, she makes a very  
good report o' th' worm: but he that will believe 'half  
that they say, shall never be saved by all 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.* Farewel.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm  
will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay, farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in  
the keeping of wise people; for indeed there is no good-  
ness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take 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.*

↳ all that they say, shall never be saved by half

... old edit. *Warb. emend.*



384 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*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 whorson 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 o' th' worm. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of *Aegypt'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 T' 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. Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewell. [*Kissing them.*]  
Have I the aspick in my lips? dost fall?

[*To Iras, who falls down.*]

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 lye still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

[*Iras dies.*]

*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 heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinicate

[*To the Serpent, applying it to her breast.*]  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry and dispatch, Oh, could'st thou speak,

That

That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* aſs,  
Unpolicied!

*Cbar.* Oh eaſtern ſtar!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,  
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

*Cbar.* 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——

[*Dies.*

*Cbar.* In this wild world? ſo fare thee well:

Npw boaſt thee, Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes

A laſt unparallel'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 Guards ruſhing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the Queen?

*Cbar.* Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæſar* hath ſent—— [*Charmian applies the Aſp.*

*Cbar.* Too ſlow a meſſenger.

Oh come, apace, diſpatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well: *Cæſar's* beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian*? is this well

*Cbar.* It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſs [done?

Deſcended of ſo many royal Kings.

Ah, ſoldiers!——

[*Charmian dies.*

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

*Dol.* *Cæſar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this; thy ſelf art coming

To ſee perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So fought'ſt to hinder.

*Enter Cæſar and Attendants.*

*All.* Make way there, way for *Cæſar*.

*Dol.* Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer;

VOL. V.

B b

That

386 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

That you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at last,  
She levell'd at our purpose, and being royal  
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths.  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

*1 Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:  
This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then!

*1 Guard.* Oh *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 the sudden dropt.

*Cæs.* Oh noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;  
As she would catch another *Antony*  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

*1 Guard.* This is an aspick's trail,  
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such  
As th' aspick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.

*Cæs.* Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite  
Of easie 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 shew, attend this funeral,  
And then to *Rome*: come, *Dolabella*, see  
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt omnes.*  
TITUS



TITUS

ANDRONICUS.



Bb 2

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Marcus,  
Quintus,  
Lucius,  
Mutius, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

*Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

Publius, *Son to Marcus Andronicus the Tribune.*

Alarbus,  
Chiron,  
Demetrius, } *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

Æmilius, *a Roman.*

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

*A Nurse with a black-a-moor Child.*

*Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers and other Attendants.*

SCENE *Rome, and the Country near it.*

TITUS



# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### ROME.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.  
Enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Bassianus and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

#### SATURNINUS.

**N**OBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms:  
And countrymen my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords.  
I am the first-born son of him that last

Wore the imperial diadem of Rome:  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas. Romans, friends, foll'wers, 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  
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,*

B b 3

To

(a) *This is one of the Plays which ought not to be look'd upon to be of Shakespear's composition. By giving it the credit of a few of his lines inserted here and there he got the discredit of writing the whole.*

390 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

To justice, continence, and nobility:  
 But let desert in pure election shine;  
 And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the crown.*

*Mar.* Princes, that strive by factions and by friends,  
 Ambitiously for rule and empery!

Know that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand  
 A special party, have by common voice,

'In free election' for the *Roman* empery,

Chosen *Andronicus*, sur-named *Pius*,

For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.

A nobler man, a braver warrior,

Lives not this day within our 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 yoked 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 intreat, 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 assure

In thy uprightness and integrity,

And so I love and honour thee and thine,

• In election

Thy

Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,  
 And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,  
 Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich Ornament,  
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
 Commit my cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exit Soldiers.*]

*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 my self, my person and the cause:  
*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.

[*They go up into the Senate-house.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,  
 Patron of virtue, *Rome's* best champion,  
 Successful in the battels that he fights,  
 With honour and with fortune is return'd  
 From whence he circumscribed with his sword,  
 And brought to yোক the enemies of *Rome*.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
 Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,  
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,

B b 4

From



From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
 Cometh *Andronicus* 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,  
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
*Romans*, of five 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 among 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.

[*They open the tomb.*]

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 sons to be as dear to me.  
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,

To

To beautifie thy triumphs and return,  
 Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yoa<sup>k</sup>?  
 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 your self, Madam, and pardon me,  
 These are their brethren, whom you *Gotbs* behold  
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain  
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice;  
 To this your son is markt, and die he must,  
 T' 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* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius with  
 Alarbus.

*Tam.* O cruel irreligious piety!

*Cbi.* Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose 'not' *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome*.

*Alarbus* 'goes' to rest, and we survive  
 To tremble under *Titus*' threatning looks.  
 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 *Tbracian* 'tyrant in 'her' tent,  
 May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Gotbs*,

(When

(a) Polymnestor, whose eyes were pull'd out and sons murder'd by  
 Hecuba, in revenge for his having treacherously slain her son Poly-  
 dore, Euripid. in *Hec.*

2 me 3 go 4 his . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

394 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

(When *Gotbs* were *Gotbs*, and *Tamora* was *Queen*)  
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Enter* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

*Luc.* See, Lord and father, how we have perform'd  
Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt,  
And intrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought but to interr 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.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins 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 no storms;  
No noise: but silence and eternal sleep:  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

S C E N E III.

*Enter* Lavinia,

*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 brethrens obsequies:  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth, for thy return to *Rome*.  
O blest me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortune *Rome*'s best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly 'preserv'd'  
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!  
*Lavinia*, live, out-live thy father's days,  
'In' fame's eternal date for virtue's praise!

*Mar.*

5 reserv'd

6 And . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

*Mar.* Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*!

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

*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,  
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, <sup>7</sup> 'in' their trust,  
This palliament of white and spotless hue,  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late deceased Emperor's sons;  
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:  
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chose with proclamations to-day,  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?  
*Rome*, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
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 controul the world.  
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* *Titus*, thou shalt <sup>8</sup> 'obtain' the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?

*Tit.* Patience, prince <sup>9</sup> '*Saturnine*!'

*Sat.*

7 and      8 obtain and ask      9 *Saturninus*

396 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right!

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor.

*Andronicus*, would thou wert shipt 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 themselves.

*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 noble Tribunes here,  
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;  
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

*Mar.* To gratifie 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 'till they come down.*]

*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

Thy name, and honourable family,  
*Lavinia* will I make my Emperess,  
*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 *Saturninus*,  
 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 Emperor,  
 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 [*To Tamora.*  
 That I would chuse, were I to chuse a-new:  
 Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;  
 Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,  
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:  
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
 Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who 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 courtesie.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*. *Romans*, let us go.  
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;  
 Proclaim our honours, Lord, with trump and drum.

*Baf.*

398 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

*Bas.* Lord *Titus*, by your leave this maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*]

*Tit.* How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my Lord?

*Bas.* Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,  
To do my self this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora 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, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?  
Treason, my Lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

*Sat.* Surpriz'd! by whom?

*Bas.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

*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*? [He kills him.]

*Mut.* Help, *Lucius*, help.

*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.

*Sat.* No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock,  
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,  
Thee never, nor thy traiterous 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

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*:

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely *Tamora* Queen of *Goths*,  
That, like the stately *Phæbe* 'mong her nymphs,  
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of *Rome*,  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold I chuse 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* stands,)  
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 heav'n 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.

S C E N E V.

*Manet* Titus Andronicus.

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride.  
*Titus*, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd



Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd of wrongs?

*Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.*

*Mar.* Oh, *Titus*, see, oh, 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 you can, he comes not here.

*Mar.* My Lord, this is impiety in you;  
My nephew *Mutius's* deeds do plead for him,  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Sons.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall? what villain was it spake 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 intreat of thee,  
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

*Tit.* *Marcus*, ev'n 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.

*Luc.* He is not well himself, let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, 'till *Mutius's* bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons 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.*

*Mar.* Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul!

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr

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 wife *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.

[*They put him in the tomb.*

*Luc.* There lye thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,

\*Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[*They all kneel, and say.*

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:

If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:

Is she not then beholden to the man,

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

S C E N E VI.

*Flourish.* Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, with the Moor at one door. At the other door Bassianus and Lavinia with others.

*Sat.* So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid 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.

VOL. V.

C c

*Sat.*

*Sat.* Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Baf.* 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,  
Mean while 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.

*Baf.* 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 which 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 controu'd in that he frankly gave;  
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,  
That hath exprest himself in all his deeds.  
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

*Tit.* Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds.  
'Tis 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,  
And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What, Madam, be dishonour'd openly,  
And safely put it up without revenge?

*Tam.* Not so, my Lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,  
I should be author to dishonour you:  
But, on mine honour dare I undertake  
For good Lord *Titus*' innocence in all;  
Whose fury not disssembled speaks his griefs;  
Then at my suit look graciously on him,  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor

Nor with four 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;

Left 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 intreats, and then let me alone;

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And rase their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life:

And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain. —

Come, come, sweet Emperor — come, *Andronicus* —

[*Aloud.*

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 prevail'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 my honour, good my Lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you, prince *Bassianus*, I have past

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.

C c 2

*Sat.*

*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* intreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

*Lavinia*, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a batchelor 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.]



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

### R O M E.

*Enter Aaron alone.*

#### A A R O N.

**N**OW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning-flash,  
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach;  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the Zodiack in his glist'ring coach,  
And over-looks the highest peering hills:  
So *Tamora*.

Upon

Upon her 'will 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* ty'd 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 Emperess.  
 To wait upon, said I? to wanton with  
 This Queen, this Goddess, this *Semiramis*;  
 This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,  
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.  
 Holla, 'what storm is this?

S C E N E II.

*Enter Chiron and Demetrius.*

*Dem. Chiron*, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge  
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,  
 And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.

*Cbi. Demetrius*, thou dost over-ween in all,  
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves:  
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two  
 Makes me less gracious, '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 passion for *Lavinia's* love.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)  
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?  
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

C c 3

*Cbi.*

1 wit

2 or three

*Cbi.* Mean while, 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 Emp'ror'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.

<sup>3</sup> *Cbi.* 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.

<sup>4</sup> *Dem.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,  
Foul-spoken coward! thou thund'rest 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 jet upon a Prince's right?  
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,  
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,  
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?  
Young Lords, beware — and should the Empress know  
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

*Cbi.* 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 better 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

<sup>3</sup> *Dem.* . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

<sup>4</sup> *Cbi.* . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths.  
By this device.

*Dem.* Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom <sup>6</sup> '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;

She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of, and easie it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

*Dem.* Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why then it seems some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

*Cbi.* Ay, so the turn were served.

*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?

*Cbi.* Faith, not me.

*Dem.* 'No, nor me.'

*Aar.* For shame be friends, and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect, and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste

C c 4

Thap

5 *Cbi.*

6 I do love.

7 Nor me, so I were one.



## 408. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

'Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus*' love ;  
 A speedier course than ling'ring languishment  
 Must 'ye' pursue, and I have found the path.  
 My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,  
 There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop :  
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,  
 And many unfrequented plots there are,  
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy :  
 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  
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,  
 We will acquaint with all that we intend,  
 And she shall file our engines with advice,  
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,  
 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 lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
 And revel in *Lavinia*'s treasury.

*Cbi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

*Dem.* Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream  
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
 Per Styga, per Manes vebor.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*A Forest.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with bounds  
 and horns, and Marcus.*

*Tit.* THE hunt is up, the morn is bright and 'gay,'  
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :  
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,

8 we      9 gray,

And

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 inspir'd.

*Wind horns. Here a cry of bounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their 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.

*Bas. Lavinia,* how say you?

*Lav.* 'Why, 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.

*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.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Aaron alone.*

*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,

1 I say,

Know

Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy;  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

*Enter Tamora.*

*Tam.* My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush,  
The snake lyes rolled in the chearful 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 babling 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 wand'ring Prince and *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,  
Whilst 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 unrowl  
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

Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)  
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus*;  
 His *Philometel* 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 scrowl;  
 Now question me no more; we are espied;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dread 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.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.*

*Bas.* Whom have we here? *Rome's* royal Empress?  
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?  
 Or is it *Dian* habited like her,  
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Sawcy controller of our private steps!  
 Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,  
 Thy temples should be planted presently  
 With horns, as was *Alexon's*, and the hounds  
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle Empress,  
 'Tis 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!  
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

*Bas.* Believe me, Queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*  
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,

Spotted,

412 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Spotted, detested and abominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your train?

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,

And wand'ring hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,

If foul desire had not conducted you?

*Lav.* And being interrupted 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.

*Baf.* The King my brother shall have note of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.

Good King, to be so mightily abused!

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter Chiron and Demetrius.*

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,

Why does your Highness look so pale and wan?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale you see it is.

The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful missesto.

Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And when they shew'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 urchins,

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

2 barren and detested

And then they call'd me foul adulterers,  
Lascivious *Gaius*, and all the bitterest terms  
That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wond'rous fortune come,  
This vengeance on me had they executed:  
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[ *Stabs Bassianus.*

*Cbi.* And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.

[ *Stabs him.*

*Lav.* 'Ay, come, *Semiramis*—nay, barbarous *Tamora*,  
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard, you shall know, my boys,  
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to 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 'scape she braves your mightiness;  
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Cbi.* 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 out-live, us both to sting.

*Cbi.* I warrant, 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, intreat 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 flints to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?  
O do not teach her wrath, she taught it thee.

The

414 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou intreat her, shew a woman pity.

[*bastard!*]

*Chi.* What! would'st thou have me prove my self a

*Lav.* 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

Oh be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

*Tam.* I know not what it means; away with her.

*Lav.* Oh 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.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I now pitiless:

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:

Therefore 's'way and use her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis 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 see.

No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.*

5 away with her, and

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 415

*Dem.* Away! for thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? ah beastly creature!  
The blot and enemy of our general name!

Confusion fall —

*Cbi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth — bring thou  
her husband: [Dragging off Lavinia.

This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [Exeunt.

*Tam.* Farewel, my sons; see that ye make her sure.  
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
'Till all th' *Andronisci* be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull desflour. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Aaron with Quintus and Marcus.*

*Aar.* Come on, my Lords, the better foot before;  
Strait will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mar.* And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

*Quin.* What, art thou fall'n? 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 dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mar.* O brother, with the dismallest object  
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

*Aar.* Now will I fetch the King to find them here,  
That he thereby may have a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit Aaron.

S C E N E



## S C E N E VII.

*Mar.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surprized with an uncouth fear;  
A killing sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mar.* To prove thou hast a true divining heart,  
*Aaron* and thou, look down into the 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.

*Mar.* Lord *Bassianus* lyes embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Mar.* 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 shews the ragged intrails 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.

*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.

*Mar.* And I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more I will not lose again,

'Till

'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.  
 Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter the Emperor and Aaron.*

*Sat.* Along with me, I'll see what hole is here,  
 And what he is that now is leap'd into't.  
 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mar.* Th' 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;  
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

*Mar.* We know not where you left him all alive,  
 But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.*

*Tam.* Where is my Lord the King?

*Sat.* Here, *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;  
 Poor *Bassianus* here lyes murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
 The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
 And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
 In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She gives Saturninus a letter.*]

*Saturninus reads the letter.*

*An if we miss to meet him bandsomely,  
 Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,  
 Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,  
 Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward  
 Among the nettles at the elder-tree*

*Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

*Sat.* Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?  
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:  
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,  
That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

*Aar.* My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,  
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [To Titus.  
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? oh 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 murderers.  
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

*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.*

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and raviſh'd.*

*Dem.* So now go tell (an if thy tongue can ſpeak)  
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,  
And (if thy ſtumps will let thee) play the ſcribe.

*Dem.* See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.

*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.* If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.

*Dem.* If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

*Enter Marcus to Lavinia.*

*Mar.* Who's this, my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?  
Couſin, a word; where is your <sup>6</sup>husband? ſay:  
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 'have' 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 roſie lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath deſlour'd thee,  
And leſt thou ſhou'dſt detect him, cut thy tongue.  
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame:

D d 2

And

6 husband ?

7 half . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

## 420. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
 (As from a conduit with <sup>8</sup> 'three' issuing spouts)  
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titus's* face,  
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud.  
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?  
 Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,  
 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*.  
 Oh had the monster seen those lilly 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 heav'nly harmony,  
 Which that sweet tongue <sup>9</sup> 'of thine hath often made,<sup>^</sup>  
 He would have dropt his knife, and <sup>1</sup> 'fall'n' asleep,  
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.  
 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:  
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery! [ *Exeunt.*

8 their      9 hath made;      1 fell



2-4

A C T



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

*A Street in Rome.*

*Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and Titus going before, pleading.*

TITUS.

**H**EAR 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 watcht,  
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see  
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.  
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

*[Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.]*

For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write  
 My heart's deep languor, 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:  
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, *[Exeunt.]*  
 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.

2 ruins,

D d 3

*Enter*

*Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.*

Oh 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.* Oh 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 intreat of you —

*Luc.* My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,  
They would not mark me: or if they did mark,  
They would not pity me. —

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,  
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort 'are' 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 as soft 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 tygers?  
Tygers 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?

3 they're

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*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 handleless, in thy father's 'spight :  
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 :  
'Tis 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 various notes, enchanting every ear.

*Luc.* Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

*Mar.* Oh thus I found her straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide her self, as doth the deer  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

D d 4

*Tit.*

4 sight: . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*



*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 wildernels 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 madded 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 lilly almost wither'd.

[band.

*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 signs 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

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 shews  
 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 wondred at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief  
 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wot  
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I understand her signs;  
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she 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.  
 Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!  
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Aaron.*

*Aar.* *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor  
 Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,  
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self, 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.* Oh gracious Emperor! oh 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 chop' it off?

*Luc.*

; thou help to chop

## 426 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

*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 battel-ax,  
Writing destruction on the enemies 'cask?<sup>n</sup>  
Oh 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 heav'n, 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 shew a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an ax.

*Mar.* But I will use 't.<sup>n</sup> [*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

*Tit.* Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both;  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be 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 pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's band.*]

*Enter Lucius and Marcus again.*

*Tit.* Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch:  
Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my hand:  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From

9 castle? . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

7 the ax.

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 easie 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. — Oh, how this villainy  
 Doth fat me with the very thought of it!  
 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
*Aaron* will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*[*Exit.*

## S C E N E IV.

*Tit.* O hear! — I lift this one hand up to heav'n,  
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;  
 If any Power pities wretched tears,  
 To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?  
 Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,  
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
 And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds  
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* Oh brother, speak with possibilities,  
 And do not break into these two extreams.

*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 heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?  
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
 Threatning 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:

Fot

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 bringing in two heads and a band.*

*Mes.* Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd  
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 grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt:  
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 born.  
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!

*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 <sup>8</sup>'dire' fight  
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah now no more will I controul <sup>9</sup>'thy' griefs,  
Rend 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.*

7 8 dear      9 my . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*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 watry 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. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

*Manet* Lucius.

*Luc.* Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,  
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;  
 Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,  
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;  
 Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,  
 O would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!  
 But now not *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

Be at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.

Now will I to the *Gates* and raise a power,

To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit Lucius*]

· S C E N E VI.

*An Apartment in Titus's House. A Banquet.*

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy Lucius.*

*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*, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot passionate our ten-fold 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 signs,  
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 doat 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 *Aneas* tell the tale twice o'er,

(a) *This scene is not in the old edition.*

Pope..

How

How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?

O handle not the theme, no talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none.

Fie, fie, how frantickly 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.

Speechless complaint — O 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 heav'n,

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 grandfire, 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 grandfire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart,

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death done on the innocent

Becomes not *Titus'* brother. Get thee gone,

I see thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But? — how if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buz <sup>1</sup> laments and <sup>2</sup> dolings in the air?

Poor harmless fly,

That

<sup>1</sup> lamenting

<sup>2</sup> doings . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*



That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry,  
And thou hast kill'd him.

*Mar.* Pardon 'me, it 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 my self, as if it were the Moor  
Come hither purposely to poison me.  
There's for thy self, and that's for *Tamora* :  
Yet still I think we are not brought so low,  
But that between us we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Mar.* Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.  
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.*]



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

*Titus's House.*

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the  
Boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter  
Titus, and Marcus.*

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.

3 me, Sir, it

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.

*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 thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:

See, *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whither 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* oratory:

Can'st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Boy.* My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzie do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of grief 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 flie,

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.

*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 make choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'n's

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:

What book?

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 heav'n she heaves them, for revenge.

*Tit.* *Lucius*, what book is that she tosses so?

V O L. V.

E e

*Boy.*

*Boy.* Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses* ;  
My mother gave it 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 tragick 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 surpriz'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,  
Forc'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 !

*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*.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with  
his feet and mouth.*]

This fandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou can'st,  
This after me, when I have writ my name,  
Without the help of any hand at all.  
Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift !  
Write thou, good niece, and here display at least,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge ;  
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,

That

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.* Oh do you read, my Lord, what she hath writ?  
*Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.*

*Mar.* What, what! — the lustful sons of *Tamora*,  
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

*Tit.* <sup>4</sup> 'Magne' <sup>5</sup> 'Regnator' *Poli*,  
*Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!*

*Mar.* Oh 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 woeful peer  
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,  
Lord *Junius Brutus* sware for *Lucrece's* rape)

That we will prosecute (by good advice)  
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous *Goths*,  
And see their blood, <sup>6</sup> 'ere' die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, if you knew 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 lulls him whilst 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 steel 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 bond-men to the yolk of *Rome*.

E c 2

*Mar.*

<sup>4</sup> *Magne* . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

<sup>5</sup> *Dominator*                      <sup>6</sup> *or*

*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 my armory.

*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 my message, wilt thou not?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

*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.*]

*Mar.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan  
And not relent, or not compassion him?

*Marcus,* attend him in his ecstasie,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart

Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd shield,

But yet's so just, that he will not revenge;

Revenge, 'oh' heav'ns, for old *Andronicus!*

[*Exit.*]

## S C E N E II.

### *The Palace.*

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and at  
another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle  
of weapons and verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* **D***emetrius,* here's the son of *Lucius,*  
He hath some message to deliver us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Boy.* My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your Honours from *Andronicus,*

And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.

*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely *Lucius,* what's the news?

*Boy.* That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)

For

For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you,  
 My grandfire well advis'd hath sent by me  
 The goodliest weapons of his armory,  
 To gratifie your honourable youth,  
 The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad 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, like bloody villians. [Exit.

*Dem.* What's here, a scrowl, and written round about?  
 Let's see.

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

*Cbi.* O 'tis 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 as?  
 Here's no 'fond jest, th' old man hath found their guilt,  
 And sends the weapons wrap'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 a while.  
 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.

*Cbi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

*Cbi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

438 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

*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 over.  
[*Flourish.*]

*Dem.* Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flourish thus?

*Chi.* Belike for joy the Emp'ror hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft, who comes here?

S C E N E III.

*Enter Nurse with a Black-a-moor child.*

*Nur.* Good-morrow, 'noble Lords:  
O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the *Moor*?

*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now!

*Nur.* O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why what a caterwauling dost thou keep?  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome*'s disgrace.  
She is deliver'd, Lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I 'mean, that she is brought to bed. [her?]

*Aar.* Well, God give her good rest? what hath he sent

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why then she is the devil's dam:  
A joyful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue.  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our 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.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Chi.*

g Lords: ; mean, she

*2' Cbi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Dem.* Woe<sup>l</sup> to her chance, and damn'd her loathed  
Accurs'd the off-spring of so foul a fiend! [choice,

*Gbi.* 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 broach the tadpole on my rapier's point :  
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.  
Stay, murtherous 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 threatenng band of *Typhon's* brood,  
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands;  
What, what, <sup>3'y</sup> unfanguine<sup>l</sup> 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 the 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, my self;  
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,

E c 4

Or

*2 Cbi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villain I've done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe, &c.

*3 ye fanguine*



Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Cbi.* *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nur.* The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

*Cbi.* I blush to think upon this ignominy.

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :  
 4 'Fine' 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,  
 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 imprison'd were,  
 He is enfranchis'd 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 be all 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 my self.  
 And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

*Aar.* The Empress, the midwife, and your self—  
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :  
 Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said— [*He kills her.*]  
 Week, week ! so cries a pig prepar'd to th' spit.

*Dem.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 441

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, *Aaron*? wherefore didst thou

*Aar.* O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy: [this?

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongu'd babling gossip? no, Lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent:

Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,

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, my Lords, ye see I have given her physick,

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Cbi.* *Aaron*, I see thou wilt not trust the air

With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of *Tamora*,  
Her self and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

*Aar.* Now to the *Goths* as swift as swallow flies,

There to dispose this treasure in my arms,

And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.

Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,

For it is you that put us to our shifts:

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And 'feast' on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave, and bring you up

To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*

4 feed

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*A Street near the Palace.*

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.*

*Tit.* Come, *Marcus*, come; kinsmen, this is the way.  
 Sir boy, let me now see your archery.  
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;  
*Terras Astra reliquit*—be you remember'd, *Marcus*—  
 She's gone, she's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools;  
 You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,  
 And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the sea,  
 Yet there's as little justice as at land—  
 No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you must do it,  
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth:  
 Then when you come to *Pluto's* region,  
 I pray you to deliver 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 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.* Oh *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 t'attend him carefully:  
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
 'Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.*

*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 'now' employ'd,  
He thinks with *Jove* in heav'n, 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 th' heels.

*Marcus*, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* size,  
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.  
And sith there's no justice in earth 'or' hell,  
We will solicit heav'n, and move the Gods,  
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:  
Come to this gear, you're a good archer, *Marcus*:

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you—here *ad Apollinem*—

*Ad Martem*, that's for my self;

Here, boy, to *Pallas*—here to *Mercury*—

To *Saturn* and to *Cebus*—not to *Saturnine*—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy, *Marcus*—'loose thou 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. [*They shoot.*]

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw; oh well said, *Lucius*:  
Good boy in *Virgo's* lap, give 'it to *Pallas*.

*Mar.* My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

*Tit.*

5 fo    6 nor    7 loose when    8 Of my    9 it *Pallas*.

444 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

*Tit.* 'Ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, ha! what hast thou done? See, see, thou'st shot off one of *Taurus*' horns.

*Mar.* This was the sport, my Lord, when *Publius* shot; The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock, That down fell both the ram's horns in the Court, And who should find them but the Empress' villain? She laugh'd, and told the *Moor* he should not chuse But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes. God give your Lordship joy!

*Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come. Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice, what says *Jupiter*?

*Clow.* Who? the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

*Tit.* Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

*Clow.* Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*, I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

*Clow.* Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

*Clow.* From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press into heav'n in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, 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?

*Clow.* 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

(a) He means to say tribunus plebis.

1 Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*!

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.  
 Hold, hold—mean while here's mony for thy charges.  
 Give me a pen and ink.  
 Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clow.* 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.

*Clow.* 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 suppliant,  
 And when thou hast given it the Emperor,  
 Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clow.* God be with you, Sir, I will.

*Tit.* Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.  
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*The Palace.*

*Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.*

*Sat.* **W**H<sup>Y</sup>, Lords, what wrongs are these? was ever  
 An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born, [seen  
 Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent  
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?  
 My Lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,  
 (However the disturbers of our peace  
 Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath past,  
 But even with law against the willful sons  
 Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if  
 His sorrows have so over-whelm'd his wits.  
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his 'freaks,' His  
 2 wrecks,

His fits, his frensic, 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 scrowls to fly about the streets of *Rome*.  
 What's this but libelling against the senate,  
 And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?  
 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 thought,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus'* age,  
 Th' 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 glose with all :  
 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.

[ *Aside.*

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us ?

*Clow.* Yea forsooth, an your Mistership be Emperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

*Clow.* 'Tis he : God and St. *Stephen* give you good-e'en,  
 I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[ *He reads the letter.*

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clow.* How much mony must I have ?

*Tam.* Come, firrah, thou must be hang'd.

[ *Clow.*

*Clow.* Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [Exit.]

*Sat.* Despightful and intolerable wrongs!  
 Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?  
 I know from whence this same device proceeds:  
 May this be born? as if his traiterous sons,  
 That dy'd 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 'share' privilege.  
 For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
 Sly frantick wretch, that holp't to make me great,  
 In hope thy self should govern *Rome* and me.

*Enter Æmilius.*

*Sat.* What news with thee, *Æmilius*? [more cause;

*Æmil.* Arm, my <sup>4</sup>Lords, arm; *Rome* never had  
 The *Gotbs* have gather'd head, and with a power  
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
 They hither march amain, under the conduct  
 Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus*:  
 Who threats in course of his revenge to do  
 As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

*Sat.* Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Gotbs*?  
 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;  
 My self have 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 Emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the <sup>5</sup>citizens do favour *Lucius*,  
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.  
 Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The

3 shape

4 Lords; *Rome*

5 citizens favour



The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,  
 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,  
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
 The other rotted with delicious food.

*Sat.* But he will not intreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If *Tamora* intreat 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 as our embassador, [To *Æmilius*.  
 Say, that the Emperor requests a parley  
 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

*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.

*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 blith again,  
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully and plead to him. [Exeunt.



A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter Lucius with Goths, with Drum and Soldiers.*

LUCIUS.

**A**pproved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great *Rome*,  
Which signifie what hate they bear their Emp'rour  
And how desirous of our fight 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.

*Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,  
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,)  
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*.

*Om.* 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*?

S C E N E II.

*Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.*

*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 wadded building, suddenly

VOL. V.

F f

I heard

I heard a child cry underneath a wall ;  
 I made unto the noise, when soon I heard  
 The crying babe controul'd with this discourse :  
*Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam,*  
*Did not thy baw 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,  
 Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
 To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth ! this is th' 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 ! not 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 fire for ever being good.  
 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,  
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

<sup>6</sup>Get me a ladder.

*Aar.* *Lucius*, save the child,<sup>7</sup>  
 And bear it from me to the Emperess ;  
 If thou do this, I'll shew 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.*

<sup>6</sup> *Aar.* Get me a ladder, *Lucius*, save the child, &c. . . . old edit.  
*Theob. emend.*

*Luc.* Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aar.* And if it please thee? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,  
'Twill 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 can'st 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, nourish and bring him up,  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

[*Aside.*

*Luc.* Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate luxurious woman!

*Aar.* Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'Twas her two sons that murder'd *Bassianus*,  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.* 'Oh most detestable villain! call'st thou that  
Trimming?

F f 2

*Aar.*

7 Oh, detestable

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;  
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

*Luc.* Oh barb'rous beastly villains like thy self!

*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 corps of *Bassianus* lay :  
I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
Confed'rate with the Queen and her two sons.  
And 'what's else done that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't ?  
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,  
And when I had it, drew my self apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extream 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 swooned almost at my pleasing tale,  
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*Gotb.* What, can't 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.

Ev'n 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 then forswear'  
My self, set deadly enmity between

Two

8 what not

9 and forswear

Two friends, make poor mens cattle break their necks,  
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears:  
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
 And set them upright at their dear friends doors,  
 Ev'n when their sorrow almost was 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 Æmilius.*

*Gotb.* My Lord, there is a messenger from *Rome*  
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near. —

Welcome, *Æmilius*; what's the news from *Rome*?

*Æmi.* Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Gotbs*,  
 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.

*Gotb.* What says our General?

*Luc.* *Æmilius*, let the Emp'ror give his pledges  
 Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,  
 And we will come: 'away! march!

[*Exeunt.*

1 march away.

F f 3

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

Titus's Palace in Rome.

*Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.*

*Tam.* **T**HUS in these strange and sad habiliments  
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,  
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,  
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs :  
Knock at the study, where they say he keeps,  
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge ;  
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies.

*[They knock, and Titus appears 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 that accord ?  
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst 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 th' infernal kingdom,

To

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 Murther 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 offenders 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 stand;  
 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 two proper palfries black as jet,  
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
 And find out murders in their guilty caves.  
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel  
 Trot like a servile foot-man 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 on such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good Lord, how like the Emprefs' sons they are,  
 And you the Emprefs! 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,

F f 4

I will



## 456 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit Titus 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 speech,  
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 *Gotbs*,  
Or at the least make them his enemies:  
See here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

## S C E N E IV.

*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 wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

*Dem.* Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Cbi.* Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*Tam.* Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,  
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.  
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap

To

'o 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 ;  
 Vell may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,  
 For up and down she doth resemble thee ;  
 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*,  
 Go send for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant son,  
 Who leads tow'rds *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 ! 'tis sad *Titus* calls :

*Enter Marcus.*

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius* ;  
 Thou shalt enquire 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

## 458 TITUS ANDRONICUS

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, [*Exit.*  
 And tarry with him 'till I come again.

*Tit.* I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad;  
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:  
 A pair of curf'd hell-hounds and their dam. [*Exit.*

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes  
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamor.*

*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewel!

*Cbi.* 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 Servants.*

*Pub.* What is your will?

*Tit.* Know ye these two?

*Pub.* The Emprefs' sons

I take them, *Cbiron*, and *Demetrius*.

*Tit.* Fie, *Publius*, fie, 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. [*Exit Titus.*

*Cbi.* Villains, forbear, we are the Emprefs' 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 ye bind them fast.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia with  
 a Basin.*

*Tit.* Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy foes are bound;  
 Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,

But

2 is th' other's

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.  
 Oh villains, *Gaius* and *Demetrius*!  
 Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,  
 This goodly summer with your winter mixt:  
 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 forc'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* 'twixt her stumps doth hold  
 The basin that receives your guilty blood.  
 You know your mother means to feast with me,  
 And calls her self 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 will I rear,  
 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,  
 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 might prove  
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* feast.

[He cuts their throats.  
 So,

460 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,  
And see them ready 'gainst 'their mother comes. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.*

*Luc.* 'Good uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my father's mind  
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

*Goth.* And ours with thine, 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 Emp'ror's face,  
For testimony of these 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 my ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*]  
The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

S C E N E VI.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with  
Tribunes and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee to call thy self a sun? [*parley;*]

*Mar.* *Rome's* Emperor, and, nephew, break 'your'  
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.*]

3 the

4 Uncle

5 the

i

*A Table*

*A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious Lord, welcome, dread Queen,  
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, 'thou *Lucius*, welcome,  
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,  
'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

*Tam.* We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

*Tit.* An if your Highness knew my heart, you were  
My Lord the Emperor, resolve me this;  
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,  
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, effectual,  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:  
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,  
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die! [*He kills her.*]

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

*Tit.* Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.  
I am as woful as *Virginus* 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, 'twas *Cbiron* and *Demetrius*.  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.*

6 welcome *Lucius*,

7 strong, and effectual,

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she her self hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs the Emper.*]

*Sat.* Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*He stabs Titus.*]

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emper.*]

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of *Rome*,  
By uprore sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
Oh let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.

*Goth.* Let *Rome* her self be bane unto her self;  
And she whom mighty kingdoms curstie to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,  
Do shameful execution on her self.

*Mar.* 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; as erst our ancestor, [*To Lucius*]  
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* surpriz'd King *Priam's* *Troy*;  
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.  
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utt'rance; even in 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

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 they were' that ravished our sister:  
For their fell 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 into the grave.  
Lastly, my self 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 t' embrace me as a friend:  
And I am 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 scars 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: oh pardon me,  
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Mar.* Now is my tongue to speak: behold this child,  
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,  
The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;  
The villain is alive in *Titus's* 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? shew us wherein,  
And from the place where you behold us now,  
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,  
We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,

8 they it were

9 And . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

And



## 464 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And on the ragged stones beat out 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.

*Æm.* 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 'doth' cry it shall be so.

*Mar.* *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* royal Emperor!  
 Go, go into old *Titus's* sorrowful house,  
 And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,  
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* gracious Governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle *Romans*: may I govern so,  
 To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her woe!  
 But, gentle people, give me aim a while,  
 For nature puts me to a heavy task:  
 Stand all aloof: but, uncle, draw you near,  
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:  
 Oh take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,  
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;  
 The last true duties of thy noble son.

*Mar.* Ay, 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 grandfire lov'd thee well;  
 Many a time he danc'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 thy 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,

i do

Do

Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Boy.* O grandfire, grandfire! ev'n 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 choak me, if I ope my mouth.

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Romans with Aaron.*

*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 fastned in the earth.

*Aar.* O why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?  
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evil 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 Emp'ror hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave.  
My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument:  
As for that heinous tygres *Tamora*,  
No funeral rites, 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, 'she shall have like want of it.  
See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,  
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;  
Then afterwards, we'll order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*

VOL. V.

G g

THE

: shall have like want of pity.





THE

TRAGEDY

OF

*M A C B E T H.*



G g 2

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, }  
Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth, }  
Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

Lenox, }  
Macduff, }  
Roffe, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*  
Menteth, }  
Angus, }  
Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *General of the English Forces.*

*Young Siward his Son.*

Seyton, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

*Son to Macduff.*

*Doctor.*

*Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady Macduff.*

*Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.*

*Hecate, and three other Witches.*

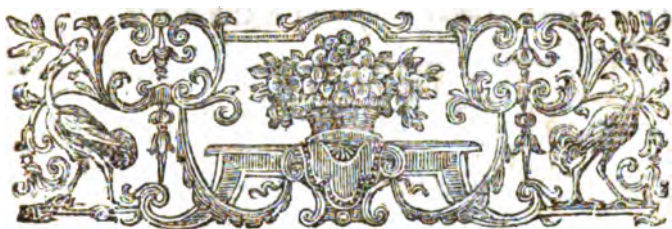
*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.*

*The Ghost of Banquo, and several 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.*

*Suppos'd to be true history; taken from Hector Boetius,  
and other Scottish Chroniclers.*

M A C.



# M A C B E T H.

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

*An open Heath.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Three Witches.*

I W I T C H.



W H E N shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, 'and' in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battel's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth*.

1 *Witch.* I come, I come,

*Grimalkin*—

2 *Witch.* *Paddocke* calls—anon!

*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair,  
Hover through fog and filthy air.

*[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]*

G 3

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*The Palace at Foris.*

*Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

*King.* **W**Hat bloody man is that? he can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the serjeant, who  
Like <sup>2</sup> 'a right good<sup>1</sup> and hardy soldier fought  
<sup>3</sup> 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!  
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

*Cap.* Doubtful long it stood;  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,  
And choak their art: the merciless *Macdonel*!  
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villainies of nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles  
<sup>4</sup> 'With *Kerns* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd,  
And fortune on his damned <sup>5</sup> 'quarrel<sup>4</sup> smiling,  
Shew'd like <sup>5</sup> 'the<sup>4</sup> rebel's whore. But all too weak:  
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandisht steel  
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,  
Like Valour's minion carved out his passage,  
<sup>6</sup> 'Till he had fac'd the slave,  
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,  
<sup>6</sup> 'Till he unseam'd him from the <sup>6</sup> 'nape<sup>6</sup> to th<sup>6</sup> chops,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*King.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

<sup>2</sup> a good    <sup>3</sup> Of    <sup>4</sup> quarry ... *old edit. Warb. emend.*

<sup>5</sup> a    <sup>6</sup> nave ... *old edit. Warb. emend.*

*Cap.*

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 471

Cap. As whence the sun gives his reflection,<sup>a</sup>  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swell'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark ;  
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping *Kerns* to trust their heels,  
But the *Norwegian* Lord surveying vantage,  
With furbisht arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, ' brave *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. 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 redoubled stroaks upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another *Golgotba*,  
I cannot tell——  
But I am faint, my gasbes cry for help——

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:  
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*. [look,

Len. What haste looks through his eyes? so should he  
That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,  
Where the *Norwegian* banners flout the sky,  
And fan our people cold.

*Norway*, himself with numbers terrible,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

G g 4

The

(a) By this is meant the *Rainbow* the strongest and most remarkable  
reflection of any the sun gives.



472 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

The *Thane of Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict;  
 'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,  
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
 Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,  
 The victory fell on us.

*King.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* Now *Sweno*, *Norway's* King, craves composition:  
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
 'Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmkil-isle*,  
 Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

*King.* No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive  
 Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death,  
 And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*King.* What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The Heath.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three *Witches*.

1 *Witch.* W Here hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
 And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,  
 Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries, [quoth I,  
 Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o' th' *Tiger*:  
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
 And like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2 *Witch.*

(a) *Colmkil* is one of the western *Mes* of Scotland, otherwise call'd *Jona*.

8 *Colmes-kill-isle*,

1st; 2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.  
 2nd; 1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.  
 3 *Witch.* And I another.  
 3rd; 1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other,

And the very points they blow,  
 All the quarters that they know,  
 't' th' ship-man's card—  
 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'nights, nine times nine,  
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-toft.  
 Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.  
 1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilor's thumb,  
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!  
*Macbeth* doth come!

*All.* The 'weird' sisters, hand in hand,  
 Posters of the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about,  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again to make up nine.  
 Peace, the charm's wound up.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to *Foris*—What are these,  
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?  
 That look not like inhabitants of earth,  
 And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught

That

9 weyward . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

474 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

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?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane of Glamis!*

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane of Cowdor!*

3 *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' th' name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the Witches.  
Which outwardly ye shew? 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.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none;  
All-hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;  
By a *Sinclair's* death I know I'm *Thane of Glamis*;  
But how of *Cawdor*? the *Thane of Cawdor* lives,  
A prosp'rous 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

Witch

(a) *The father of Macbeth.*

Popo.

With such prophetick 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 th' self-same tune, and words; 'but who is'  
here?

S C E N E V.

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Ross.* 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' th' self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks,  
Nothing afraid of, what thy self didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,  
Came post on 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,  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Ross.* And for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!  
For it is thine.

1 who's

*Ban.*

476 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The *Thane of Cawdor* lives;  
Why do you dress me in his 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 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*! [*Aside.*  
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains, [*To Angus.*  
Do you not hope your children shall be Kings,  
[*To Banqu.*

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 'tis 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. [*To Ross and Angus.*

*Macb.* Two truths are told, [*Aside.*  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen—  
This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good — If ill,  
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I'm *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 'seats'  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

My

2 fears . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

y Thought, whose 'murder's yet but fantasy,  
akes so my single state of man, that Function  
fmother'd in surmise; and nothing is,  
at what is not.

*Ban.* Look how our partner's rapt!

*Macb.* If chance will have me King, why chance may  
crown me [*Aside.*]

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, [*Aside.*]  
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registred where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them—let us tow'rd the King;  
Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time,  
[*To Banquo.*]

(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.*]

S C E N E VI.

*The Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and  
*Attendants.*

*King.* Is execution done on *Cawdor* yet?  
Are not those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My Liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With

3 murder yet is but fantastical,

478 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

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 dy'd,  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*King.* There's no art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An 'abs'lute' trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.*

O 'my most worthy' cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude ev'n now  
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,  
To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine: only I've left to say,  
More is thy due, 'ev'n' more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays it self. Your Highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
'Shap'd' tow'rd your love and honour.

*King.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,  
'Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known  
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*King.* My plenteous joys

4 absolute 5 worthiest 6 than 7 Safe or Fiefs

Wanton

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
**I**n drops of sorrow. Sons, <sup>8</sup>'kinsmen, and *Thanes*,<sup>1</sup>  
 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. — Hence to *Inverness*, [To Macbeth.  
 And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you ;  
 I'll be my self the harbinger, and make joyful  
 The hearing of my wife with your approach,  
 So humbly take my leave.

*King.* 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 lyes. Stars, hide your fires.  
 Let <sup>9</sup>'no' 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.

*King.* True, worthy *Banquo* ; he is full <sup>1</sup>'of valour,<sup>1</sup>  
 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. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

*An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.*

Lady. **T**hey met me in the day of success ; and I have  
 learn'd by the perfectest report, they have more  
 in them than mortal Knowledge. When I burnt in desire to  
 question them further, they made themselves air, into which  
 they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came  
 missives

8 kinsmen, *Thanes*,

9 not

1 so valiant,



480 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*missives from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which title before these weird sisters saluted me, and refer'd 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 might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

*Glamis* thou art, and *Cawdor* — and shalt be  
 What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature ;  
 It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,  
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,  
 Art not without ambition, but without  
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
 That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,  
 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great

*Glamis,*  
 That which cries, <sup>2</sup>'*This* thou must do if thou have it ;  
 And <sup>3</sup>'that's what' 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 metaphysic aid doth seem  
 To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings ?

*Mes.* The King comes here to-night.

*Lady.* Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mes.* 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.* Give him tending,

He

<sup>2</sup> thus

<sup>3</sup> that which

He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,  
[Exit Messenger:]

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*  
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers!  
Where-ever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night!  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry, *Hold! hold!*

*Enter Macbeth.*

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [Embracing him]  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ign'rant present time, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* Dearest love,

*Duncan* comes here to-night.

*Lady.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady.* Oh! 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't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch,

V O L. V.

H h

Which

482 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady.* Oply look up clear :  
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*The Castle Gate.*

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rossie, Angus, and Attendants.*

*King.* **T**His castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends it self  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his lov'd masonry, that heaven's breath  
4/Smells sweet and woingly<sup>4</sup> here. No jutting frieze,  
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*King.* 5/See!<sup>5</sup> our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
How you 6/shall bid Godild<sup>6</sup> us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady.* 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

4. Smells woingly

5 See, see!

6 should bid god-cyld

Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*King.* Where's the *Thane of Cowdor*?  
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's home before us: fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady.* 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.

*King.* 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.*]

S C E N E IX.

*An Apartment in the Castle.*

*Hautboys, Torches.* Enter divers Servants with dishes and  
service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

*Macb.* [IF it were *done*, when 'tis done; then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if th' assassination  
Could tramell up the consequence, and catch  
With its surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the Be-all and the End-all *here*,  
*Here* only, on this bank and 'shoal' of time;  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment *here*; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
To plague th' inventor: even-handed Justice  
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:

H h 2

First,

7 school . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

484 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed : then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife my self. Besides, this *Duncan*  
 Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off :  
 And Pity, like a naked new-born babe  
 Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd  
 Upon the sightless 'courfers' of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,  
 And falls on 'th' other side.'

S C E N E X.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

How now ? what news ? [chamber ?

*Lady.* 'He hath almost supp'd ; why have you left the

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me ?

*Lady.* 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 should be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady.* Was the hope drunk,  
 Wherein you drest your self ? hath it slept since ?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely ? from this time,  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
 As thou art in desire ? wouldst thou have that

Which

8 couriers . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.* 9 th' other. 8 He's

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' th' adage. <sup>a</sup>

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*Lady.* What beast was't then,  
That made you break this enterprize 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 <sup>a</sup> 'than' man. Nor time, nor place  
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:  
They've made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Do's unmake you. I have giv'n suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash't the brains out, had I but so sworn  
As you have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail? —

*Lady.* We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall this 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: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lye as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

H h 3.

*Macb.*

(a) *The proverb here meant is this, The cat loves fish but dares not wet her feet.*

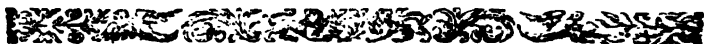
486 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted metal 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 done't?

*Lady.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I'm settled, and bend up  
Each corp'ral 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.

*A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.*

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy? [clock.

*Fle.* The moon is down: I have not heard the

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, Sir. [heav'n,

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in  
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful pow'rs!  
Restrain in me the curst thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose.

*Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword:  
Who's there?

*Macb.*

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed,  
He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,  
And sent great largesse to your officers;  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By th' name of most kind hostess, 'and's 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 very well.'  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they've shew'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them;  
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
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 counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, Sir; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

S C E N E II.

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]  
Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle tow'rd 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

H h 4

Pro-

3 and shut

4 All's well.



I 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' th' 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  
 This to mine eyes — Now o'er one half the world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and wither'd Murder,  
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, tow'rd his design  
 Moves like a ghost — Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of 'that we're about,'  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it — Whilst I threat, he lives —  
[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.]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* That which hath made them drunk, hath made  
 me bold:  
 What hath quencht them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!  
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,  
Which

(a) — he lives,

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, &c.

5 my where about:

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've drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Who's there? what ho! ——

*Lady.* Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed  
Confounds us —— hark! —— I laid their daggers ready,  
He could not miss 'em. —— Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't —— My husband!

*Macb.* I've done the deed——didst not thou hear a noise?

*Lady.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark! —— who lyes i' th' second chamber?

*Lady.* *Donalbain.*

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [Looks on his hands.

*Lady.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd,  
*Murder!*

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;  
But they did say their prayers, and address them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cry'd, *God blefs us!* and *Amen* the other,  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Lift'ning their fear, I could not say *Amen*,  
When they did say, *God blefs us!*

*Lady.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce *Amen?*

I had

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady.* These deeds must not be <sup>6</sup> 'thought on'  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*  
*Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep,*<sup>a</sup>  
*The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,*  
*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,*  
*Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

*Lady.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more*, to all the house;  
*Glamis bath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor*  
*Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

*Lady.* Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Tham*,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly 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 lye 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.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*]

*Knock within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking? [Starting.]  
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?  
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood

*Clear*

(a) — *innocent sleep,*  
*Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care;*  
*The death of &c.*

6 thought,

can from my hand? no, this my hand will rather  
 make the green ocean red —

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
 to wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [Knock.  
 At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;  
 A little water clears us of this deed.

How easie is it then? your constancy  
 Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking! [Knock.  
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
 And shew us to be watchers; be not lost  
 So poorly in your thoughts. [self.

*Macb.* 'T'unknow' my deed, 'twere best not know my  
 Wake *Duncan* with this knocking: would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.* b  
 SCENE

(a) — will rather  
 Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,  
 Making the green one red.

*Enter Lady Macbeth. &c.*

(b) — would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*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. [Knock.] Knock, knock,  
 knock. Who's there, i' th' name of *Belzebub*? here's a farmer, that  
 hang'd himself in th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have nap-  
 kins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [Knock.] Knock,  
 knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? 'faith, here's an equi-  
 vocator, that could swear in both the Scales against either scale, who  
 committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to  
 heav'n: oh come in, equivocator. [Knock.] 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.  
 [Knock.] 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 th'  
 everlasting bonfire. [Knock.] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the  
 porter.

*Enter*

7 To know

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Macduff, Lenox and Porter.**Macd.* Is thy master stirring?

— Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble Sir.*Enter Macbeth.**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've almost slipt the hour.*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.*Macb.* The labour we delight in 's physicks pain; This is the door.*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.[*Exit Macduff.*]*Len.* Goes the King hence to-day?*Macb.* He did appoint so.*Len.**Enter Macduff, and Lenox.**Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lye 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 doth drink especially provoke?*Port.* Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; 't provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to; and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into 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' th' very throat on 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.

S C E N E, &amp;c.

(a) Heals or cures pain.

*Len.* The night has been unruly; where we lay  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Armentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,  
And prophesyings with accents terrible  
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to th' woful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say the earth  
Was fev'rous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror!  
Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee —

*Macb. and 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' th' 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 your selves: awake! awake! —

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarum-bell — murder! and treason! —

*Banquo, and Donalbaine! Malcolm! awake!*

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death it self — up, up, and see

The great doom's image! *Malcolm!* *'Donalbain!*

As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits,

To countenance this 'horror. —

8 prophesying

9 *Banquo!*

1 horror. Ring the bell . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E V.

*Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* What's the business,  
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak.

*Macd.* Gentle Lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.  
The repetition in a woman's ear  
Would murder as it fell.

*Enter Banquo.*

*O Banquo, Banquo,*  
Our royal master's murder'd.

*Lady.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house? —

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where.  
*Macduff,* I prythee contradict thy self,  
And say, it is not so.

*Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.*

*Macb.* Had I but dy'd 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 'are' dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
'Are' left this vault to brag of.

*Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* Oh, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;  
Their

2 is

3 Is

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;  
 As 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, temp'rate and furious,  
 Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.

The expedition of my violent love  
 Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,  
 His silver skin lac'd with his goary 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 refrain,  
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
 Courage, to make's love known?

*Lady.* Help me hence, ho! [Seeming to faint.]

*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 there to the Lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
 That suffer in exposure; let us meet,  
 And question this most bloody piece of work,  
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,  
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
 Of treas'nous malice.

*Macb.*



*Macb.* So do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' th' hall together.

*All.* Well contented. [*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don*

*Mal.* What will you do? let's not consort with them:  
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easie. I'll to *England*.

*Don.* To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,  
There's daggers in mens 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 it self when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

*Without the Castle.*

*Enter Ross, with an old Man.*

*Old Man.* **T**Hreescore and ten I can remember well,  
Within the volume of which time, I've seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,

Even

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. [certain!]

*Rosse.* And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing most strange and  
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 man.

*Old M.* 'Tis said, they eat each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't.

*Enter Macduff.*

Here comes the good *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 will ravin up  
'Its' own life's means. 'Why then it is' most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,  
To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is *Duncan's* body?

*Macd.* Carried to a *Colmkil*,

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to *Scone*?

VOL. V.

I i

*Macd.*

(a) *Colmkil* is one of the western Isles of Scotland, otherwise call'd  
Jona.

6 Thine

7 Then 'tis

498 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*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 fit easier than our new.

*Rosse.* Farewel, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. [*Exeunt.*]



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

*A Royal Apartment.*

*Enter Banquo.*

THOU hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all  
The weird women promis'd; and I fear  
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that my self 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.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,  
Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady.* 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.* Lay your Highness'  
Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are

Are with a most indiffidable eye  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*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 it 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 parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie 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 of foot:  
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time

'Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep our self

'Till supper-time alone: 'till then, God be with you!

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Manent Macbeth and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

*Ser.* They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.

I i 2

*Macb.*

500 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Bring them before us — To be thus, is nothing;  
 [Exit Servant.]

But to be safely thus: our fears in *Banquo*  
 Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
 Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dars,  
 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  
*Antony's* was by 'Caesar's.' He chid the sisters,  
 When first they put the name of King upon me,  
 And bad 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 scepter in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,  
 For *Banquo's* issue have I 'fil'd my mind:  
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd;  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
 Giv'n 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 th' utterance! — who's there?

*Enter Servant, and two Murderers.*

Go to the door, and stay there 'till we call. [Exit Servant.]  
 Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*Mur.* It was, so please your Highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now

You have 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 conf'rence, past in probation with you

How

2 *Cæsar.*

How you were born in hand, how crost; the instruments,  
Who wrought with them: and all things else that might  
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,  
Say, *Thus did* Banquo.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

*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 gospel'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?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd  
All by the name of dogs; the valued file  
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 the 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.

2 *Mur.* I am one,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 *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.

508 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Both of you.

Know *Banquo* was your enemy.

*Mur.* True, my Lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
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 my self 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.

*a Mur.* We shall, my Lord;  
Perform what you command us...

*i Mur.* Though our lives—

[*exit*,

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. In this hour, I  
will advise you where to plant your selves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,  
The moment on't, for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace: (always thought  
That I require a clearness) and with him,  
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)  
*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 your selves a-part,  
I'll come to you anon.

*Mur.* We are resolv'd.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight; abide within.  
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit*.

9 resolv'd, my lord.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.*

*Lady.* Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

*Ser.* Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady.* Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,  
For a few words.

*Ser.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit:*

*Lady.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis 'better' 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 dy'd  
With them they think on? things 'without remedy'  
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

*Maib.* We have 'scotch'd' the snake, not kill'd it,  
She'll close, and be her self; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things 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,)  
Than on the torture of the mind to lye  
In restless ecstasie. — *Duncan* is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,  
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further.

*Lady.* Come on;

I i 4

Gentle

1 safer      2 without all remedy  
3 scorch'd . . . old edit. *Theob. entend.*



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 still apply to *Banquo*.  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours  
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces  
Vizards t' our hearts, disguising what they are.

*Lady.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* Oh! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife,  
Thou know'st that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* <sup>4</sup> 'live.'

*Lady.* But in them nature's copy's not eternal.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet, they are assailable;  
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecat's* summons  
The shard-born beetle with his drowsie hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
'Till thou applaud the deed: come, feeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,  
Whick keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.  
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:  
So pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

4 lives.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

*A Park, the Castle at a distance.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* **B**UT who did bid thee join with us?  
3 *Mur. Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers  
[*Speaking to the first.*

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

*Banquo within.* 'Give light' there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the rest  
That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i' th' Court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile:  
But he does usually, so all men do,  
From hence to th' palace gate make it their walk.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [They assault Banquo.

*Ban.* Oh treachery! Fly, Fleance, fly, fly, fly,  
Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [Dies. Fleance escapes.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.*

5 Give us light

506 *The Tragedy of MACBETH:*

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the Ion  
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.  
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*A Room of State in the Castle.*

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,  
Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* YOU know your own degrees, sit down:  
And first and last, the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*Macb.* Our self will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host:  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

[*They sit.*]

*Lady.* Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends.  
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

*Enter first Murderer.*

*Macb.* See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst;  
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round — There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murderer aside at the door.*]

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than 'him' within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My Lord, his throat is cut, I did that for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the non-pareil,

*Mur.*

*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 gen'ral as the casing air:  
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To sawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* safe? —

*Mur.* Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that;  
There the grown serpent lyes: the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow  
We'll 'hear thee' our selves again. [*Exit Murderers.*]

*Lady.* My royal Lord,  
You do not give the cheer; the feast is cold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making,  
'Tis giv'n with welcome. To feed, were best at home;  
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony,  
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May't please your Highness sit?

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present —  
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness  
To grace us with your royal company?

*Mac.* The table's full.

[*Starting.*]

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good Lord.

What

508 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

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 goary locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

*Lady.* Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat.  
The fit is momentary, on 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?

[*To Macbeth aside*

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appall the devil.

*Lady.* Proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said  
Led you to *Duncan*. Oh, these flaws and starts  
(Impostors 'of true fear,) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it self! —  
Why do you make such faces? when all's done  
You look but on a stool.

[*Aside.*

*Macb.* Pr'ythee see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*

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. [*The Ghost vanishes.*

*Lady.* What? quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady.* Fie for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,  
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal:

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,

That

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.* My worthy Lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I forgot —

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Love and health to all!  
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full —  
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,  
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.

[*The Ghost rises again.*]

*Macb.* Avant, and quit my sight! let the earth hide  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; [thee!  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

*Lady.* Think of this, good Peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 'tis 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 *Hircanian* tyger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble. Be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow,  
Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why so, — be gone —

[*The Ghost vanishes.*]

I am a man again: pray you sit still. [The Lords rise.

*Lady.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good  
With most admir'd disorder. [meeting

*Macb.*

510 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And over-come us like a summer's cloud  
Without our special wonder? you make me strange  
Ev'n 'at the disposition that I owe,  
'Now when I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your 'cheek,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my Lord?

*Lady.* 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.* Good-night to all.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Macb.* It will have blood, they say blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;  
Augurs that understood relations have  
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

*Lady.* Almost at odds with morning which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his person  
At our great bidding?

*Lady.* Did you send to him, Sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
'There's not a *Thane* 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'm 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 'going o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Come,

9 to 1 When now 2 cheeks, 3 There is not one . . . old edit.  
*Theob. amend.* 4 go

Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:  
We're yet but young 'in deeds.'

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*The Heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.*

1 *Witch.* WHY, how now, *Hecat'*? you look angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason; beldams, as you  
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare [are?

To trade and traffick 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 shew the glory of our art?

And which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; get you gone,  
And at the pit of *Acheron*

Meet me i' th' morning: thither he

Will come, to know his destiny;

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms, and every thing beside.

I am for th' air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal, fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon;

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that distill'd by magick sights,

Shall

5 in deed.



512 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
 As by the strength of their illusion,  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :  
 And you all know, security  
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [*Musick and a Song.*  
 Hark, I am call'd : my little spirit, see,  
 Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within* : Come away, come away, &c.  
 1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back  
 again. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Lenox and another Lord.*

*Len.* MY former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
 Which can interpret farther : only I say  
 Things have been strangely born. 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't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,  
 For *Fleance* fled : men must not walk too late.  
 'You' cannot want the thought, how monstrous too  
 It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*  
 To kill their gracious father, damned fact!  
 How did it 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, wisely too;  
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
 To hear the men deny't. So that I say  
 He has born all things well, and I do think  
 That had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,  
 (As an't please heav'n he shall not,) they should find  
 What 'twere to kill a father : so should *Fleance*.

6 Who

But

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 King upon his aid  
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Sirward*;  
That by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratifie the work,) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasp'rated the King, that he  
Prepares for some attempt.

*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 care 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.* I'll send my prayers with him. [Exeunt.]

7 sons . . . old edit: *Theob. emend.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I

*A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning**Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

I WITCH.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

*2 Witch.* 'Twice' and once the hedge-pig whin'd*3 Witch.* Harper crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.*1 Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,

In the poison'd entrails throw.

*[They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.]*Toad, that under the cold stone,  
Days and nights 'o'haft' thirty one,  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got ;  
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.*2 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, and owlet's wing :  
For a charm of pow'ful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.*3 Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches mummy ; maw, and gulf8 Thrice . . . old edit, *Theob. emend.* 9 has

Of the reuening salt sea-shark ;  
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark ;  
 Liver of :blaspheming Jew:  
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;  
 Nose of Tart, and Tartar's lips ;  
 Finger of birch-strangled babe  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;  
 Make the gruel thick, and slab.  
 Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,  
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;  
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*2 Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
 Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.*

*Hec.* Oh! well done! I commend your pains,  
 And every one shall share i' th' gains :  
 And now about the cauldron sing  
 Like elves and fairies in a ring  
 Inchanting all that you put in.

*Musick and a Song.*

*Black spirits and white,  
 Blue spirits and grey,  
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
 You that mingle may.*

*2 Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs  
 Something wicked this way comes :  
 Open locks, whoever knocks.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret black and midnight hags?  
 What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

K k 2

*Macb.*

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
 (Howe'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 treasure  
 Of nature's 'germins' tumble all together,  
 Ev'n 'till destruction sicken: answer me  
 To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' had'st rather hear it from our mouths,  
 Or from our masters?

*Macb.* Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
 Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten  
 From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw  
 Into the flame.

*All.* Come high or low:  
 Thy self and office dostly show.

[*Thunder.*

*Apparition of an armed Head rises.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power —

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App.* *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Macduff!*—  
 Beware the *Thane of Fife*—dismiss me—enough.

[*Descends.*

*Macb.* What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks  
 Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another  
 More potent than the first.

[*Thunder.*

*Appa-*

1 germines . . . old edit. *Theob.* amend.

*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 pow'r 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 sight of thunder. [Thunder.]

*Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

What is this,  
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 *Dunsinane's* high 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 boadments! 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.

[The cauldron sinks into the ground.]

K k 3

*Macb.*

2 Rebellious    3 dead, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

518 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know.  
Why finks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Flourishes.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

*All.* Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,  
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, the last holding a glass in his hand: with Banquo following them.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down!  
Thy crown does fear 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 shew me this? — A fourth? Start eye! —  
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom? —  
Another yet? — A seventh! I'll see no more —  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
Which shews me many more; and some I see  
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.  
Horrible sight! nay, now I see 'tis true,  
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why  
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
And shew 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.

[*Musick.*

[*The Witches dance and vanish.*

*Macb.* Where are they? gone? — Let this pernicious  
Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.  
Come in, without there!

[*hour*  
*Enter*

Enter Lenox.

*Len.* What's your Grace's will?

*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 exploits:  
The flighty purpose ne'er is o'er-took  
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't thought and done:  
The castle of *Macduff* I will surprize,  
Seize upon *Fife*, give to th' edge o' th' sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,  
This deed I'll do before 'the' purpose cool.  
But no more sights. Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Macduff's Castle at Fife.*

Enter *Lady Macduff*, her Son, and *Rosse*.

*L. Macd.* **W**Hat had he done, to make him fly the land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, Madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none;

K k 4

His

4 this



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 babe,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not,  
He wants the nat'ral 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.* Dearest cousin,  
I pray you school your self; but for your husband,  
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' th' time. I dare not speak much further,  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not 'know't' our selves: 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;  
'T 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, on worms and flies?

*Son.* On what I get, and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor  
The pit-fall, nor the gin. [lime,

*Son.*

*Son.* Why should I, mother? poor birds they are not set  
My father is not dead, for all your saying. [for.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a fa-

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband? [ther?

*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 hang'd.

*Son.* And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, 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.* 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 pratler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* 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 't less, to you were fell cruelty,

Which

7 worse,

522 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?  
I've done no harm. But I remember now  
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I'd done no harm—what are these faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope in no place so un sanctified  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg? [Stabbing him.]  
Young fry of treachery?

*Son.* He 'as kill'd me, mother,  
Run away, pray you.

[Exit Lady Macduff crying murder; Murderers pursue her.]

S C E N E IV.

*The King of England's Palace.*

*Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

*Mal.* **L**ET 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 downfall birth-doom: 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 syllables of dolour.

*Mal.*

*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'm young, but something  
You may 'deserve' of him through me; 'tis wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,  
T' appease an angry God.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpos;:  
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've lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my doubts,  
Why in that rawness lefts you wife and children,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking?  
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,  
His title is affect'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 yolk,  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash.

Is

524 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Is added to her wounds. I think withal,  
 There would be hands up-lifted in my right :  
 And here from gracious *England* have I offer  
 Of goodly thousands. <sup>9</sup> But yet 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 my self I mean, in whom I know<sup>a</sup>  
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
 That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*  
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
 With my countless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,  
 In ill to top *Macbeth*.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of each sin  
 That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,  
 In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,  
 Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill 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 an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
 In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
 Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
 And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet  
 To take upon you what is yours : you may  
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,

And

(a) *This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken out of the chronicles of Scotland.* Pope.

9 But for

And yet seem cold : the time you may so hoodwink :  
 We've 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-compos'd affection, such  
 A stanchless avarice, that were I King :  
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;  
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house,  
 And my more-having would be as a sawce  
 To make me hunger more ; that I should forge  
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
 Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
<sup>1</sup> 'Strikes' deeper ; grows with more pernicious root  
 Than <sup>2</sup> 'summer-teeming' 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, temp'rance, stableness,  
 Bounty, persever'ance, 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  
<sup>3</sup> 'Sow'r' the sweet milk of concord into <sup>4</sup> 'hate,'  
 Uproar the universal peace, confound  
 All unity on earth.

*Macd.* Oh 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. Oh nation miserable !

With

<sup>1</sup> Sticks . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*  
*edit. Warb. emend.*

<sup>3</sup> Pour

<sup>2</sup> summer-seeming . . . old  
<sup>4</sup> hell,

With an untidied tyrant, bloody-sceptred,  
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
 By his own interdiction stands accurst,  
 And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father  
 Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,  
 Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,  
 Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh fare thee well,  
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,  
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh my breast!  
 Thy hope ends here.

*Mal. Macbeth*, this noble passion,  
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
 To this good truth and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*  
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
 Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me  
 From over-credulous haste; but God above  
 Deal between thee and me! for even now  
 I put my self to thy direction, and  
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
 The taints and blames I laid upon my self,  
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
 Unknown to women, never was yet 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 my self. What I am truly  
 Is thine, and my poor country's to command:  
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
 Old *Seward*, with ten thousand warlike men  
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.  
 Now we'll together, and 'our chance, in goodness  
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,  
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

5 the chance of

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Enter a Doctor.*

[you?

*Mal.* Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray

*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 heav'n given his hand,  
They presently amend.

[Exit.

*Mal.* I thank you, Doctor.

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the Evil,  
A most miraculous work in this good King,  
Which often since my here-remain in *England*  
I've seen him do. How he solicits heav'n  
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,  
All swol'n and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Pat on with holy prayers: and 'tis 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.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Rossie.*

*Macd.* Set, who comes here!

*Mal.* My country-man; 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!

*Rossie.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.*

6 makes



528 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*Macd.* Stands *Scotland* where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas poor country,  
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing;  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasie: the dead-man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom? and good mens lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or e'er they sicken.

*Macd.* 'Relation, oh!' 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 'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings  
Which I have heavily born, 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, and make women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort  
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath  
Lent us good *Seward* 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

7 Oh relation!

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not catch them.

*Macd.* What? concern they  
The gen'ral 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.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpriz'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 heav'n!

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've said.

*Mal.* Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.

'What, all my pretty ones? did you say all?  
What, all?'

*Mal.* Endure it like a man.

VOL. V.

L1

*Macd.*

(a) — oh hell-kite! what, all?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Endure it, &c.

& All

*Macd.* I shall :

But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me : did heav'n 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: heav'n rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief  
Convert to wrath, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heav'n!  
Cut short all intermission: front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my self;  
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,  
Then heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly:  
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready,  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;  
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exit.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.*

DOCTOR.

I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no  
truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

*Gent.* Since his Majesty went into the field, I have  
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon  
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write  
upon't,

upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doff.* 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.

*Doff.* You may to me, and 'tis 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.

*Doff.* How came she by that light ?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her : she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

*Doff.* You see her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doff.* What is it she does now ? look how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands : I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doff.* Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady.* Out ! damned spot ; out, I say — one ; two ; why then 'tis time to do't — hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a soldier, and afraid ? 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 ?

*Doff.* Do you mark that ?

*Lady.* 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 marr all with starting.

L 1 2

*Doff.*

532 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

*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: heav'n knows what she has known.

*Lady.* Here's the smell of 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 charg'd.

*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 walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady.* 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.* 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.*]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds  
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the Divine than the Physician.  
Good 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's as mated, and amaz'd my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good-night, good Doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*A Field with a Wood at a distance.*

*Enter Menteth, Cathness, 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.

*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've 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 *Dunsmine* 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 cause  
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 peffer'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
It self, for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:

L 1 3

Meet

534 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Meet we the med'cin 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.]

## S C E N E III.

## DUNSMANE.

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* BRing me no more reports, let them fly all:  
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunsmane*,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?  
Was he not born of woman? Spirits that know  
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it:  
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.* — Fly, false *Thanes*,  
And mingle with the *English* epicures!  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!  
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

*Ser.* There are ten thousand —

*Macb.* Goose, villain?

*Ser.* Soldiers, Sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linnen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, why-face?

*Ser.* The *English* force, so please you. [Heart,

*Macb.* Take thy face hence — *Seyton*! — I'm sick at  
When I behold — *Seyton*, I say! — this push

Will

Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have: but in their stead,  
Curses not loud but deep; mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

*Enter Seyton.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh is hackt;  
Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on:

Send out more horses, skirr the country round,  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine 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 minds 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 full bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister unto himself.

*Macb.* Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it —  
Come, put my armour on, give me my staff.  
*Seyton,* send out — *Doctor,* the *Thanes* fly from me —  
Come, Sir, dispatch — If thou could'st, *Doctor,* cast  
The water of my land, find her diseafe,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

L 1 4

I would



536 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say ———  
What rubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these *English* hence? hear'st thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me;  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
'Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunsmine*.

*Doct.* Were I from *Dunsmine* away, and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Aside. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Birnam Wood.*

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteth,  
Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.*

*Mal.* Cousin, 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 discov'ry  
Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in *Dunsmine*, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too,

*Macd.*

*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.*]

S C E N E V.

DUNSLINANE.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.*

*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 lye,  
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not 'forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,  
We might have met them daſeful, 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 rouze, and ſtir  
As life were in't. I have 'ſurfeit'ed with horrors,  
Direneſs familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts  
Cannot 'now' ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The Queen is dead.

*Macb.* She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;  
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.

To-

(a) For re-inforc'd.

g ſupt full      1 once

538 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

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 'dusky<sup>a</sup> 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.

*Mes.* My gracious Lord,  
 I should report that which, 'I'd<sup>b</sup> say, I saw,  
 But know not how to do't.

*Macb.* Well, say it, Sir.

*Mes.* 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.*]

*Mes.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
 Within this three mile you may 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 do'st for me as much. —  
 I pull in resolution, and begin  
 To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,  
 That lies like truth. *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood*  
*Do come to Dunfinane*, and now a wood  
 Comes toward *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and out!  
 If this which he avouches does appear,  
 There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;  
 I'gin to be a weary of the sun,

And

(a) Dusky graves. *Rich.* 3. 373. and the infernal God is call'd  
 dusky *Dis*, *Temp.* 55.

2 dusky . . . old edit. *Theob.* emend.

And with the state o'th' world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,  
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Before Dunfinane.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army,  
with Boughs.

Mal. **N**OW near enough: your leavy screens throw  
down,  
And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)  
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battel. Brave *Macduff* and we  
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well:

Let us 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 clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.]  
[Alarums continued.]

Enter Macbeth.

*Macb.* They've ty'd 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 thy self a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's *Macbeth*.

*Yo. Siw.*

540 *The Tragedy of 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.

[*Fight, and young Siward's 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, shew thy face;  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and childrens ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched *Kerns*, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheath again undecided. 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. *Alarums.*]

*Enter Malcolm and 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 it self professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We've met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, Sir, the castle. [Exit. *Alarums.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

To

To him, 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've no words,  
My voice is in my sword. Thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [*Fight. Alarum.*]

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour,  
As easie 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 believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the shew, and gaze o' th' time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,  
*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 *Dunfinane*,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born;  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, *Macduff*,  
And damn'd be he, that first cries hold, enough.

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarum.*]  
S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

*Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

*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.

*Ross.* 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 dy'd.

*Siw.* Then is he dead?

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of <sup>flow</sup> ~~fur~~  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he hurts before?

*Ross.* 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 comfort.

*Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.*

*Macd.* Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where  
Th' usurper's cursed head; the time is free: [stands  
I see thee compass't with thy kingdom's peers,  
That speak my salutation in their minds:  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.

Hail,

4 prowess

Hail, King of 'Scotland! hail!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,  
And make us even with you. *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,  
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 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life;) this, and 'what's' needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of heaven  
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 omnes.*]

5 *Scotland!*

6 what

The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.





